

LIFE



KATHARINE HEPBURN

JANUARY 6, 1941 10 CENTS
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$4.50

THERE AND BACK...IN TIME FOR DINNER



11 A.M.: I phoned my wife I'd just been called to the factory on an emergency... 250 miles away. I could get back in time for her dinner party, if I flew... but she had never liked the idea of my flying. That's why I was surprised when she said, "Guess we're behind times... all our friends are flying... take a plane and I'll see you this evening."



NOON: So I took the midday plane. Enjoyed a delicious lunch and read the papers... while traveling three miles a minute! In about an hour and a half, and right on schedule, we landed at my destination. Couldn't have felt more satisfied and refreshed had I lunched at my favorite restaurant, where I ordinarily spend that much time, anyway.



2 P.M.: At the plant and at work! When we finished the job around four, I commented to the manager that I'd still be traveling had I come the next fastest way. "Flying's a great way to get around," he said. "Never travel any other way if I can help it. Saves time, sure, lots of it. But I like my comfort, too... and man, you certainly get it in the air."



6 P.M.: At the airport and home in plenty of time for dinner. It's good business to fly... that's the way my company feels about it. Saves days and nights on the road, more time for productive work. Less traveling expenses, too... and air fares are in line with the best surface transportation. Guess my wife agrees now... really—*It Pays to Fly!*

ASK YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

It's easy to buy an air ticket to any point on the domestic or international airlines. Simply telephone or call at any Travel Bureau, Hotel Transportation Desk, or local Airline Office, for airline schedules and fares or general information.

This educational campaign is sponsored jointly by the 17 major Airlines of the United States and Canada, and Manufacturers and Suppliers to the Air Transport Industry.

 **FLY**
IT PAYS TO FLY

Write for the free illustrated booklet which tells the dramatic story of this nation's great Air Transport System. Address:
AIR TRANSPORT ASSOCIATION, 135 South La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

"I got them whisk-broom blues..."



No wonder porters are singing the Blues...no wonder so many men look neater, tidier...no wonder dark suits are more in evidence than they used to be—

More and more people are reporting that the infectious type of dandruff and its tell-tale flakes and scales are "on the defensive"—thanks to Listerine Antiseptic. They find Listerine such a real help! And thousands are talking about the way Listerine goes after the itching, inflammation, and other distress of this common diseased condition of the scalp.

Have you tried Listerine?

If you have the slightest evidence of an infectious dandruff condition, don't delay treatment. Start now



with Listerine Antiseptic and massage.

Give Listerine a chance to do for you what it has done for so many others.

Give it a chance to combat distressing flakes and scales...to clean and invigorate the scalp...to allay inflammation...to attack millions of the germs that accompany infectious dandruff, including *Pityrosporum Ovale*, the strange "bottle bacillus" that leading authorities look upon as a real trouble-maker.

76% Improved in Clinical Test

The amazing 4-way action of this wonderful antiseptic explains, we believe, why 76% of the dandruff sufferers in one clinic who used Listerine and massage twice a day obtained either marked improvement in, or complete disappearance of, the symptoms of dandruff within 30 days.

You'll actually enjoy using Listerine, even though its action is medicinal. It's so cooling...so refreshing...so stimulating. See panel to right. Start using Listerine today if you have any evidence of infectious dandruff. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

The treatment is easy and delightful!



MEN: Douse full strength Listerine on the scalp morning and night.

WOMEN: Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage with fingers or a good hairbrush. Continue the treatment so long as dandruff is in evidence. And even though you're free from dandruff, enjoy a Listerine massage once a week to guard against infection. Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 50 years as a mouth wash and gargle.

LISTERINE for Infectious Dandruff

This One



42Y4-XCX-7YJA



And my stomach is extremely so!

VETERINARIANS AGREE: *In 9 out of 10 cases, common dog ailments are the result of faulty feeding, hard-to-digest foods.*

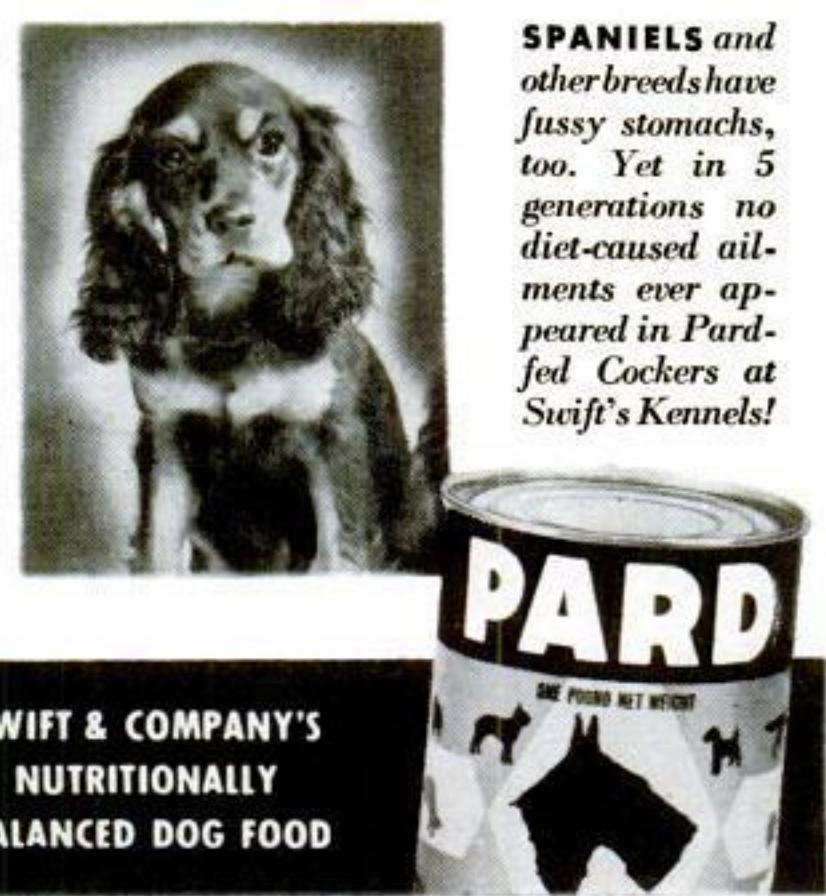
IN THIS COUNTRY there are 108 recognized breeds of dogs. Yet, as breeders and dog fanciers know, all are pretty much alike when it comes to feeding. Because a dog's digestive capacity is limited—just *any* kind of food won't do. A correct diet that's easy to digest is essential to consistent good health. It protects your pet against listlessness, excessive shedding, nervousness—all the common diet-caused ailments!

Scientific evidence has proved repeatedly that Swift's easily digestible Pard builds up resistance to disease—promotes sound, vigorous health in dogs. *Fed Pard exclusively, 5 successive generations of dogs at Swift's Research Kennels have escaped every diet-caused ailment!* Their growth has been robust and normal—with excellent conformation to their breeds.

Pard can do the same for your dog. Feed him Pard regularly for full vitality, sturdy health!

A DOG'S DIGESTIVE SYSTEM IS EXTREMELY SENSITIVE. That's why most of their ailments are directly traceable to digestive difficulties. Care should be exercised in choosing a correct, easily digested diet. 5 generations have proved Pard just such a ration.

R. B. OESTING, Ph.D.
Swift & Company
Nutritional Research Laboratories



SPANIELS and other breeds have fussy stomachs, too. Yet in 5 generations no diet-caused ailments ever appeared in Pard-fed Cockers at Swift's Kennels!

PARD

SWIFT & COMPANY'S
NUTRITIONALLY
BALANCED DOG FOOD

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Visit to Mexico

Sirs:

Your story on Vice-President-elect Wallace's visit to Mexico (LIFE, Dec. 16) was grand.

My husband and I were traveling there at the time. In fact, we stayed down the hall from the Wallaces at the Gran Hotel Ancira in Monterrey and met them at dinner. You were right in your statement that many Mexicans did not know who he was. One young Mexican told us he was so glad Wallace was coming. He had seen him in *Viva, Villa!* and liked him so much. (He meant Wallace Beery.)

SUKI WEISS

Miami Beach, Fla.



VIVA WALLACE

Sirs:

In reporting Mr. Wallace's visit to Mexico, you state that he was greeted in Mexico City by a banner reading, "Yankees! Twenty nations want your death!" As an American seaman who has been bumming around the world for five years, I'll even go that banner one better.

In my humble opinion, there isn't a large nation in the world that wouldn't love to see this country ripped apart—that is, with the exception of the British Empire. Only she would like to see us remain strong.

This banner brings to mind a cartoon we saw a couple of years ago in a South American paper. It depicted us as a huge, fat, lazy hog with snout buried in a trough of gold dollars. Of late, we have been having nightmares about this hog. In our dreams we can see it, fat and stupid as ever, with its eyes buried beneath the gold as it roots in the trough. Surrounding it and converging on it is a band of gaunt, hungry men, heavily armed, with murder in their eyes.

Are we the sons of men who bled at Valley Forge, New Orleans, Gettysburg and St. Mihiel, who had guts enough to fight and bleed for what they thought was right?

C. W. DUNCAN

New York, N. Y.

Longing for War

Sirs:

In the Dec. 16 issue of LIFE, Lady Astor is quoted as saying: "Thousands of young Americans are longing to get into this war. It is right that they should." Who does she think she is? After all, is she a young American? In all our contacts we have found no American youth who is sympathetic with the view put forward by Lady Astor.

T. O. CUTHBERT
R. W. MORTENSON

Potsdam, N. Y.

Sirs:

Last night I saw a newsreel showing the damage done at Coventry; the mass burial of 400 civilians in a single trench. I suddenly grew very sick. Sick of such phrases as "short of war." Can there be any doubt that, as free men and free women, we belong with those who are fighting wholesale arson and murder?

I know that many Americans hold the belief that evil across the sea is no affair of ours. But do they suppose that, with England defeated and out of the way, this evil thing will remain across the sea? Don't they understand that mass burials will then be on Hitler's program for Washington, New York, Baltimore, Boston, Philadelphia, Norfolk, Charleston, New Orleans, Pittsburgh?

America fiddles while England burns!

JAMES E. SCHWAB

Washington, D. C.

Trip Across Russia

Sirs:

Mr. Joachim Joesten's report on his trip across Russia (LIFE, Dec. 16), is what I have been looking for since 1930. My Gladstone bag could tell of its trip from Kharkov to Vladivostok and back while on loan to a young Jewish interpreter but my wife and I can substantiate the trials of the train trip from Kharkov to Kiev to Shepetovka.

Technical men being in high favor under the Five Year Plan, we had second-class accommodations, but carried food and wine for the two days (water and milk had to be boiled for safety). The third-class wagons attached were as described by Mr. Joesten—bulging with luggage and Russians steeped in the exotic perfumery which only bath-free humans and sewn-on clothing can concoct. Vermin shunned us on this ride, but the lowly bedbug performed with fascination more than once on fellow street-car passengers, sometimes burdened with a large fish in each hand.

I have seen a Russian smile! Twice. Once when I gave him a bar of Lux soap and once when I gave him an American book of matches.

Mr. Joesten is absolutely correct. The water supply at the office was cut off many hours each day "for the Glory of Stalin and the Five Year Plan." Sounds And they did that to a hydro-electric engineer!

Thanks for the up-to-date report. You have killed my enthusiasm for a ten-year personal check-up.

R. W. AMBACH

Providence, R. I.

Friday the 13th

Sirs:

LIFE readers in this community were pleasantly surprised when they saw your Nov. 25 issue, with pictures of a local boy used as a model by the Army for the "bailing out" and "spot landing" pictures issued by Randolph Field.

The boy was Theodore DeWeese, 22, who was completing his training at Kelly



DE WEESIE "BAILING OUT"

Field at about the time these pictures appeared. After being commissioned he stayed at Kelly as an instructor.

Some three weeks after these pictures were printed in LIFE and 20 days after DeWeese started his new work, he was killed when his plane crashed on Friday the 13th of December.

WALTER FRANKLIN
Cleveland, Tenn.

Rules for Refugees

Sirs:

I write to you as I might to a neighbor whose children had done some particularly offensive thing. I have in mind the "Rules for Refugees, Royal or Otherwise, While in America," published in the Dec. 16 LIFE.

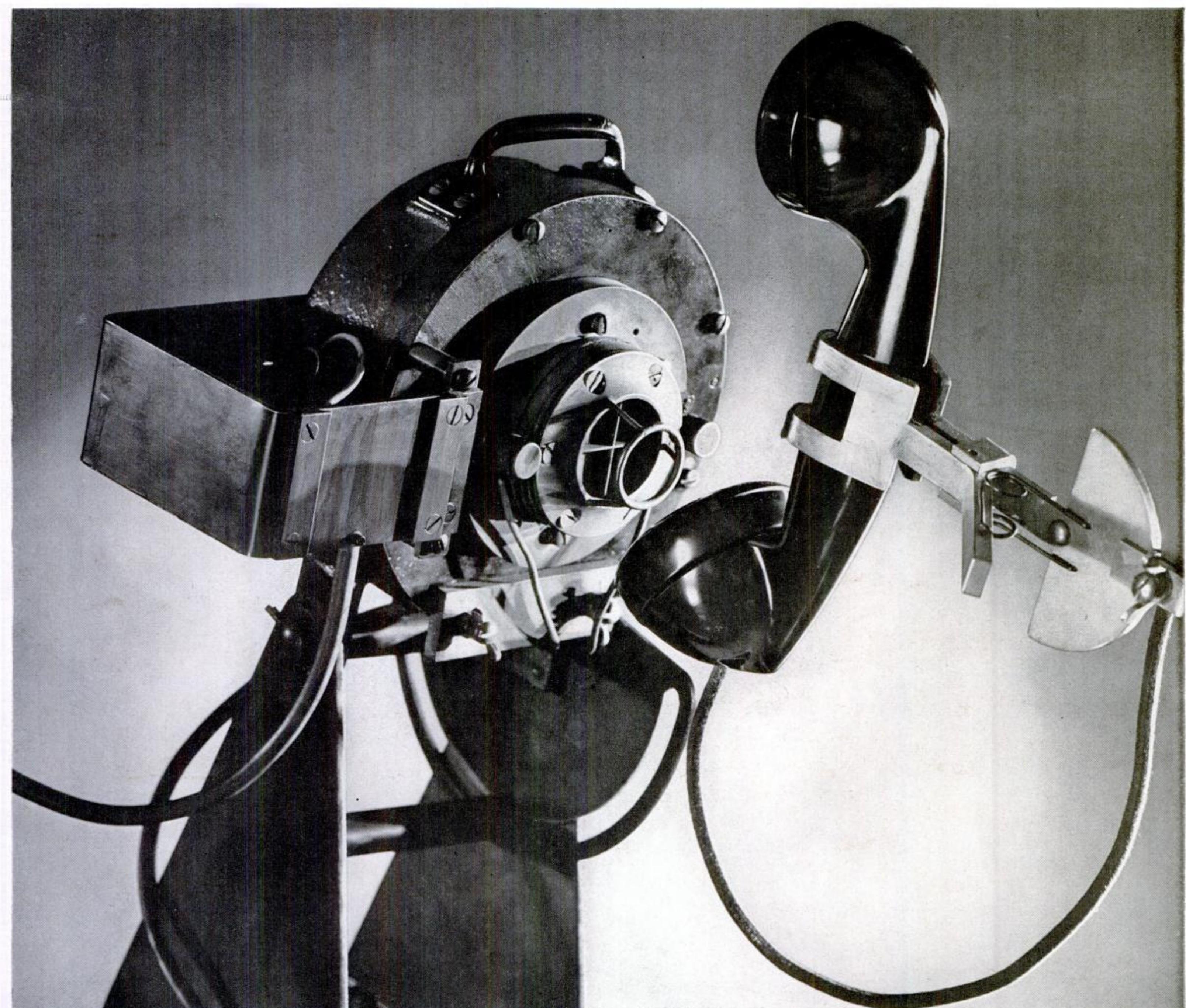
Perhaps these "rules" were supposed to be entertaining. If so, I do not share the same tastes in humor with the person who wrote them. I think they are a disgrace to American journalism.

EDMOND G. THOMAS
New York, N. Y.

Sirs:

Being a refugee myself, although I feel perfectly American after having been here for four years, I thank you very much for your rules for refugees.

(continued on p. 4)



SAID THE ELECTRICAL MOUTH TO THE ELECTRICAL EAR...

... "Joe took father's shoe bench out. . . . She was waiting at my lawn."

If you were passing through the Bell Telephone Laboratories today you might hear an electrical mouth speaking this odd talk, or whistling a series of musical notes, to a telephone transmitter.

This mouth can be made to repeat these sounds without variation. Every new telephone transmitter is tested by this mouth before it receives a laboratory or manufacturing O.K. for your use.

This is only one of the many tests to which telephone equipment is subjected in the Bell Telephone Laboratories. And there is a reason for the selection of those particular words.

It happens that the sentence, "Joe took father's shoe bench out," and its more lyrical companion, "She was waiting at my lawn," contain all the fundamental sounds of the English language that contribute to the intensity of sound in speech.

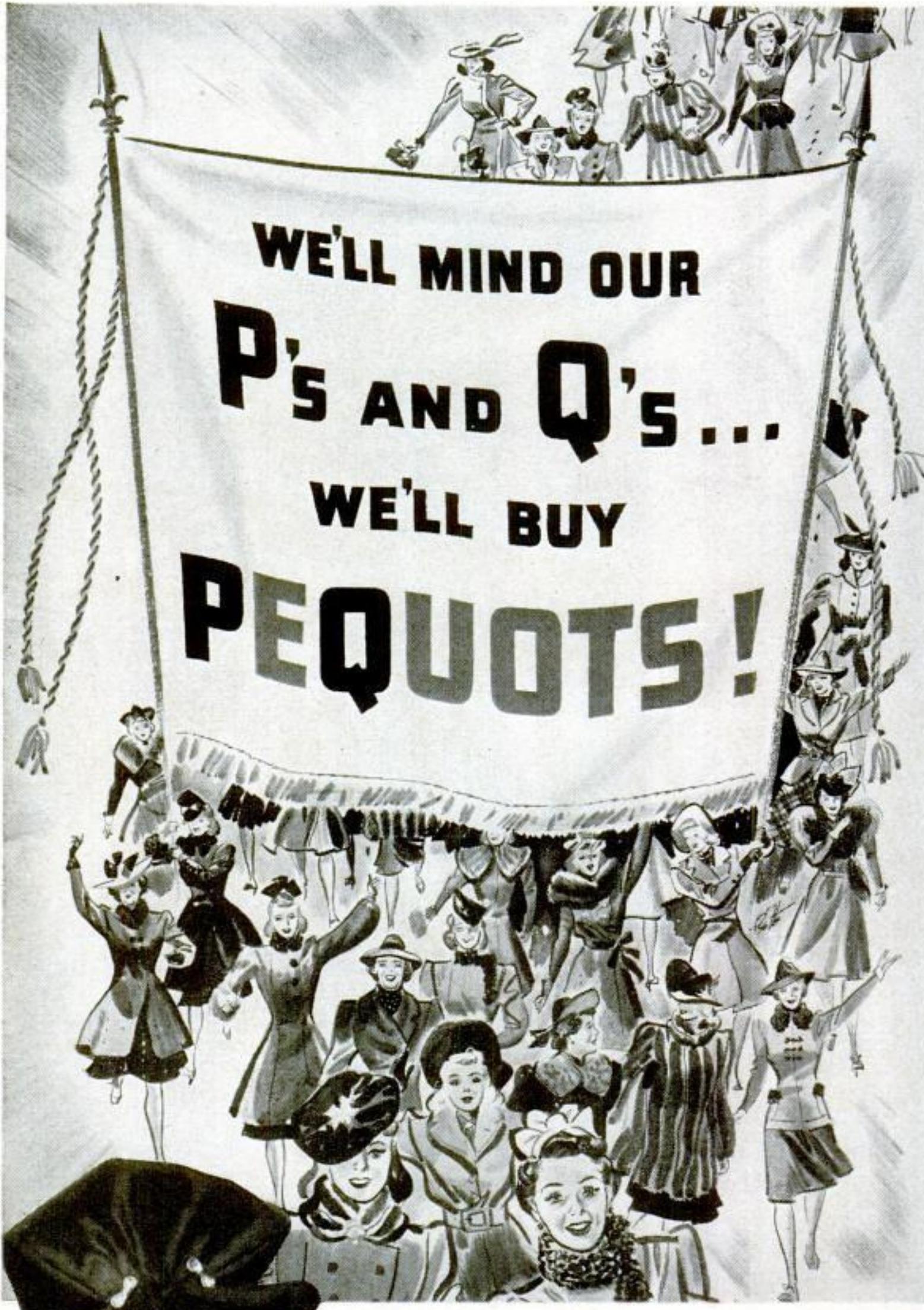
Busily at work in the interest of every one who uses the telephone is one of the largest

research laboratories in the world. The outstanding development of the telephone in this country is proof of the value of this research. In times like these, the work of the Bell Telephone Laboratories becomes increasingly important and necessary.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

The Bell System Is Doing Its Part in the
Country's Program of National Defense





**JOIN THE PARADE TO THE
*White Sales!***

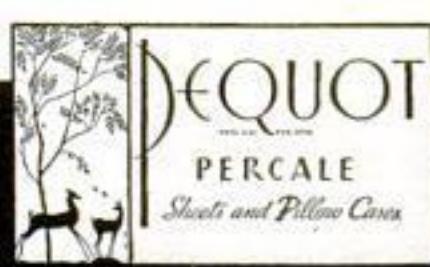
They're just around the corner—the January White Sales. So mind your P's and Q's. The minute your local store ads appear, get in on PEQUOT "specials." At January prices, Pequots are such a walloping value you'll do well to look ahead—foresee future needs—stock up with plenty!

Both Pequot Super-Service and Pequot Percales

Do you want outstanding wear? The firm texture of Pequot Super-Service Sheets packs years of wear. Wear so phenomenal that women have voted Pequot their favorite brand of sheets!

If you've a mind for luxury, buy Pequot Percales . . . so exquisitely light and soft. Woven with all the old-time Pequot skill, they are really an affordable luxury. Pequot Mills, Salem, Massachusetts.

PEQUOT



Super-Service and Percale Sheets

**LETTERS
TO THE EDITORS**

(continued)

Every single one of us should have a copy framed and hung over our bed.

ELSIE KUHN

New York, N. Y.

Sirs:

This is for the man who wrote "Rules for Refugees." I'd like to make his acquaintance when I'm in New York next time.

I'm half Crowfoot Indian and half French. I believe I can convince him that Indians count, one way or another.

LE ROY NANCE

San Diego, Calif.

Preparedness

Sirs:

I read with interest your article concerning the preparedness program at Russell Sage College in the Dec. 16 issue of LIFE. You say, "If needed, they will be able to jump into overalls, take their tools in hand and keep the family car running." I was unfortunate enough to have a flat tire while on a date with a Sage girl last weekend. I regret to inform you that after having had this course, she still does not know a lug wrench from a jack.

ROBERT L. STREETER JR.

Troy, N. Y.

Narvik Campaign

Sirs:

In your Dec. 16 issue the Mayor of Narvik, Mr. Theodor Broch, told the story of the Narvik campaign, April 9 to June 7. In this article Mr. Broch claimed that the German forces in the Narvik area received supplies and reinforcements through Sweden.

According to an official account, published in Sweden on Dec. 10, 1940, no



MAYOR OF NARVIK

German military personnel and no war material of any kind were permitted to pass through Sweden to Norway during the hostilities. The German Government repeatedly asked for permission to send troops and war materials to its forces in Norway, but these requests were all refused without any exception. Asked to allow passage of surgeons and ambulance personnel—Red Cross workers—and medical supplies, the Swedish government under international law saw no reason to refuse. During April-June, 292 doctors and Red Cross workers passed through Sweden to Norway, as well as limited quantities of medical supplies and food-stuffs.

The entire border between Sweden and the occupied parts of Norway was closed and remained so until the hostilities ceased.

SVEN DAHLMAN

First Secretary of the Swedish Legation Washington, D. C.

• No one can deny that throughout the Norwegian campaign Sweden acted with impeccable neutrality. Being a capitalistic democracy, like the U. S., it sold arms and supplies to both sides. However, it is difficult to believe that German "tourists" and "Red Cross workers" found it any harder to seep through Sweden than they found in getting into Poland, Belgium, the Netherlands, France and Norway itself.—ED.

**Born in
JANUARY?**

Your birthstone is the garnet, symbol of fidelity. You couldn't ask for a finer trait! A Hamilton is faithful, too. It's the watch of railroad accuracy.

Hamilton's experience building watches for railroad men insures greatest possible accuracy in every size and grade that Hamilton makes.

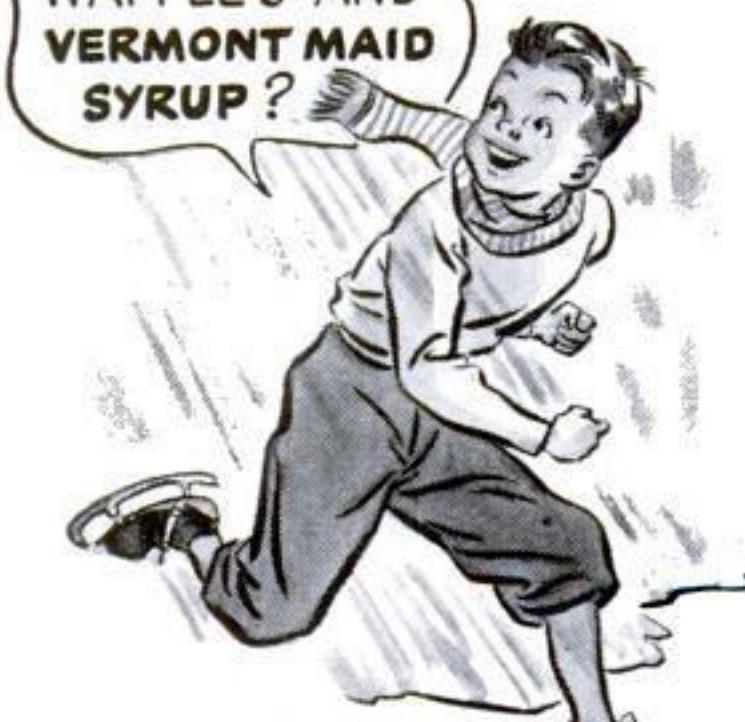
Got a birthday coming up? See the latest models at your jeweler's today. And write for "When's Your Birthday?" a free booklet of interesting facts about your birth month. Hamilton Watch Company, 15 Columbia Ave., Lancaster, Penna.

Left: DORIS, 17 jewels, 14K natural gold-filled. With 18K applied gold dots and numerals. Domed crystal. . . . \$45.
Right: BOULTON, 19 jewels, 14K natural gold-filled. With 18K applied gold numeral dial only. \$55.

HAMILTON
The Watch of Railroad Accuracy



COMING, MOTHER—
DID YOU SAY
WAFFLES AND
VERMONT MAID
SYRUP?



**Sure-Fire Hit—this
syrup with real Vermont
maple sugar flavor**

It's a treat! The skillful, perfect blend of cane sugar and genuine Vermont maple sugar enhances the delicate maple sugar flavor . . . makes it richer...even better than before. And the flavor is always uniform. Buy a jug today . . . at the new low price!



**Vermont Maid
Syrup**



Make Your Own Tests of Chevrolet ... and you'll say it's
"FIRST" BECAUSE IT'S FINEST!"



EYE IT..

—and you'll see "looking back at you" a car that's bigger outside, bigger inside, bigger in all ways . . . a car with an ultra-luxurious Body by Fisher—the same *type* and *size* of body that is used on many higher-priced cars . . . with modern "Concealed Safety-Steps" and other features that have earned it the title of "the style car of the United States."



TRY IT..

—and you'll quickly discover that it's the most thrilling of all thrifty travelers . . . that its 90-h.p. Valve-in-Head "Victory" Engine easily *out-powers* the second and third ranking cars in its field . . . that its Original Vacuum-Power Shift and De Luxe Knee-Action give the highest degree of driving ease and riding comfort . . . and that the new Chevrolet for '41 brings you these fine-car results at substantial savings in purchase price, gas, oil and upkeep.



BUY IT !

—and you'll get "the biggest package of value" ever offered by the manufacturer who has won first place in motor car sales during 9 out of the last 10 years by consistently following a policy of giving the greatest dollar value, year after year. . . . Buy it and you'll say, as so many people in all parts of the country are saying, "Again Chevrolet's the leader—first because it's finest!"

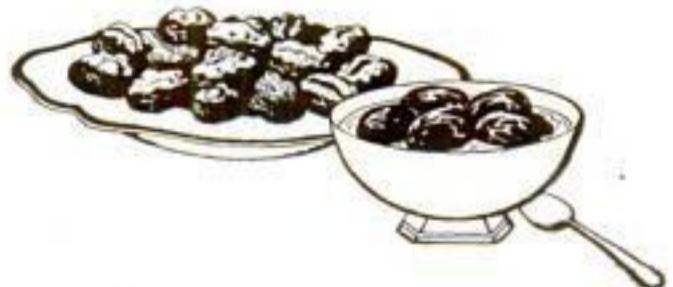
Again **CHEVROLET'S the LEADER**

**This will give you an idea
of how young we feel**



A KID'S PARTY tonight and they'll dance 'til dawn. Play games, sing songs, have fun. Tomorrow night a bridge affair. Saturday with the crowd at the club. And they're not the idle rich at all. She runs a home for a family of four. He's at the office eight hours a day. But they always feel as young as they look. Full of life, ready to go. That is because they guard against sluggishness—every day. What's more, you can too. Easily, inexpensively, healthfully. Simply eat delicious California prunes every day. Begin tomorrow.

CALIFORNIA PRUNES are a natural health aid. Your doctor will tell you that their mild regulative effect comes from a combination of two things: (1) their bulk; (2) a regulative element which so far has not been discovered in other fruits! Also, that California prunes contain calcium, phosphorus, iron and essential vitamins A, B and G(B₂). Is it any wonder so many people eat them for breakfast and use them in salads, entrees and desserts. For 32 delicious prune recipes free—write California Prune Growers, Dept. 2, 58 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California.



LIFE'S REPORTS

PARIS PLAGUES ITS CONQUERORS

by MARJORIE HOWARD

The author of this report has lived and worked in Paris for 30 years, as correspondent successively for "Vogue," "Harper's Bazaar" and the "Woman's Home Companion." In 1933 she was the first fashion expert to win the Legion of Honor, awarded for her efforts on behalf of French couture. Just arrived from Paris by way of Lisbon, she is now working on a book.

The Parisians have no milk, no eggs, very little butter, no stockings, little coal, no soap. But they still have a sense of humor and this is no mean weapon against the Germans. By a word here and a joke there, the subtle Parisians are bedeviling the life out of their stolid conquerors.

One thing the Germans can't stand is being ignored. They are just like Kipling's Bandar-log, always trying to get the other animals to notice them. The Parisians know this and delight in regarding them as if they were thin air. Every day their military band struts up the Champs-Elysées between 12 and 1. Men in the street don't even turn their heads. Women feign intense interest in windows full of dull automobile accessories. Sometimes in order to force an audience the Germans halt every car that passes, but the drivers snatch up a paper and pretend to be deeply absorbed in it.

We have learned that the ordinary soldier is very apprehensive about the expected attempt at invasion of England. The Germans are not a seafaring people and have an unholy dread of the water. One of the last days I was there, I saw three trucks loaded with life-belts, driven by German soldiers. Every man, woman and child in the street called out, "Glug, glug, glug," and the soldiers turned purple.

They are much concerned because they cannot keep the population from demonstrating their feelings at the movies. Films may be French, but newsreels are invariably German. When the screen shows a picture of Hitler, we all hiss and

groan; Mussolini calls forth ironical laughter; the bombardment of England a chorus of "Glug, glug, glug." One night the manifestations passed all bounds. The lights were turned on, a German mounted the stage and said that the newsreel would be run over again, and at the slightest demonstration one Frenchman would be taken from each row and he would—disappear. The lights were lowered, the film re-run and when they put them on again, there was not a French person left in the house.

A friend told us of an old woman shopkeeper who discovered some stockings and announced a sale. Immediately the women of the quarter queued up to take advantage of it. A German soldier shoved them aside and entered the shop first. The old lady said very politely: "Yes, Monsieur, what can I do for you?" "Stockings," he snapped. "Certainly, Monsieur, please take the end of the line." "No. Me, German," he said thumping his chest. "Ah, Monsieur," returned the old lady, "we are all Germans now. Please go to the end of the line." He went.

Germans, in my experience, and I have lived in their country, are so imbued with the necessity of blind obedience that they recognize authority even from the vanquished. I tried this out myself. Germans ride free in the subway and spend a lot of their time riding grandly in the first-class cars. One day I found myself surrounded by about ten young soldiers, all smoking hard. Smoking is forbidden in the Metro. I stood it as long as I could. Then I addressed them in German: "Gentlemen, don't you know that smoking is forbid-

den in the Metro?" The whole ten dropped their cigarettes, stepped on them and saluted me.

A growing menace is the Jewish persecution, which was just starting when we left. The best Jew story I heard was this: two German officers were sitting in a cafe and right beside them two men of evident Jewish aspect. The Germans called the manager and insisted on his telling the two men to leave. In great embarrassment, he went to their table and said: "Gentlemen, I am forced to ask you to go. These officers object to your presence." One of the men said, very loud and in English: "Tell him to go to hell." One of the Germans understood. He jumped up and came storming over to their table. "What did you say?" he demanded. The man coolly answered: "I said you could go to hell." "Your papers," demanded the furious German. The man reached into his pocket and took out a diplomatic passport from the Russian Embassy. The Germans had to click their heels and apologize, and left the cafe amid the loud laughter of the whole place.

And now for my favorite story of the occupation. This came to me through a young French engineer, employed in one of the big factories now making airplanes for the Germans, with French workmen. The sabotage was terrific until the Germans said that instead of using German pilots to test the planes, they would use Frenchmen. The grapevine got busy and word went round. "No more sabotage. We will kill our own men." When enough planes were ready for testing, the French pilots were called. They took off, and flew straight for England.

Life in Paris grows harder every day. Worst of all is the cold, for no one is ever sure of his scanty coal ration and Paris winters are cold and wet. The next worst privation is the lack of soap. Imagine taking a bath in an unheated bathroom with ice-cold water and no soap. Another thing you can seldom buy is a pair of stockings. Before I left, young women were painting their legs to look like stockings but that is a chilly makeshift in winter.

The Germans snatch up all the luxury goods for their own womenfolk and I must say that this had a remarkable effect on the German women I saw in Paris. At first the only German females were obviously of the

oldest profession. Then came an invasion of girls in gray uniforms, tunics and longish skirts, forage caps, gray flannel shirts, black oxfords and thick gray stockings. All wore their faces as nature made them and most would have been better off for a shampoo. Later we began to see women of the bourgeois class, often with children.

I sat opposite one of them at a showing of fashions by one of the couturier houses. She was much too fat, but she might have been very pretty, in a Germanic fashion, if she had known how to be. She wore a drab-colored suit that almost matched her drab-colored skin, brown pumps, a marvel of perforation, piping and incongruous decoration, and gaudy gloves. She wore neither powder nor rouge, her hair wanted washing and her fingernails were dirty.

Ten days later, I saw her again at another opening. She was still, of course, too fat, but she wore a rigidly plain, well-tailored black suit, a charming little Agnès hat tipped forward on her well-dressed, shining blonde head, plain black pumps and gloves, pink lipstick, pink rouge, a powdered nose and pink varnished fingernails. "Ah," I thought, "Paris will get you, if you don't watch out."

I cannot help thinking that Hitler has made a great mistake in letting so many of his troops stay in Paris, even for a brief time. In spite of food restrictions, blackouts, curfews, they cannot fail to notice how different life can be in a country that, until recently, was free. Speaking German as I do, I have frequently offered my services as interpreter to soldiers in trouble with the language. Often, my help has led to conversation between us. Invariably they have told me how beautiful the country seemed to them, how elegant the city, how free the people, even under defeat, how tired they personally were of war and how they longed to be at home again. One said: "Yes, I know that you French have been defeated. But at least you don't have to fight any more. Look at us. Now we've got to fight England. After that America. Our Führer must be crazy. Why can't he be satisfied with what he's got?" Another said: "Even in defeat you are much freer than we are. We can't say what we think in public." I am convinced that the army of the end of 1940 is very different in spirit from that of the beginning of the year.

STOP
GO

WHERE THERE'S PEP THERE'S IRON

BOSCO Milk Amplifier

YES . . . IRON IS ESSENTIAL for growing youngsters (and for grown-ups, too) . . . to help build good, healthy, red blood. Bosco adds to milk iron that is lacking in many foods. And children drink more milk with chocolate-flavored Bosco. Costs so little, too.

IRON: Relative available amounts in SPINACH — RAISINS — BOSCO ——————

Easy to mix. Bosco is a concentrated liquid. Stir one teaspoonful of chocolate-flavored Bosco into a cup of whole milk (hot or cold) and it's ready.

OFFICER, ISN'T IT TIME TO GO TO MY HOUSE FOR BOSCO AND MILK?

MMM, I'D STOP ANYTIME FOR BOSCO'S SWELL CHOCOLATE FLAVOR!

DOLLY NEEDS BOSCO, TOO!, MOM SAYS IT'S RICH IN IRON

Buy Bosco today from your milkman or grocer. If he does not handle Bosco, mail us his name and address. We'll see he's supplied. Bosco Co., Inc., 180 Madison Avenue, N. Y. C.

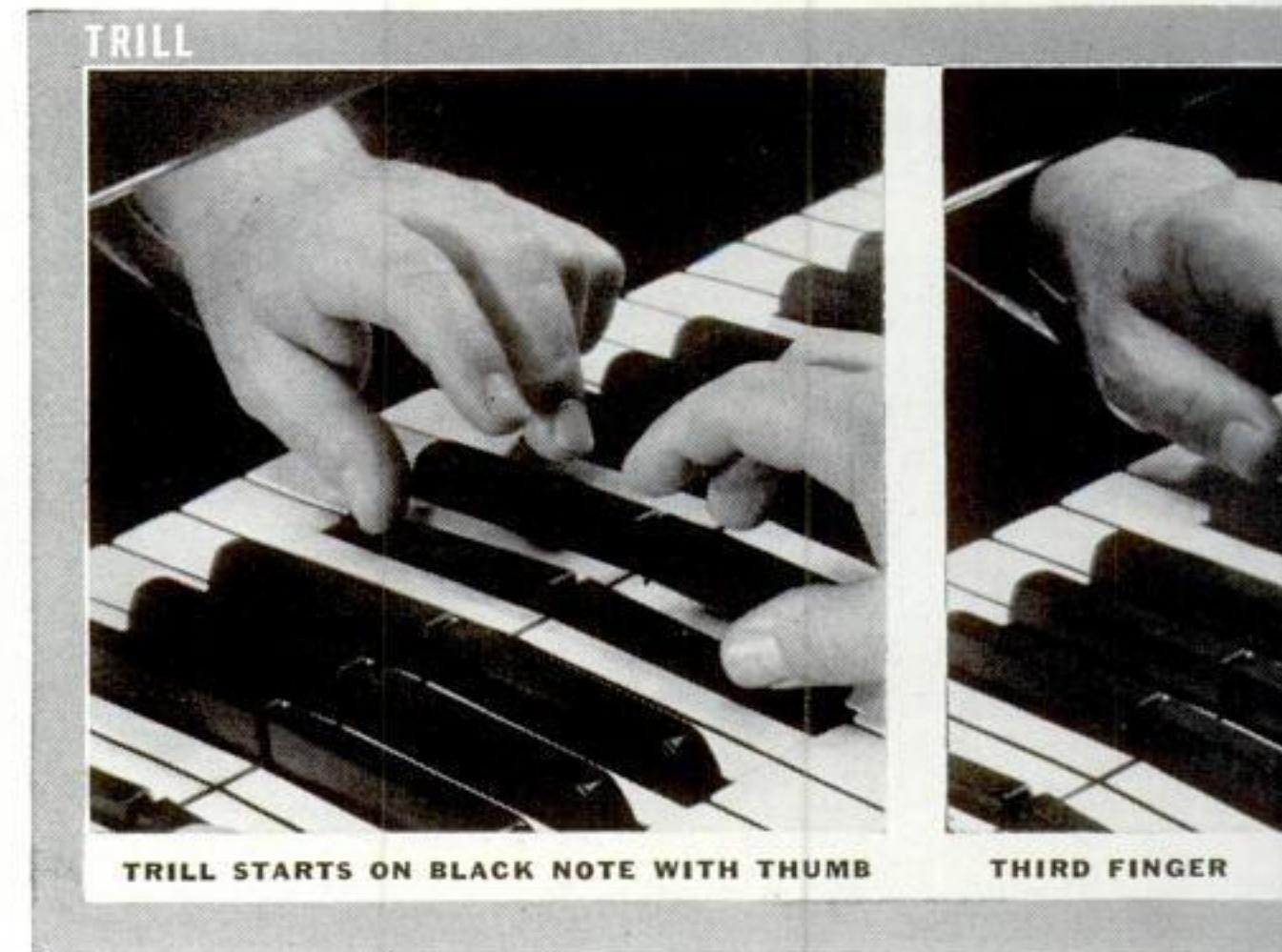
SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

. . . THESE SHOW JOSEF HOFMANN'S HANDS AT WORK

Josef Hofmann, who happens to be a very great pianist, also happens to be a highly expert mechanic, the inventor of half a dozen workable gadgets ranging from snubber springs for automobiles to an adjustable collapsible piano stool. When LIFE asked Dr. Hofmann if he would let Gjon Mili photograph his hands with the high-speed camera, Dr. Hofmann was willing and interested. In fact, he was fascinated. For hours on two separate occasions, he patiently sat at his piano running through scales and trills while Mili took his pictures.



COMING UP FROM NOTE, HOFMANN RAISES LEFT HAND IN CHARACTERISTIC CLOSED-FINGER STYLE



TRILL



TRILL STARTS ON BLACK NOTE WITH THUMB



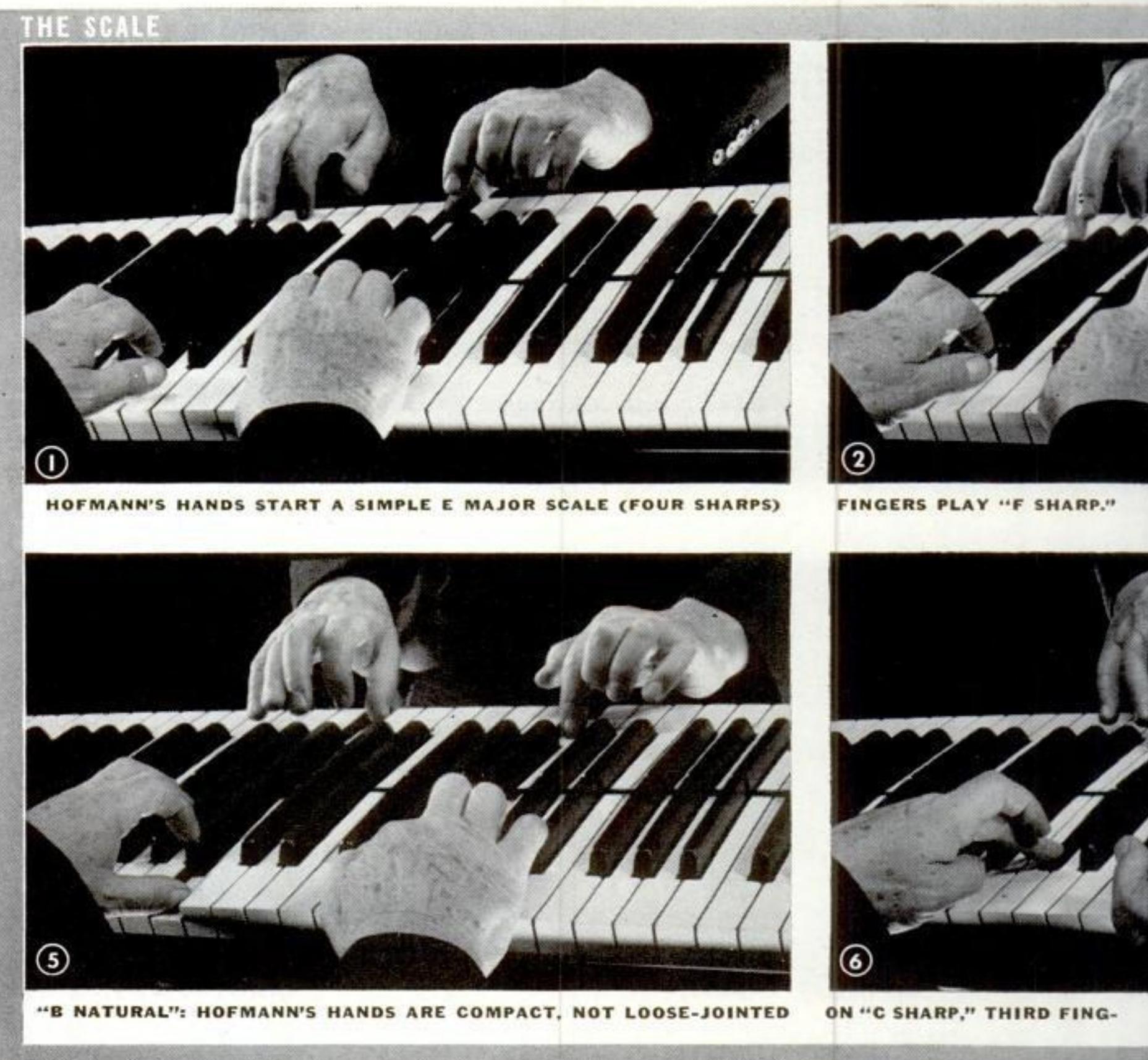
THIRD FINGER



HOFMANN'S SMALL HANDS REACH LESS THAN OCTAVE AND THIRD



CROSS-HAND WORK WITH HANDS CLOSE TOGETHER STRAINS WRISTS



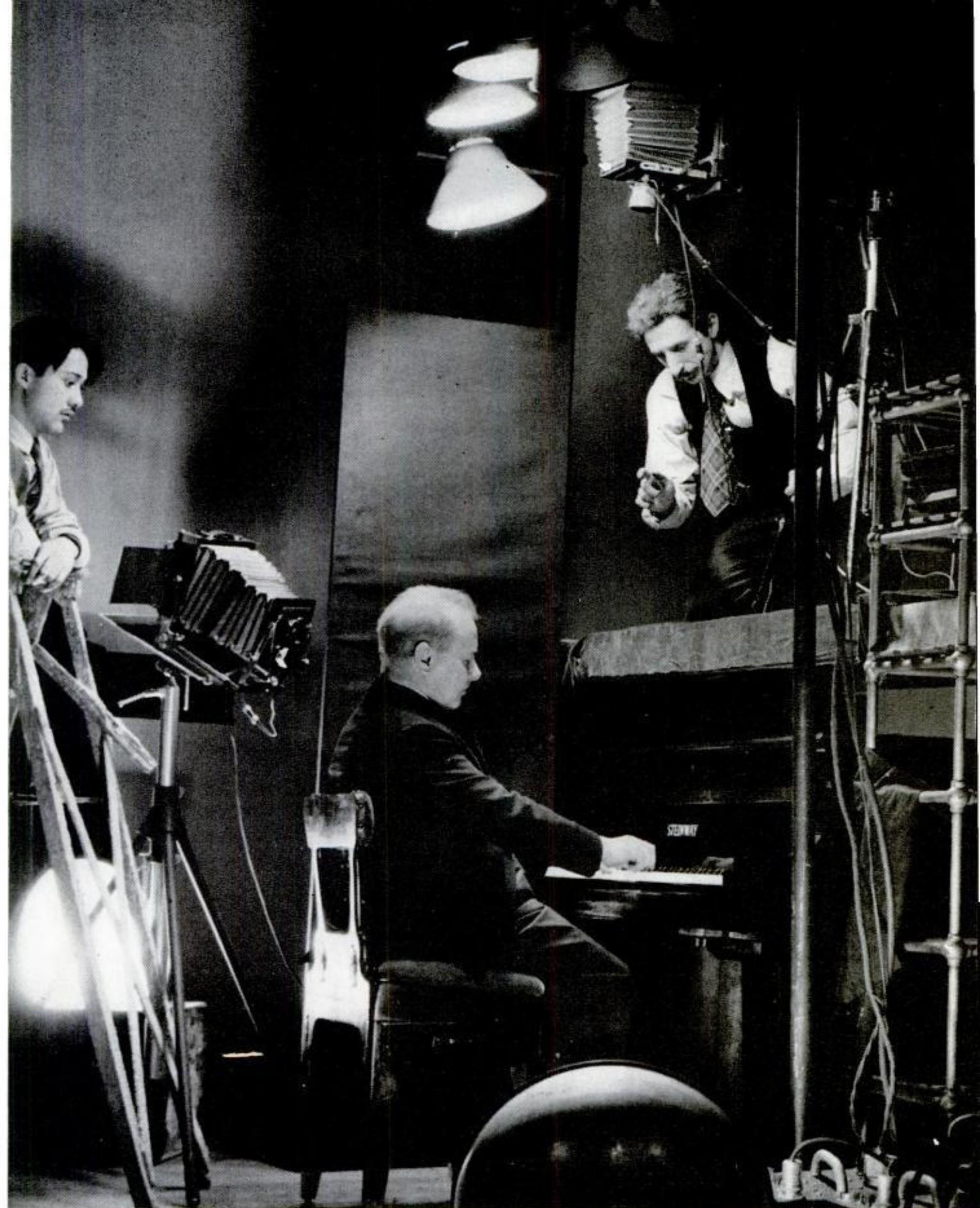
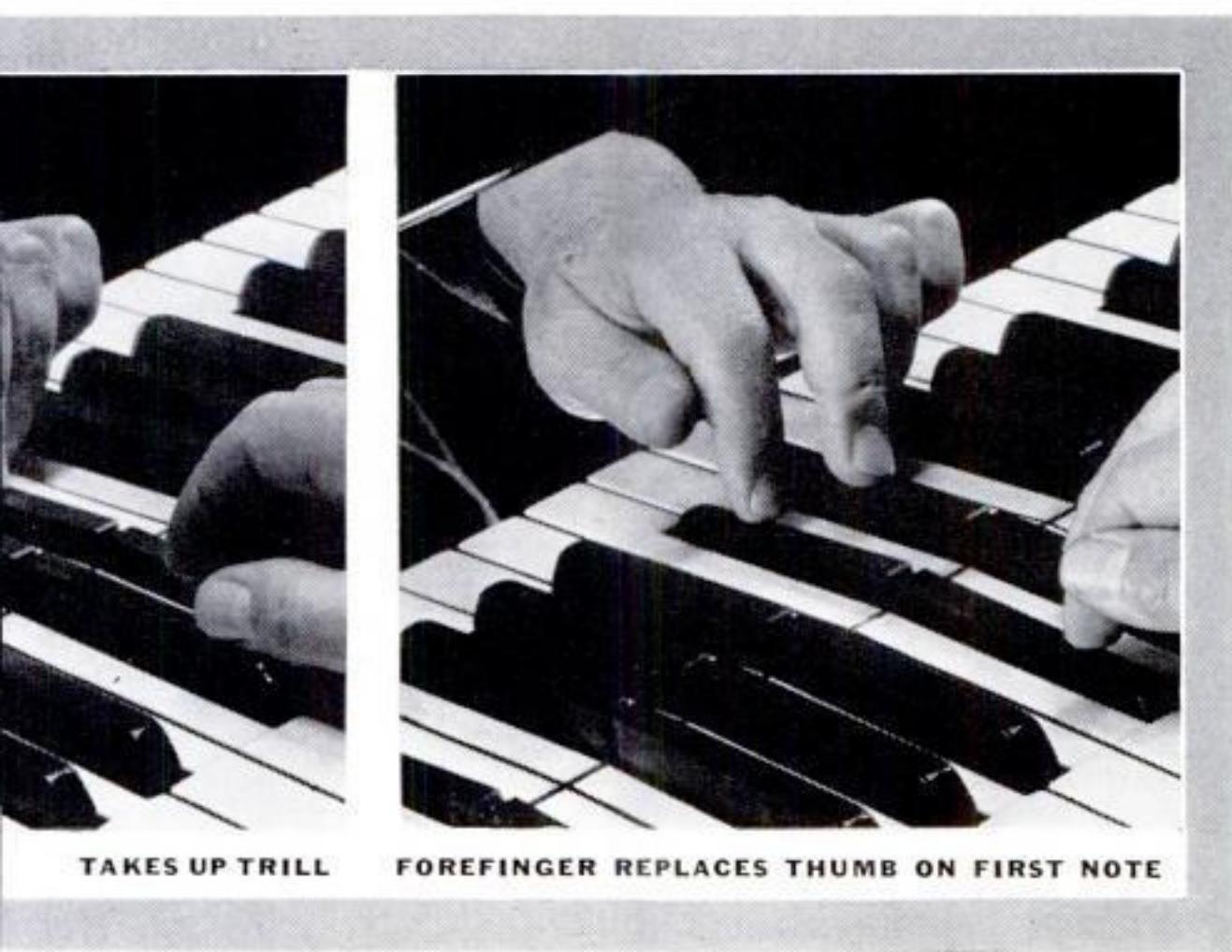
"B NATURAL": HOFMANN'S HANDS ARE COMPACT, NOT LOOSE-JOINTED

ON "C SHARP," THIRD FING-

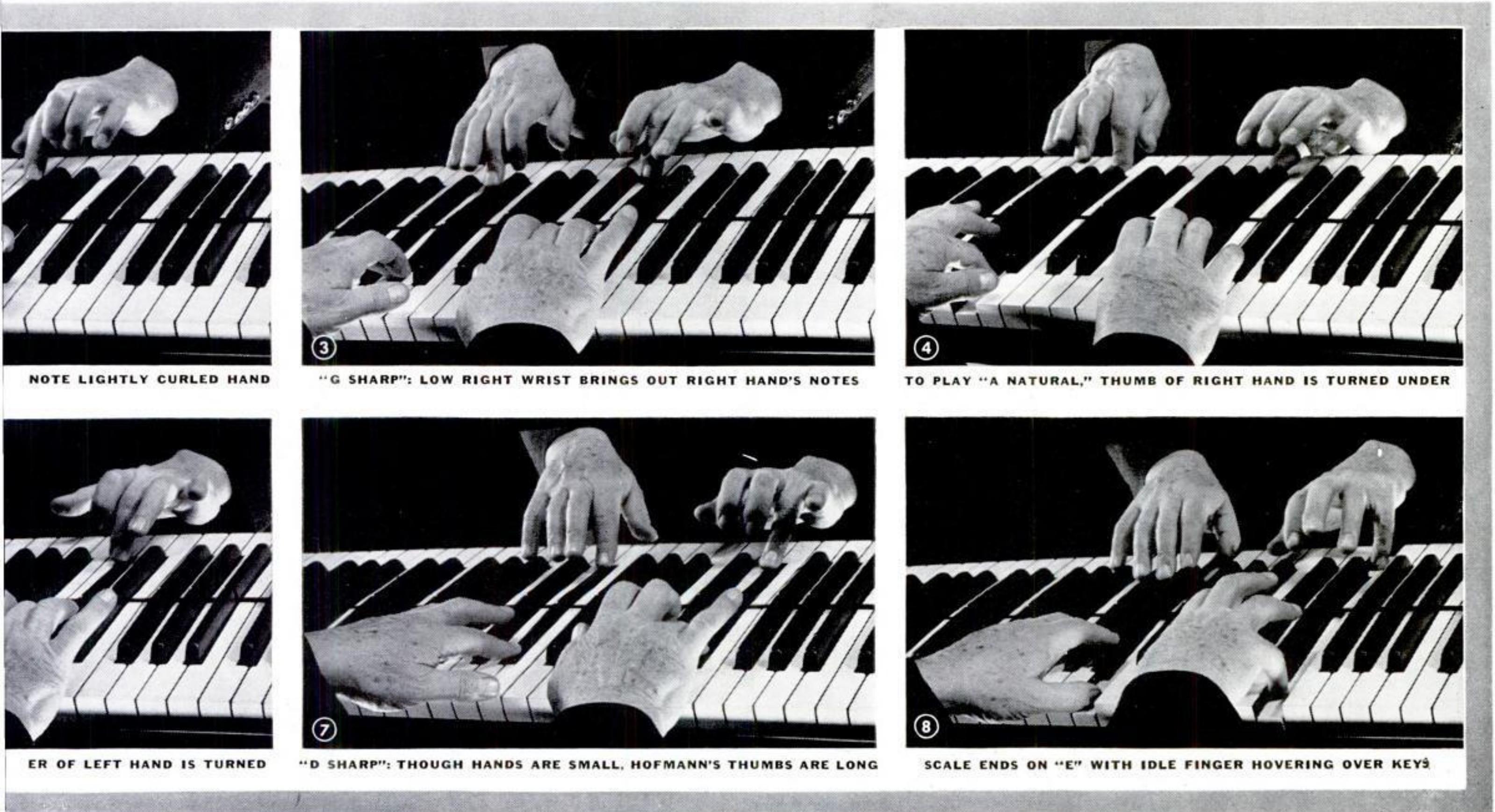
One of the few Mili subjects who ever had any real idea of how the complicated high-speed mechanism works, Dr. Hofmann was tolerant when things went a bit wrong and even made sensible suggestions on improving the setup.

The photographs which came out of these Hofmann-Mili sessions show more clearly than any photographs ever have just how a great pianist's hands work on the keyboard. Behind the keys along the length of the backboard, Mili placed a long thin mirror in which Hofmann's hands were sharply reflected. Each picture, therefore, shows the backs of Hofmann's fingers and, at the same time, the front of the fingers as reflected in the mirror. This double explanation of Hofmann's technique should be of considerable help to piano students while practicing.

Hofmann himself seldom practices any more. He has been playing in public for 53 years and says he has long since earned a rest from wearisome exercises. To thousands of Americans whose youth was troubled by torturous hours of compulsory piano practice, the series below of Hofmann doing a simple scale will bring back painful memories of the time spent at the keyboard mumbling, as the right hand went up the scale, *one, two, three, thumb under*, etc., or, as the left hand fumbled its way, *five, four, three, two, one, three over*, and so on.



MILI PHOTOGRAPHED HANDS FROM SIDE FOR SCALE (BELOW), FROM ABOVE FOR REACH (OPPOSITE PAGE)



It's White Sale Time Save on UTICA Sheets

LEADING HOTELS REPORT THESE FAMOUS SHEETS GIVE THE EQUIVALENT OF OVER 10 YEARS NORMAL HOME SERVICE



Mrs. Thrifty Consumer shops for sheets... finds Uticas attractively priced—notices reports of leading hotels that Utica sheets are good for over 260 launderings—equal to more than 10 years' normal home service... decides to buy a dozen.



Mrs. Thrifty Consumer checks over her linen closet... beams with satisfaction over fact Utica sheets she bought ten years ago are still smooth, soft and snowy white... Counts up how many dollars Utica sheets have probably saved.



Mr. Leonard Hicks

Leading Hotel Executives

who specify Utica sheets both for durability and luxurious texture. **Mr. Leonard Hicks**, Managing Director, Hotel Morrison, Chicago; **Mr. Hilmer Oehlmann**, Superintendent, Commercial Department, Yosemite Park and Curry Co., operating seven hotels in Yosemite National Park; **Mr. F. R. Schutt**, Vice-President and General Manager, Hotel Peabody, Memphis, Tenn.; **Mr. Martin Sweeny**, President, The Commodore Hotel, New York City



Mr. F. R. Schutt



Mr. Hilmer Oehlmann



Mr. Martin Sweeny

Of course you want to save money on sheets... yet you don't want "just bargain" sheets. So here's how to make the best buy of the January White Sales.

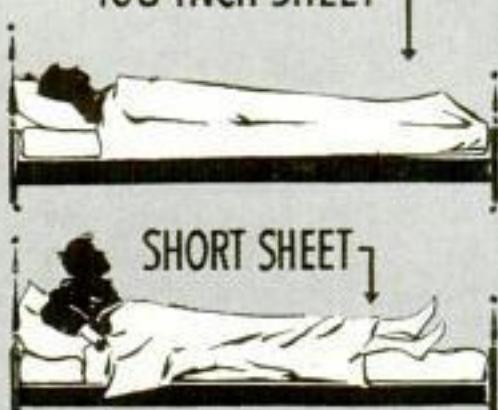
First, go to a reliable store. Second, be guided by the exacting experience of leading hotel executives and ask for genuine Utica sheets—the sheets that meet fine hotel requirements for smoothness and whiteness for over 260 launderings—equal to more than 10 years of normal home use.

To give extra service like this, Utica sheets have to be—and are—woven to extra quality standards. The cotton from which they are made is a longer fibre premium cotton. Equally important, Utica sheets contain approximately *one-fourth more* cotton than light weave sheets selling at approximately the same price. That means you get 25% more cotton value—and more years of service—for your money.

Utica's high cotton content and fine balanced weave also make them delightfully soft and smooth... with enough body to keep the mattress ticking from showing through and to guard against excessive wrinkling.

You can depend on Uticas to keep their original snowy whiteness, too. They are genuine pure finish sheets—free from artificial filler to wash or wear off—and bleached without harsh, fabric-weakening chemicals.

108 INCH SHEET



108" SHEETS provide for 6" tucks under the mattress at both ends for lower sheet. Also for the top sheet a 6" tuck at the bottom and a wide turn back over the blankets insures sleeping comfort.

SHORT SHEETS do not allow adequate tucks. They pull out at the bottom and permit the blanket to irritate the face.



FREE—32-page illustrated Restful Sleep Booklet—Contains 6 delightful pictures of "Snowy," the famous Utica kitten and complete information on correct bed-making, sheet sizes, laundering, etc. Just mail post card. Dept. L-6.

Utica and Mohawk Cotton Mills, Inc., Utica, New York.



SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)



Hofmann plays an arpeggio: broken chord whose notes are not played simultaneously but in succession. Hands begin attack on C, E, G, C. Left-hand gesture is lovely.



The hands come down on the keys. The right hand has already begun to play its notes while the pianist's left hand is just beginning with the fifth finger striking its G.



The notes roll out as the finger action is augmented by a quick rotation of the wrist and the forearm. Note how precisely Gjon Mili's mirror device explains technique.



Both hands are up as arpeggio is finished. Hofmann holds thumbs lower than most pianists, makes up for small hands by long stretch between thumb and forefinger.

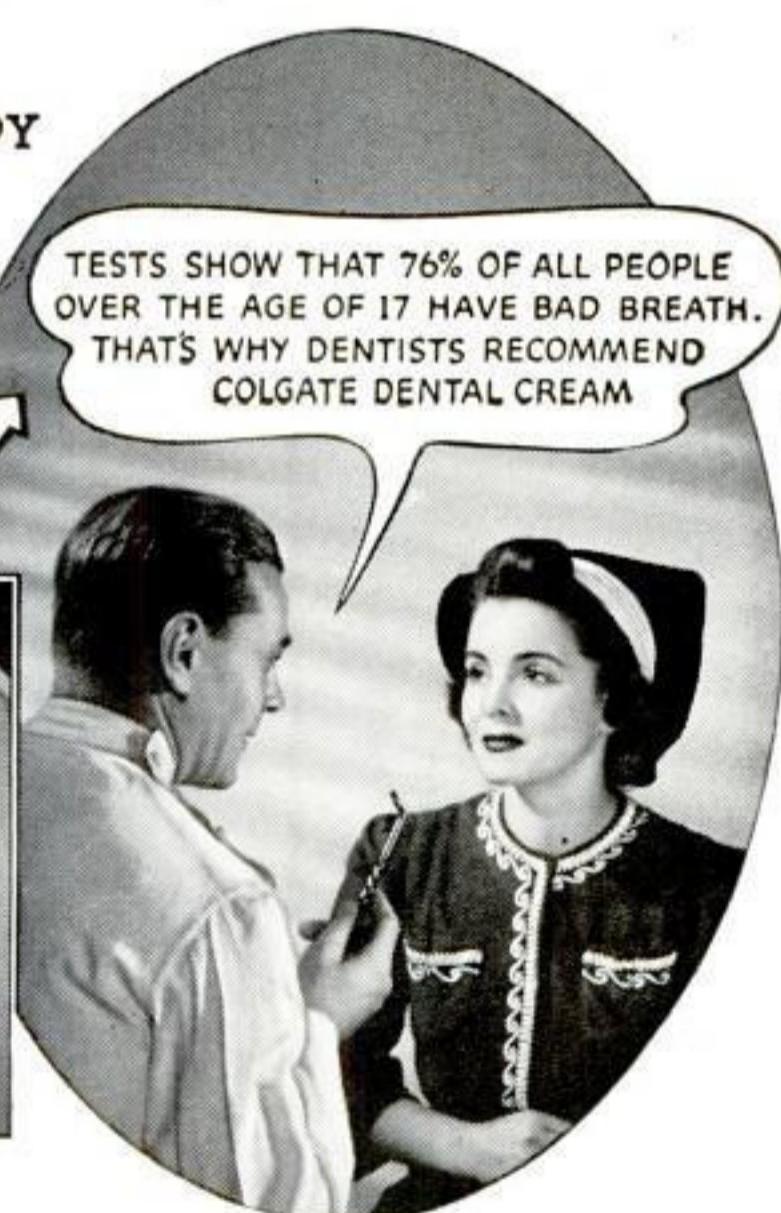
Husbands don't TALK about it



but you can't afford to risk it!

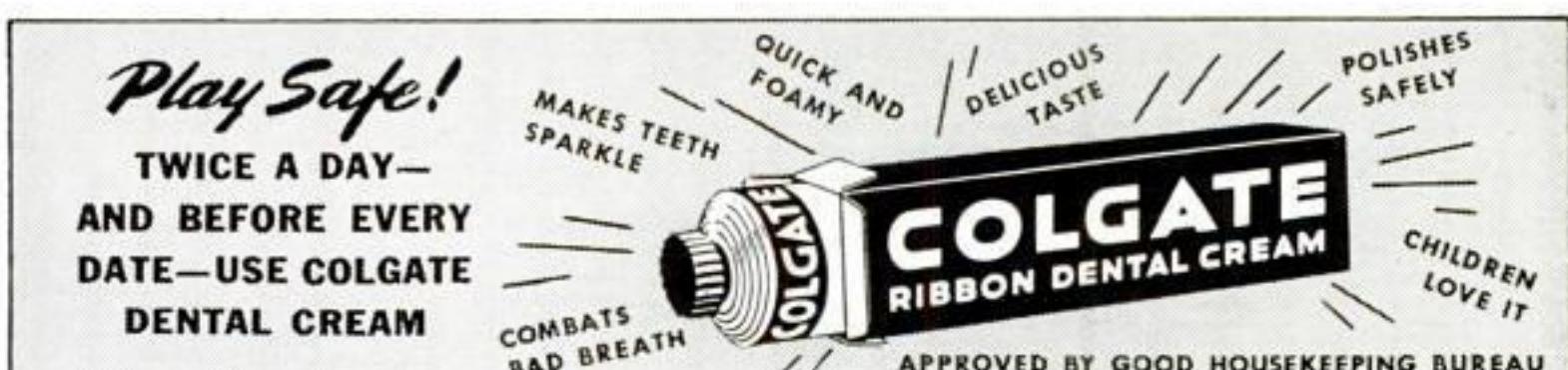
Many a charming woman undermines her happiness by carelessness about bad breath. Such a dangerous, yet common fault... a fault you may very well have yourself! After all, dentists say...

TESTS SHOW THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. THAT'S WHY DENTISTS RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM



Doesn't Colgate's penetrating foam make your mouth feel clean and refreshed? Aren't your teeth brighter, more sparkling? Such a grand tangy flavor, too! What a pleasant way to combat bad breath!

"You see, Colgate's has an active penetrating foam that gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth... helps clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath."





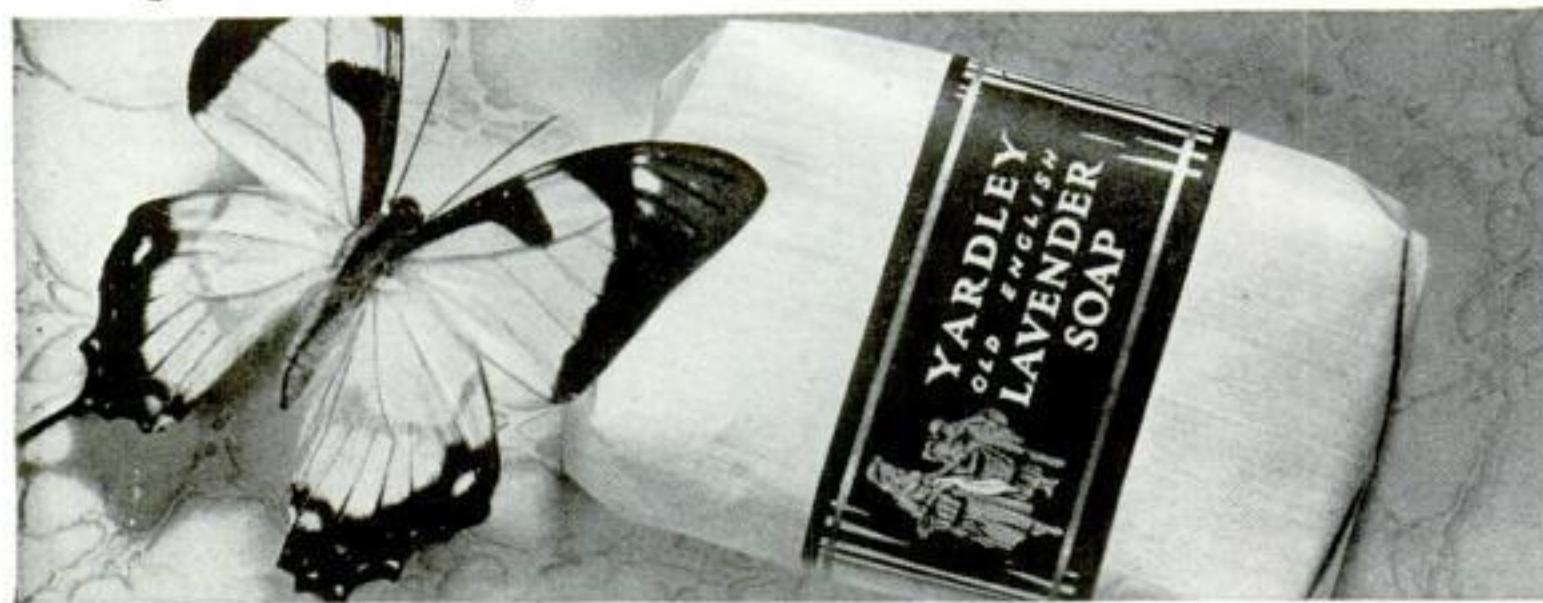
LAVENDER'S LOVELY!

The lovable fragrance of Yardley English Lavender holds enchantment in its cool, intriguing depths. Light and gay, it is a fragrance so exquisitely fresh that it may be worn for every informal occasion.

Yardley English Lavender Soap holds the same enchanting fragrance. It turns you out of the tub as fresh and sweet as a baby, and radiant from head to toe. The luxury soap of the world, in hard-milled and unbelievably long-lasting tablets, for face and bath.

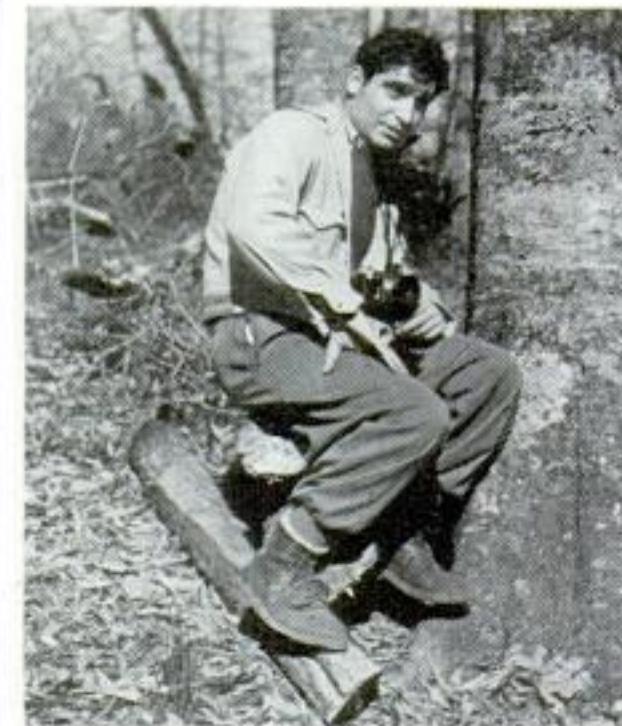
You may purchase these luxurious Yardley products at any finer drug or department store. Or at Yardley, 620 Fifth Avenue, New York. Yardley English Lavender Soap, 35c the single tablet. Box of three, \$1. You'll find lovely Yardley English Lavender priced from **\$1 to \$8.25**. *We continue to receive our shipments from England despite war conditions.*

Yardley ENGLISH LAVENDER



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FROM THE ORIGINAL ENGLISH FORMULAE, COMBINING IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC INGREDIENTS

LIFE'S PICTURES



This picture of Robert Capa was taken in the Guadarrama section of Spain during the fighting around Segovia in 1937. It might be the very hillside on which Robert Jordan and the guide Anselmo hid to study their plan for blowing up the bridge in Ernest Hemingway's *For Whom The Bell Tolls*. Capa took the pictures in Idaho and most of those in Spain for LIFE's story on this best-selling novel (pp. 49-57).

To readers of the book Capa's face may suggest Rafael, the easy-going gypsy who aroused Jordan's ire by leaving his post to chase hares for breakfast. Hemingway was so struck by the likeness that he half-seriously asked his friend Capa if he would like to play the part of Rafael in Paramount's forthcoming movie of the book.

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources credit is recorded picture by picture (*left to right, top to bottom*), and line by line (*lines separated by dashes*) unless otherwise specified.

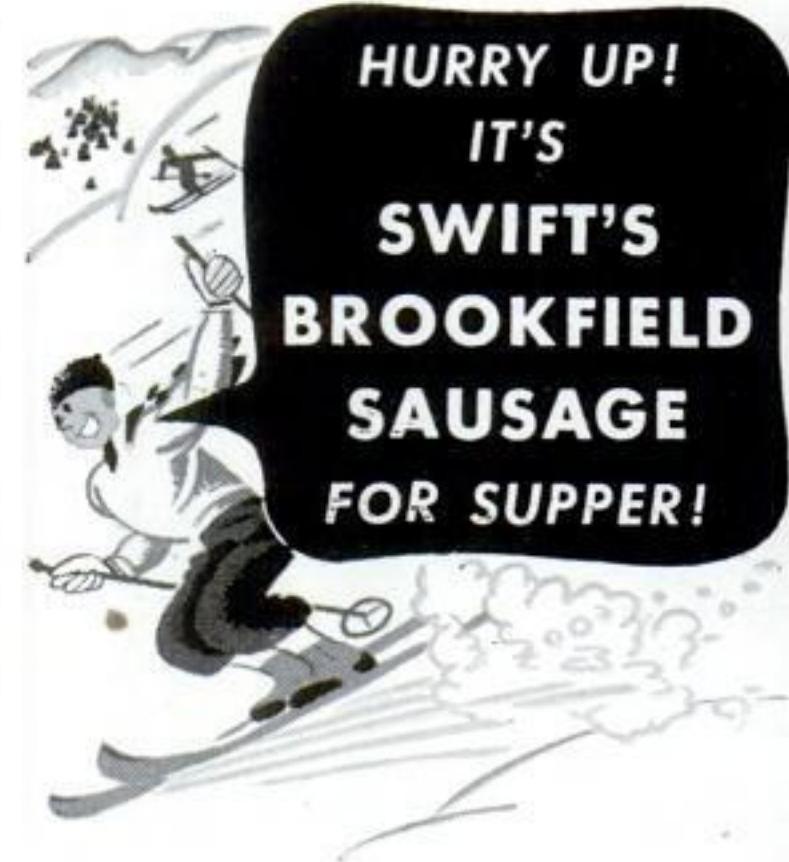
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IT'S

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BROOKFIELD
SAUSAGE
FOR SUPPER!**



Enjoy that old-time flavor

Here's sausage *de luxe*! Swift's Brookfield . . . DINNER-SIZE . . . tender through and through! For by a special Swift method the skins are tendered in pineapple juice. You taste *only* the fine, delicately seasoned pork with the old-time flavor folks hanker for. And you enjoy every tender juicy morsel!

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The "penthouse perch"—grand for glamour but awfully hard on your gossamer hose. For stockings that won't let you down, try Cannon's long-wearing lovelies. Every pair is carefully inspected by an amazing air-pressure machine that uncovers the tiniest flaws—usual cause of sudden "mystery" runs!

Cannon brings you only perfect stockings—full-fashioned, flawless, triple-inspected.

Cannon Hosiery made of Silk, in the Cellophane Handy-Pack, 69¢ to \$1.00. Cannon Hosiery made of Nylon, \$1.35 and up. By makers of Cannon Towels and Sheets.



LIFE

Vol. 10, No. 1

January 6, 1941

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LIFE



LIFE'S COVER. Style, in personal looks and in acting, is so rare as to make its possessor perennially fascinating. And style, both as actress and as person, is what Katharine Hepburn has in abundance. It has made her not only a top-ranking star but also a sort of *enfant terrible* to Hollywood. While filming *The Philadelphia Story* (pp. 31-32) she maintained her tradition of startling the film colony. She startled Director George Cukor by abandoning movie make-up for street make-up. She startled newspapermen by spotting one of them on the set, screaming: "What's that so-&-so doing here?"

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How's your "Pep Appeal"?

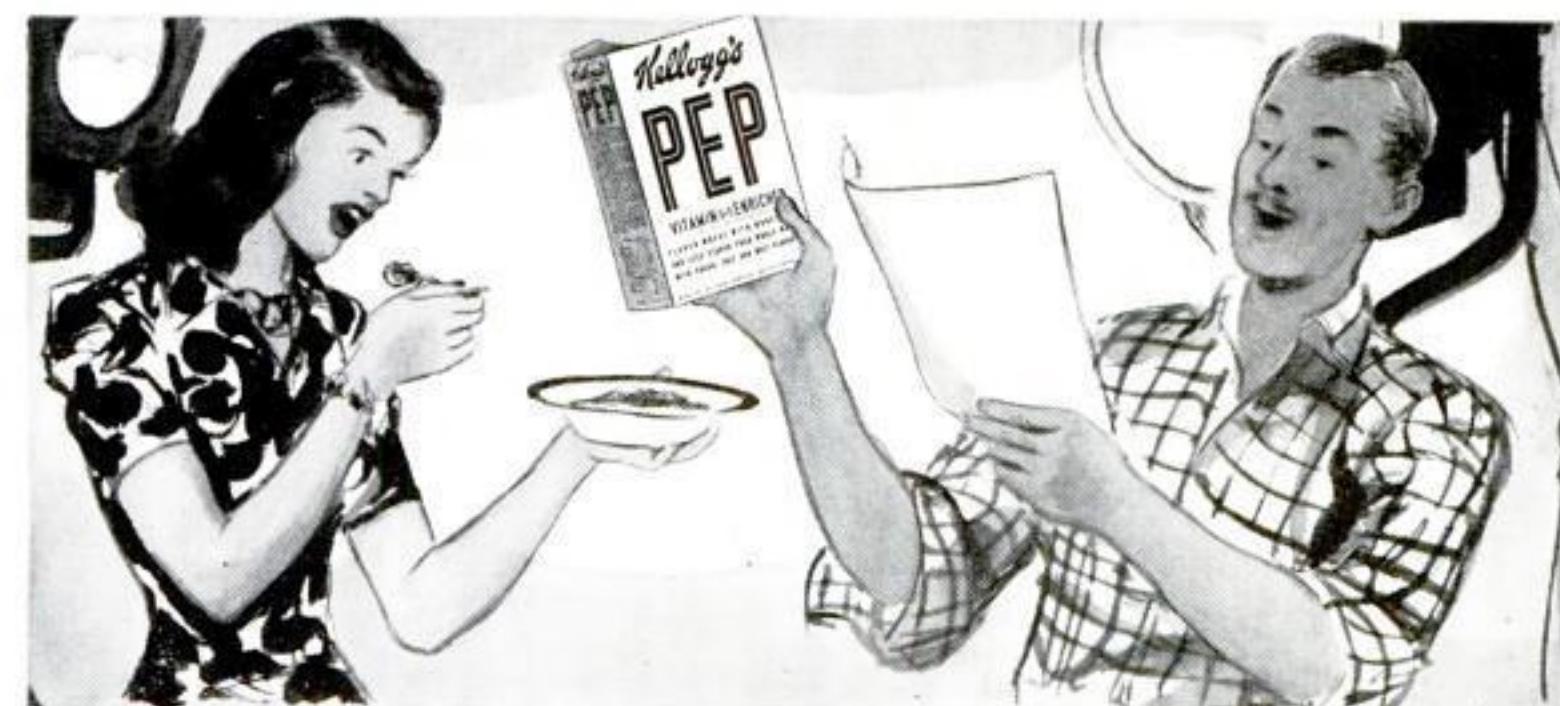
—by Bundy



The photographer: Say! You'll never do for a PEP ad. Where's that old "oomph"? You know—that *pep appeal!*



The photographer: There! There! It's nothing personal. Maybe you just haven't been feeling right lately. And—that reminds me. Why don't we try a little KELLOGG'S PEP?



The photographer: It says in the ad here: "None of us can have pep unless we get all our vitamins. And right in this crisp nut-sweet cereal—KELLOGG'S PEP—are extra-rich sources of two of the most important vitamins, B₁ and D."

The model: Wait a minute! This is the most delicious cereal I ever tasted.



The model: If getting started on vitamins can be this much fun, just watch me become the "pep appeal" girl of 1941!

The photographer: Hold it, baby, hold it! There's a picture that will really tell America what we want to say.

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B₁, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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America says, “Thumbs up”

The Roman people held the power of life and death over a combatant in the Colosseum.

It was Thumbs Up or Thumbs Down.

The American people hold the power of life and death over a product or business.

—and with the American people it's Thumbs Up for Quality.

The Greatest Purchasing Agent in the world is the man who buys in America today.

He may purchase for his company, and the quality of what he buys can help make or break his company's name or product.

He may purchase for his home, and the quality of what he buys—not the amount of money he spends—can make that home a more attractive, satisfying and pleasant place to live.

* * *

The Roman people wanted "Bread and Circuses."

The American people want quality and performance when they spend their money.

* * *

A penny for an all-day sucker that he thinks is a full money's worth makes a child happy. If he gets "gypped" he's mad at that candy store.

* * *

If a woman gets "stung" on a can of tomatoes, a vacuum cleaner, or a pair of stockings,

she "Thumbs Down" the brand; oftentimes the store where it is sold.

* * *

There are people, in business and in private, who are not True Purchasing Agents.

They look at a griddle or a gasket, not for what it does, just for what it costs.

* * *

If you feel something does more for you than you expect it to for its cost, that cost is low.

If you feel something does less for you than you expect it should for its cost, that cost is too high—and a delusion.

* * *

The American Purchasing Agent knows these things—it is his business to know them.

Products and services that come before the American Purchasing Agent have to be good to catch his eye; have to stay good to keep it.

If you really have quality, you will get the business; if you don't really have it, sooner or later you will "get the gate".

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It is permanence and richness of impression.

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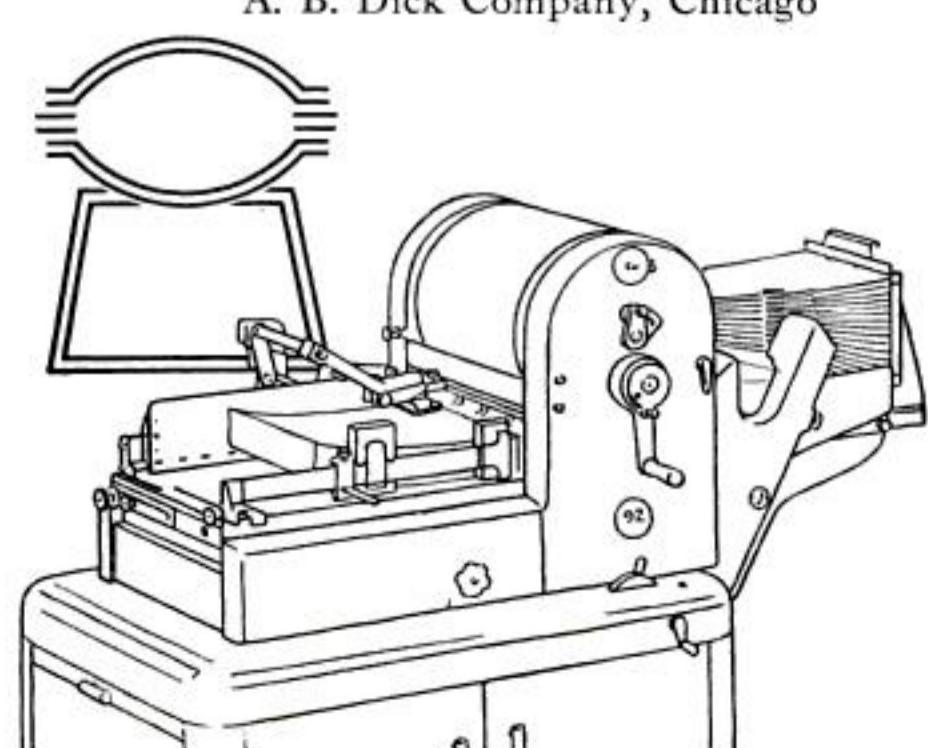


Anyone can operate the Mimeograph duplicator and turn out beautiful copies—up to 160 per minute.

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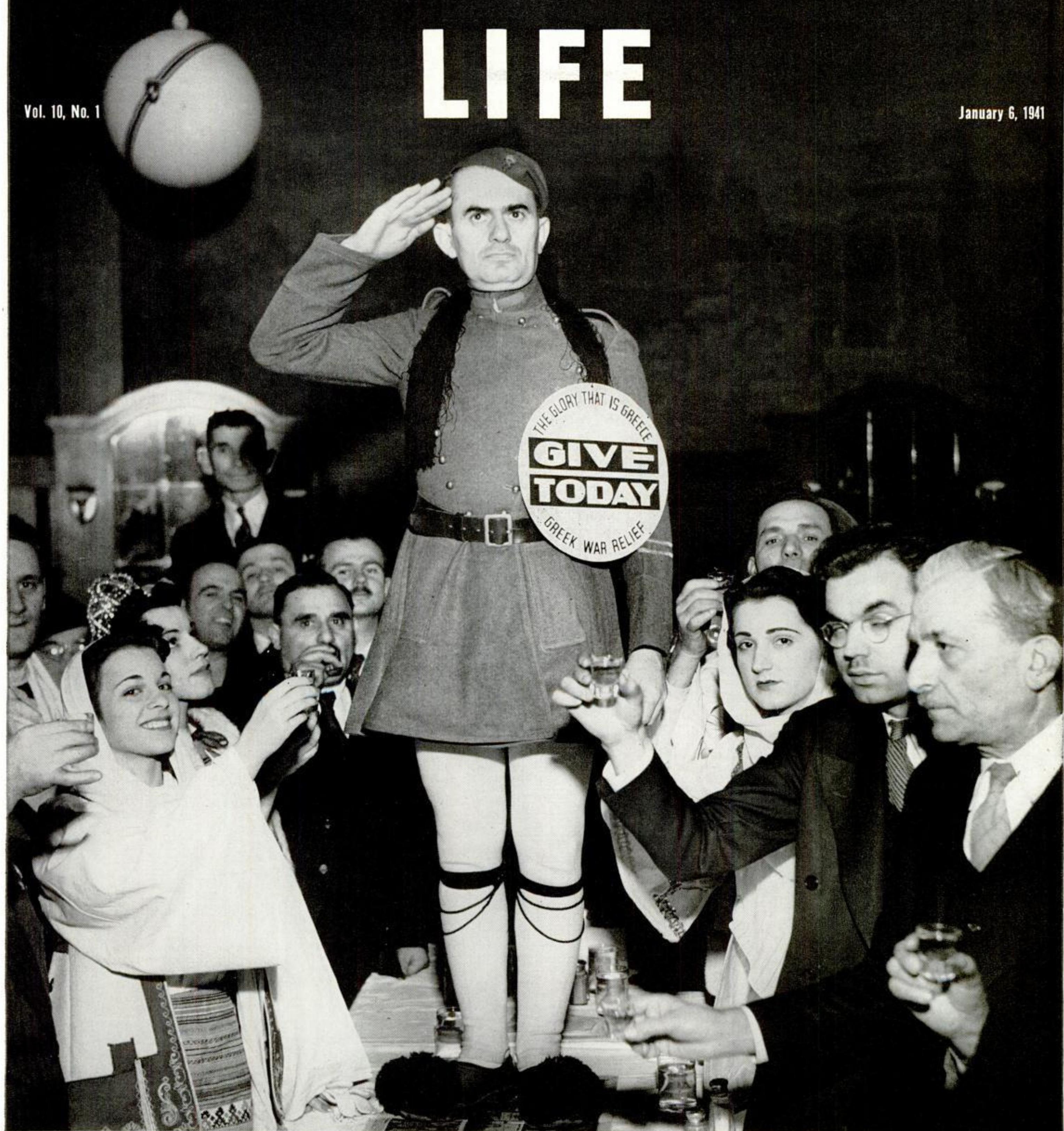
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CHICAGO GRECO-AMERICANS DOWN A TOAST TO VETERAN EVZONE DEMETRIOS DALITSOURIS AND TO THE SUCCESS OF AMERICA'S \$10,000,000 GREEK WAR RELIEF DRIVE

U.S. BALLS, BRAWLS, PAGEANTS, PARADES TURN WAR RELIEF INTO SHOW BUSINESS

In the weeks directly preceding and following New Year's, every big and little city in the land staged parties and parades, benefits, balls, brawls and binges for Britain, France, Greece and all the other unhappy victims of Axis might. Some, like Chicago's "March of Freedom" for Greek relief (see above), were conducted befittingly by sincere sympathizers and without displeasing overtones. Others turned into a welter of extravagance, saloon socialites and press agentry in which original humanitarian motives seemed hopelessly subordinated. Many an American friend of European democracy, honestly convinced of

the necessity of sending aid abroad, had begun to wonder if the cause of relief were not being harmed more than helped by the dilettantes who noisily appeared and reappeared at its big city shows. Many began to wonder too how many dollars were left when all the bills for ballrooms and champagne had been paid.

Ever since U. S. Jacobins paraded New England streets in 1793 wearing tricolor cockades and chanting the slogans of France's revolutionists, Americans have been quick to take up causes to which they subscribed. Today 1,000,000 men and women are en-

gaged in war relief work in the U. S. Since Sept. 6, 1939, more than \$36,000,000 has been raised in the U. S., more than \$27,000,000 in cash and goods sent abroad. War relief has become a big business. But little by little it has assumed also the characteristics of show business, seeking support from those who care less for the quality of mercy than for self-indulgence and personal fame. By last fortnight many a sympathetic contributor was fed up with the outer forms which a great cause had assumed. On the following pages you see some of the machinery, good and bad, now functioning here in the name of relief.



Papier-mâché Parthenon rolls through Chicago's Loop as the Greek War Relief Association stages huge "March of Freedom" parade. Another float showed bombed village in 1940 Greece.



Friends of Greece benefit at New York's Ritz-Carlton finds Mrs. Harrison Williams and Archbishop Athenagoras, head of Greek Orthodox Church of the Americas, eating side by side.



"The March of Freedom" opens the Illinois Greek War Relief Association's drive for aid to Greece. Millions of Chicagoans watched hundreds of Greco-Americans parade. Here marchers

struggle beneath weight of a huge American flag into which spectators tossed \$1,500 before parade ended. Men in background are trying to bounce scattered money into single pool.

GREEK & FRENCH BALLYHOO IS COGENT BUT RESTRAINED

Of the 304 miscellaneous agencies now busy raising funds in the U. S. and sending aid abroad, none is more intelligently organized or directed than the Greek War Relief Association. Functioning only since the invasion of Greece, it has noted the errors of other relief units and profited thereby. Most importantly, it has managed to absorb and merge all pro-Greek efforts in the U. S. into a single co-ordinating agency.

Biggest gun in the Association's \$10,000,000 drive was discharged Dec. 18 when Greco-Americans (who like to be called "Children of Ulysses") paraded for two hours through downtown Chicago (*see opposite page*). Those participating were sensibly forbidden to give their "March of Freedom" the aspect of a victory parade. No signs, slogans or songs took note of Greek military successes, or denounced Italy. Sole aim of the marchers was to underscore Greek culture and Greek virtues by an unassuming, even meek, procession through the streets. To date—without undue ballyhoo from socialites like Mrs. Harrison Williams (*opposite*)—the Association has raised \$1,000,000.

Support for General de Gaulle, crystallized by an agency called "France Forever," has thus far been inspirational rather than monetary. Writers and journalists have orated in behalf of Free France. U. S. ambulance drivers have volunteered for service in Africa (*below*). For pictures of the big shows staged for Britain, turn page.



"France Forever," a U. S. organization of sympathizers with General Charles de Gaulle, holds its first mass meet-

ing in New York's Carnegie Hall few days before Christmas. More than 3,700 attended, 3,000 were turned away.



Volunteer ambulance drivers, off to serve with General de Gaulle's Free French forces in Egypt and the Sudan, meet in New York. Trying out a portable cot is the youngest volunteer,

Robert Redgate, 19, of Rye, N. Y. At left stands Jacques de Sieyes, U. S. envoy of de Gaulle. Third from left is William V. C. Ruxton, president of the British-American Ambulance Corps.

War relief (continued)

SOCIETY & SHOW PEOPLE MAKE THE BIGGEST NOISE IN BEHALF OF BRITAIN

Here you see a panorama of civilian aid to Britain, most popular, most successful of all U. S. relief efforts. United in this work are 70-odd separate agencies, big and small, efficient and inefficient. Best-known and most effective nationally is the British War Relief Society (now combined with the Allied Relief Fund), which under the presidency of Winthrop W. Aldrich has raised \$4,033,414, has shipped \$1,201,000 in cash and \$3,116,000 in goods to England since the war began.

Co-operating in the cause for Britain are realists and sentimentalists, people who love England for Shakespeare and Shelley, people who realize America's safety depends on Britain's survival, and people who want to save Britain's elegant aristocracy. Best publicized are New York's cafe Anglophiles. Meat for them was the Star Spangled Ball staged by the White committee at New York's Astor Hotel where Gypsy Rose Lee dispensed her pentacled costume, star by star, for England's sake (*opposite*).

IN SEATTLE



Bingo for Britain. Socialites in Seattle attend gambling party to aid Spitfire fund.



British flier, Captain Tommy Carroll, who ferries bombers to England, wows ladies at gambling party in swank Washington Athletic Club, Dec. 13. He sold autographs for \$1.



Roulette stakes likewise end up in Spitfire fund. Players paid \$1 each for their chips.

IN RICHMOND



First families of Virginia attend English relief ball. Right center: Governor Price.



Under a British naval ensign Virginians dine at English relief ball, Dec. 20. Crew of *Richmond*, one of destroyers swapped to England, are pet beneficiaries of Richmond relief.



Ultra-formal, ultra-proper, Richmond Anglophiles dance at famed Hotel Jefferson.

IN NEW YORK



Debutante rattles collection can for Britain at St. Paul's-Harvard hockey game.



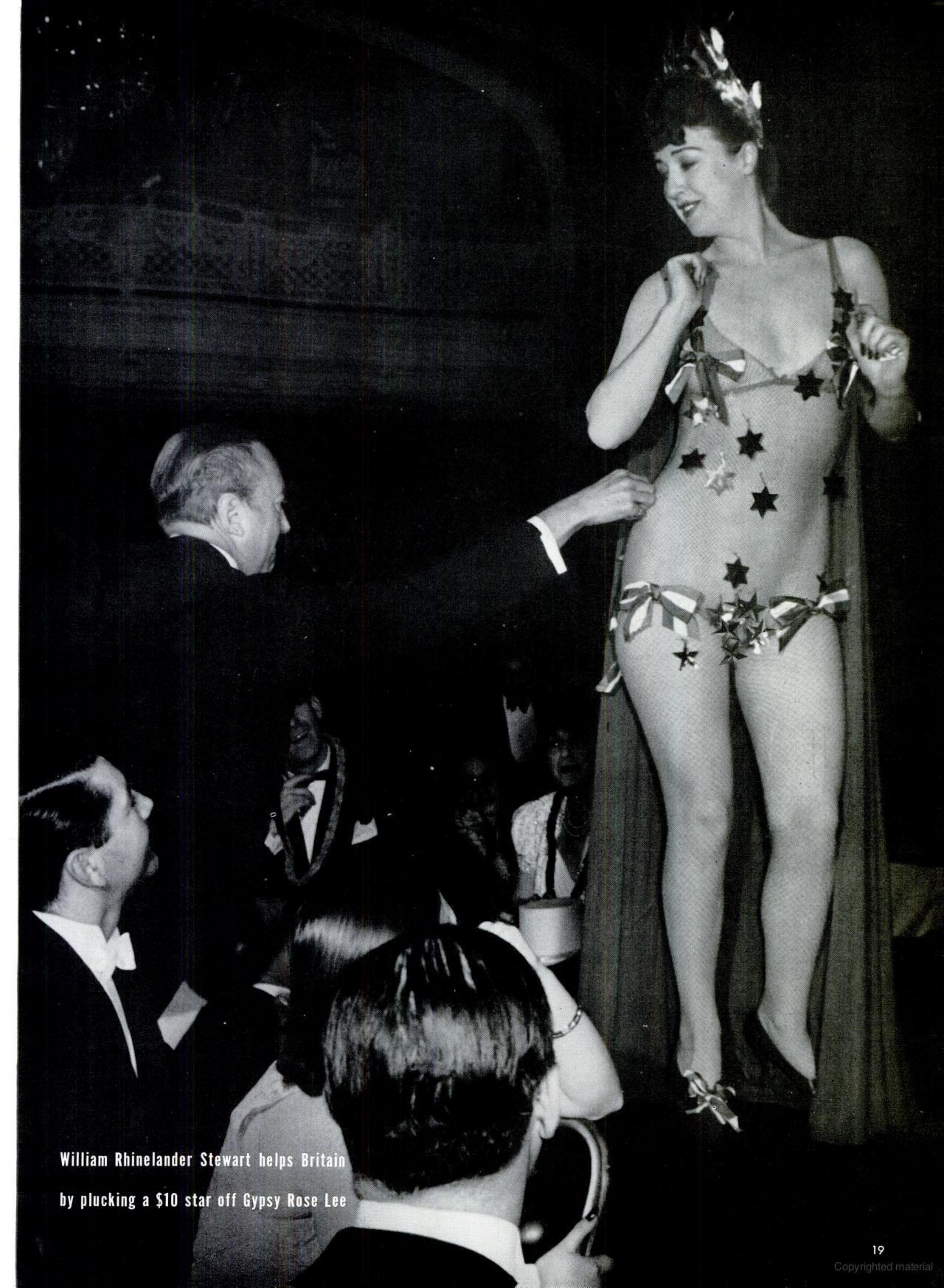
British masterpiece is borrowed by debutantes for benefit art show at Knoedler's.



Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt help pack bundles for Britain in a N. Y. warehouse.



Droopy socialites wear air of boredom at William Allen White's Star Spangled Ball.



William Rhinelander Stewart helps Britain
by plucking a \$10 star off Gypsy Rose Lee

LIFE ON THE NEWSFRONTS OF THE WORLD

Plans for risking war stir the nation; German troops play hide and seek over Europe

Last week Sir Walter Layton of the British Ministry of Supply, back from a visit to the U. S., told his own people that American arms production will not get rolling at full speed until the spring of 1942.

This estimate is backed up by the best business judgment in the U. S. and it is a sad truth for Britain. For if one thing is certain about Hitler's war plans it is this: he will not wait until U. S. arms production hits its stride before he

makes a gigantic effort to knock Britain out. Most shrewd observers predict this effort before next summer.

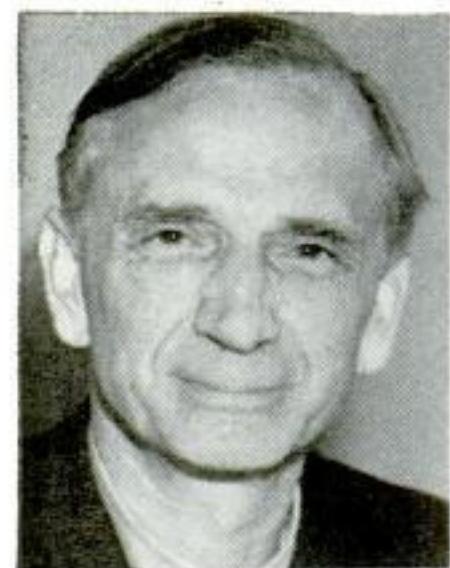
This desperate estimate of the British position was behind the various proposals that filled the air last week for doing something more to help Britain quick. Plan No. 1 is for the U. S. Navy to help convoy ships to Britain, thus providing adequate protection, now lacking. Plan No. 2 is to buy or confiscate the 66 German, Italian and Danish merchant ships now lying in U. S. ports and turn them over to Britain. Plan No. 3, first mentioned last week, is to declare Eire out of the war zone, thus allowing U. S. ships to carry arms and guns to her ports. None of these plans met Britain's main need for more arms than U. S. industry can produce, but they might conceivably turn the balance if the balance were very close.

The salient fact about all these plans is they are not really "short of war." Germany refers to the present volume of American material and moral aid to the British, rather insultingly, as "pinpricks." But Germany has made clear that any attempt to convoy ships to England would be regarded as an act of war and warships engaged in convoy would be sunk on sight. Last week the Berlin press warned that arms or food shipped to Eire in U. S. bottoms would be regarded as ultimately destined for England, and that Germany would take any necessary steps to prevent these ships from reaching their destination.

The old distinction between "Isolationists" and "Interventionists" is no longer valid for most Americans. A large majority in the country stands for 1) full aid to Britain; 2) every effort to keep out of war. The proposals now under discussion reveal the new division of opinion. It is between a policy of all-aid-short-of-war and a policy of further aid which runs the risk of war,

While the country waited for the President to speak, the no-risk-of-war party still held the fort. A No Foreign War Committee got off to whirlwind start under the direction of Verne Marshall, editor of the Cedar Rapids *Gazette*, who lined up Colonel Lindbergh as a backer. The *Saturday Evening Post* published an article charging that the Administration had tried to shut up Lindbergh last autumn by dangling before him a proposed post of Secretary for Air.

But the greatest boost for the no-risk-of-war party came from the head of the help-Britain movement, William Allen White. In a statement to the Scripps-Howard newspapers, Mr. White declared that "the



LAYTON

only reason I am in this organization is to keep this country out of war." White's Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies, he said, opposed the convoy proposal, opposed sending U. S. ships into the war zone, opposed repealing the Johnson Act—all aims generally ascribed to it. Mr. White's motto: "The Yanks are not coming."

The White statement drew cheers from two top no-war leaders, Lindbergh and General Robert E. Wood of the America First Committee. Said Lindbergh: "He has given us a new hope for a united America." But any appearance of real unity was spurious. Surely Mr. White spoke sincerely but he did not speak the minds of all the leaders of his Committee. Five days later one of them resigned and others issued a statement which, without repudiating White, called for more help to Britain and declared: "Peace is possible for us only if Britain wins." The mass of public sentiment was still against risking war but the trend was toward risking it.

Darré Believed. The secret speech supposedly delivered by Richard-Walther Darré, German Minister of Agriculture, which LIFE published in its issue of Dec. 9, was also published in some 60 papers served by the North American Newspaper Alliance. This, plus reprints, press comments, radio mention and word of mouth, was its total circulation. Last week

the Gallup Poll asked its sample section of public opinion how many were familiar with the speech, got the surprisingly high response of 33%. To those familiar with the speech the poll then asked if they believed Darré's reported statement that the Nazis envisage chattel slavery for the conquered peoples of Europe and economic subjugation of the U.S. Answers: Yes: 80%; No: 20%.

Shell Game. All last week Hitler seemed to be playing a continental shell game with his army. German troops were reported now in one country, now in another, but no matter which shell you looked under you could not actually see them. Down through Hungary and into Rumania rolled one military train after another, made up of flat cars bearing engines of war and mysterious box cars guessed to contain troops. It was said that Germany was increasing its Rumanian garrison troops from 100,000 to 350,000, enough for a major push. The troops were reported first on the Russian border, then on the Bulgarian, then on the Yugoslavian, then spread over the country. Two Rumanian factories started turning out war matériel for Germany and Baron Manfred von Killinger, a tough Old Nazi, was appointed ambassador to Rumania, supposedly to run it as a virtual German province.

Berlin pooh-poohed the troop movements, saying that equal numbers of troops were returning to the Reich for Christmas, that the simple Balkans were overimpressed by the amount of gear required by a mechanized division. But 300,000 Russians were massed on the Rumanian border, just in case, and Moscow's *Pravda* went out of its way to report that four out of every ten Rumanian children were dying of tuberculosis and malnutrition.

Other reports said that three German divisions

had gone through the Brenner Pass into Italy but the only evidence actually observed by a reporter was



VON KILLINGER

1,000 German trucks at the port of Trieste. German troops were also reported in France at the Spanish border, ready for a dash through Spain to Gibraltar. To stiffen General Franco's back against this last possibility, the U. S. Government was holding out a \$50,000,000 bait in the form of food for the near-starving Spaniards.

Big Four. President Roosevelt's brand-new super-committee to boss defense, the Knudsen-Hillman-Stimson-Knox "Office for Production Management for Defense," was already being familiarly called the "Big Four" as its prospectus was becoming a bit more clearly outlined. Although many were disappointed that authority had not been delegated to a single man, Washington seemed satisfied that the Big Four was really going to be given all the authority it needed to speed up production.

First off, the President handed it a proposal for speeding up airplane production. In a carefully studied plan, Walter P. Reuther, red-haired official of the United Automobile Workers of America, urged that idle automobile plant capacity be turned to plane making. More than 50% of present capacity, said the Reuther report, was idle. So were thousands of skilled men. By changing over some automobile-making tools and concentrating on more simply built planes, the auto industry could get out 500 fighter planes a day. The President was reported much more enthusiastic about the report than auto or aircraft men. But there



REUTHER

was merit and sense in it. Meanwhile labor lost its fight to keep defense orders from Wagner Act violators when the Army, over Sidney Hillman's protest, insisted on giving a \$1,387,500 order for light reconnaissance cars to Henry Ford. And President Roosevelt was planning the biggest budget ever proposed for a peacetime year. For the fiscal year starting next July, it was reported, he would call for expenditures of \$17,000,000,000 with \$10,000,000,000 assigned to defense.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK

Shortly after midnight on the morning of Dec. 22, crack cops of the New York Police Commissioner's confidential squad smashed the glass door of a mansion in midtown Manhattan and found 21 fancily dressed ladies and gentlemen dicing and playing roulette at \$5 to \$1,000 a chip. Highly embarrassed, the guests were questioned briefly, then permitted to scamper into the night. The lady in ermine on the opposite page hid her face behind a gold lamé purse. Arrested as operator of this swank "joint" was George Herrick, said by police to be successor to the late big-shot gambler, Arnold Rothstein.



Gambling lady scuttles anonymously from

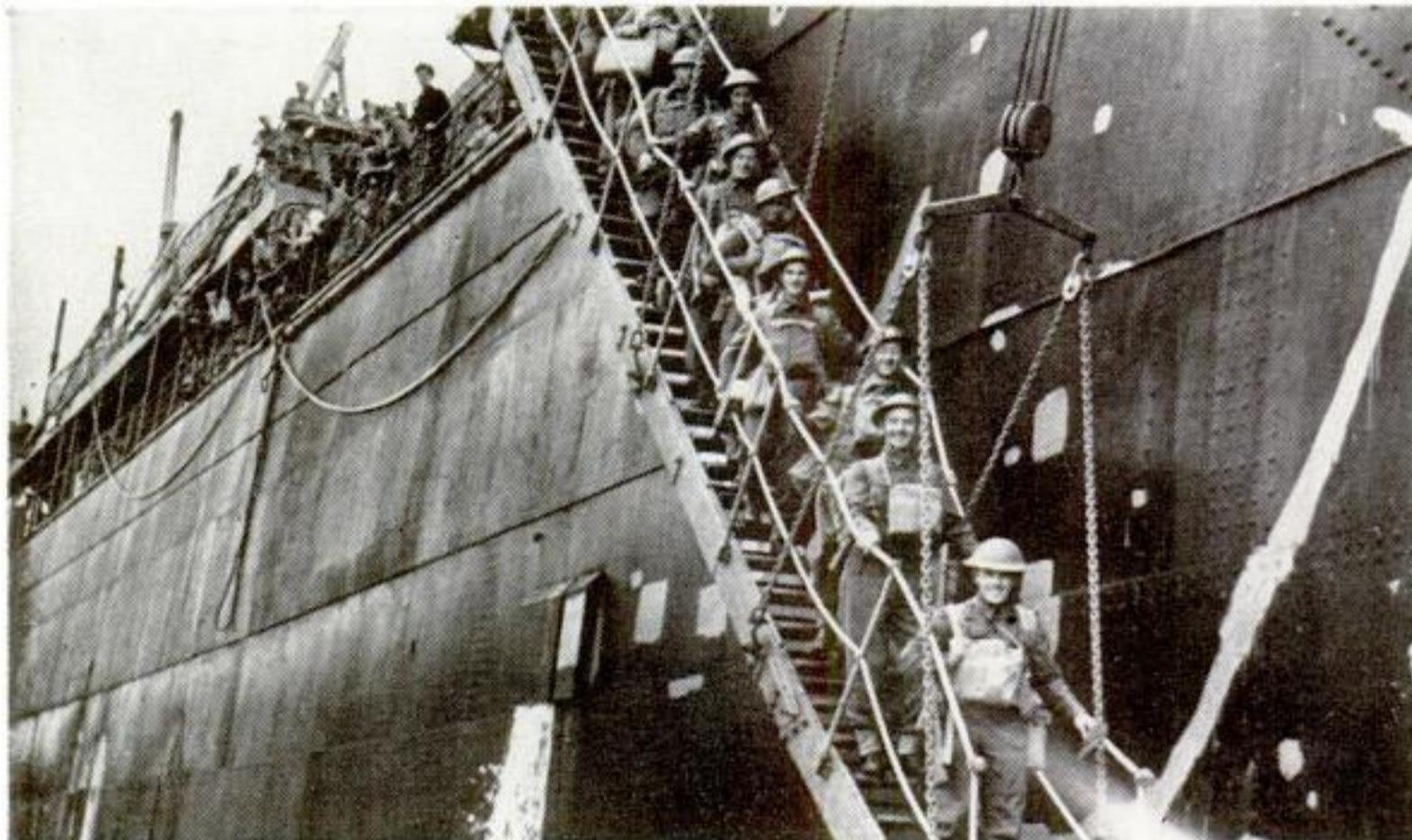
New York "joint" following police raid

THE FIGHTING GREEKS GET BRITISH MEN AND GUNS AND ITALIAN PRISONERS

Mysterious indeed has been the amount of British aid to Greece in its successes over the Italians. First pictures of British men and matériel arriving in Greece are shown on these pages. Though infantry and armored Bren gun carriers are shown here, British aid is solely in the air. These troops and guns are to protect the British airfields and bases against the not-so-remote possibility that German parachute troops may suddenly alight on them, as last year in the Low Countries.

Britain gave Greece the services of perhaps 40

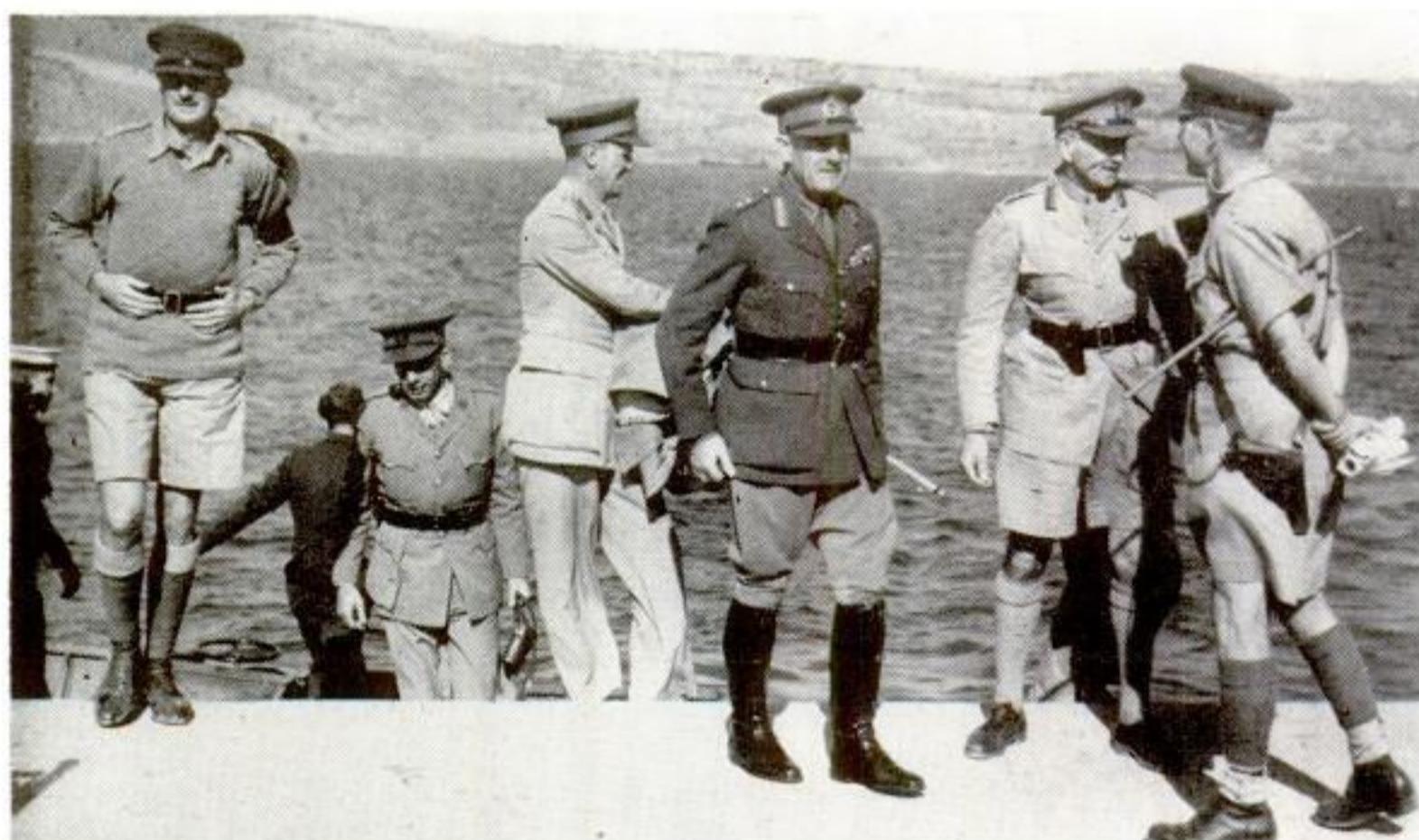
Blenheim bombers and 60 old Gloster Gladiator fighters. These proved quite good enough to handle the Italians. But perhaps the most valuable British item that landed in Greece was the British Commander in the Middle East, General Sir Archibald Percival Wavell, a brilliant and thorough officer who gave the Greeks a little good advice. Soon after these pictures were taken he left for Egypt where he launched such a thoroughly prepared attack on the Italian lines that, when the Italians miraculously fell apart there too, he was ready for a major drive.



British infantry lands in Greece with broad smiles. Immediate job of these men is to guard the vulnerable airfields and bases of the British Air Force, in case Germans should drop a skyful of parachute troops without warning. They are not being used in the fighting on the Albanian front.



General Wavell, British Commander in Chief in the Middle East, chugs into the Greek shore at Canea, on island of Crete, with his staff. He is center man on the stern seat. A Royal Air Force corporal nurses the engine of the pinnace. British promptly occupied island of Crete.



British staff, mostly unarmed, follow General Sir Archibald Wavell (center, foreground) up the landing steps onto Greek soil. First British adviser to Greeks was handsome Major General Parry, followed by Major General Heywood, who went on to the Greek General Headquarters in Athens.



General Wavell inspects the anti-aircraft defenses of a British airfield in Greece. The gun is a 3.7-in. The man in the foreground is filling a sandbag for the gun crew's defense against machine-gun strafing by enemy planes, while Wavell talks to a shirt-sleeved sergeant (center).



On the dockside in Greece, a detachment of British aircraftmen (left) line up behind their duffel bags, while Greek sailors (right) act as porters for them. These men will serve as ground crews for the British Air Force. Notice that, unlike most ground crews, they are equipped with rifles.



Bren gun carriers, a favorite but not notable British weapon, roll down main street of small Greek town, to the immense interest of citizens and small boys. These too are probably being used solely as protection for British bases against German or Italian parachute troops.

Last week the British Blenheims in Greece bombed the key points around Valona, next to last big Italian port in Albania.

The Italian Army was still showing itself the most flagrantly overrated army in Europe, not excepting the French Army. It appeared that the Italians were still amazed to find the weather in mountainous Albania not quite the same as that on the Italian Riviera. Snow swept on bitter winds down the valleys, clogged the roads and paralyzed the Italians. In this unhappy climate, the Italians made their

first serious effort to stop the Greeks at the Klisura Pass, to prevent the flanking of Valona.

The sly, tough Greeks had not lost any of their cunning since the Trojan War. At one point they planted a big battery of wooden guns exposed to Italian view. When the Italians opened fire on this modern Trojan Horse, the real Greek batteries blasted the Italian batteries. Elsewhere the Greeks pushed little snow mounds ahead of them across the snow to within a hundred yards of the Italian positions. Then the Greeks charged. Such tricks impressed the

Italians as unfair and unmilitary, unbecoming to mechanized modern warfare. But they worked.

The only cloud on the Allied horizon in Albania was the ominous massing of German troops and planes in the Balkans and Italy. These would certainly be quite a different proposition from the Italians. Against a surprise attack by parachute troops followed by Germans in transport planes, the British had already carefully prepared their air bases. But they would probably be obliged to abandon Greece, if a German army came roaring into Greece through Bulgaria.



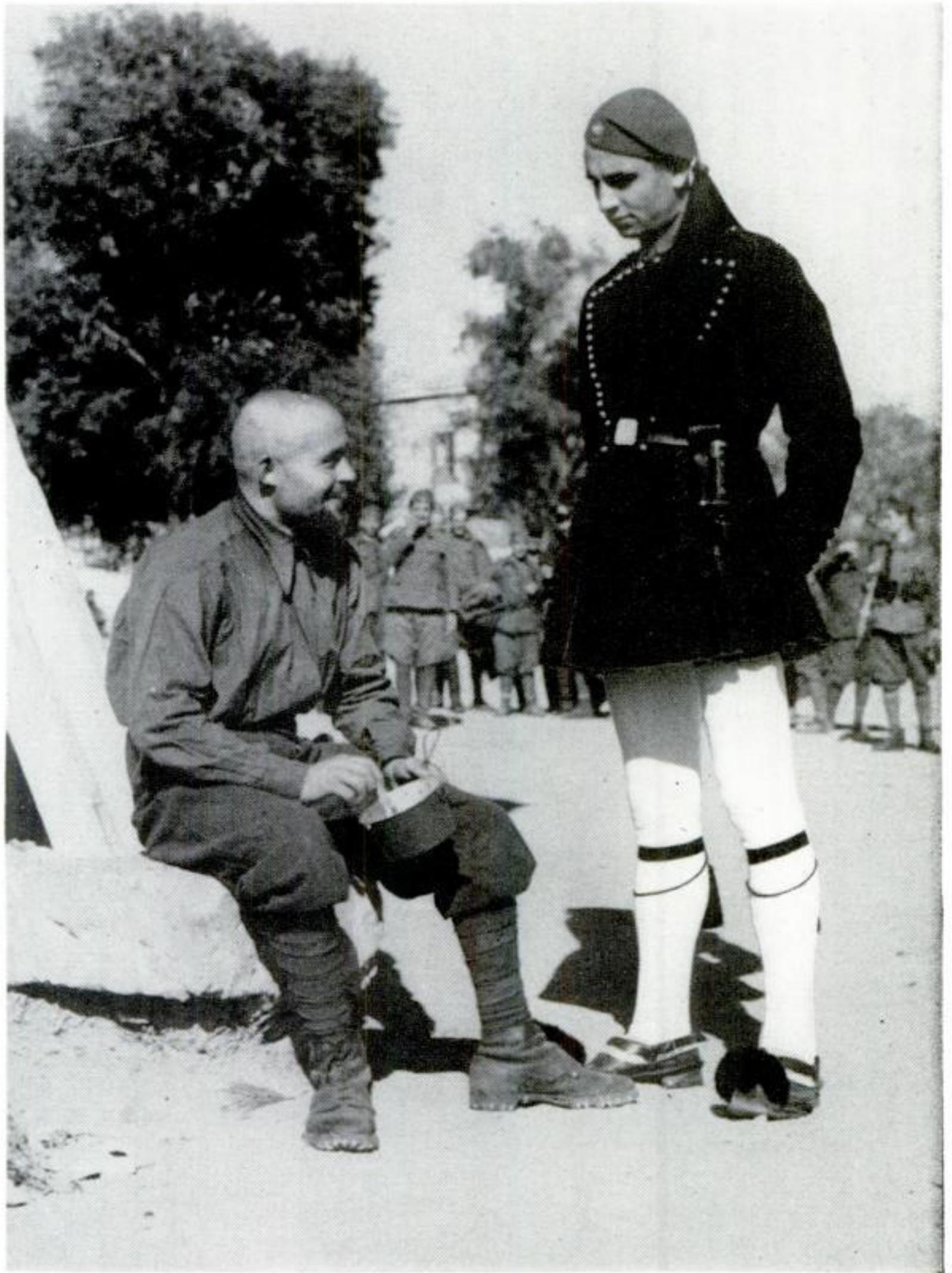
A bishop of Canea in Crete blesses the British Bren gun carriers by dipping the Greek Orthodox cross in his left hand and the posies in his right in the basin of holy water at far right. He then sprinkles the water on the tanks and gun crews. Here a soldier kisses the cross.



Prisoners are these well-dressed Italian airmen captured by the Greeks. Stationed in Athens, they are guarded by one Greek soldier at the far right. Possibly because they had allowed their planes to get out of date, the Italian Air Force has distinguished itself largely by its numerous failures.



Hordes of Italians now eat their bread and meat at the expense of Greece. The wounded Italian in the foreground is carrying his away. Italians much prefer the weather in Athens to that in the mountains of Albania. Lately their officers have had to force them to fight.



Greek Evzone of the famed kilted Royal Guard (right) listens gloomily to the jokes of a bearded Italian prisoner finishing his meal. Some of this Greek's gloom is due to the fact that he cannot get into khaki uniform and join the less-crack units of the Evzones at the Albanian fighting front.



Greek and British soldiers eat together. Men whose helmets have no brims are Greeks. Helmets with flat brims are British. Second man from right is a British Royal Artilleryman attached to anti-aircraft. Some Greeks know English but very few Englishmen know Greek.

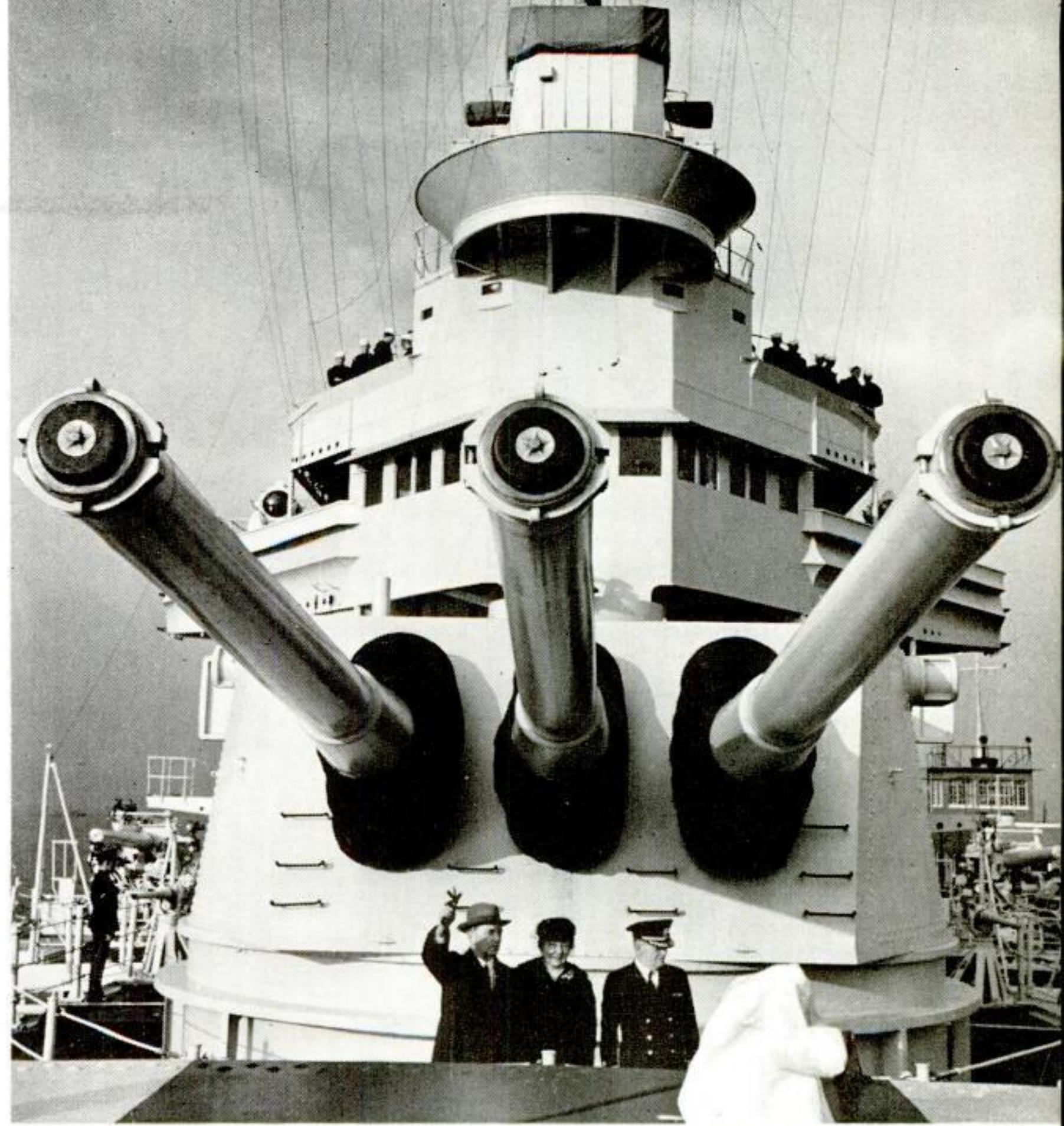


AMERICA'S AMBASSADOR TO VICHY SAILS TO HIS POST ON A CRUISER

On the evening of Dec. 22, Rear Admiral William D. Leahy, America's new ambassador to France's government at Vichy, bade sober farewell to his little grandson, Robert Beale Leahy (*opposite*) and left Washington on one of the touchiest missions any U. S. diplomat ever undertook. His task was to stiffen the spine of old Marshal Henri Pétain against the Nazi conqueror, to make Frenchmen aware of America's compelling desire for British victory and the restoration of a free democratic France (*see p. 62 for "The Case For France," by André Maurois*). A specific ticklish issue he must negotiate concerns the protection and fate of Martinique.

By choosing Admiral Leahy for this job, President Roosevelt delivered a diplomatic coup before his envoy ever left U. S. shores. The Vichy post had first been offered to Pétain's old friend, 80-year-old General John J. Pershing, who declined because of ill health. Admiral Leahy, one of the Navy's ablest officers and one of Puerto Rico's most effective governors, will be no less welcome to the old soldier who heads France. He will be distinctly unpopular with Axis agents who have sought to swing Pétain into open co-operation against Britain. In recent years thoughtful razor-tongued Admiral Leahy has said sharp things about aggressor states. The Nazi press has railed at him as a "warmonger" and "bulldog."

Supposedly because of unsatisfactory boat schedules, Admiral Leahy embarked for his post aboard the cruiser *Tuscaloosa*. From Washington, he steamed down the Potomac and Chesapeake Bay on the old night boat to Norfolk where he boarded the warship which took the President on his Caribbean cruise. With true diplomatic reserve, Ambassador Leahy declined to comment on his appointment. But it was unlikely that sensitive Frenchmen would overlook the significance of the big-gunned *Tuscaloosa*'s voyage



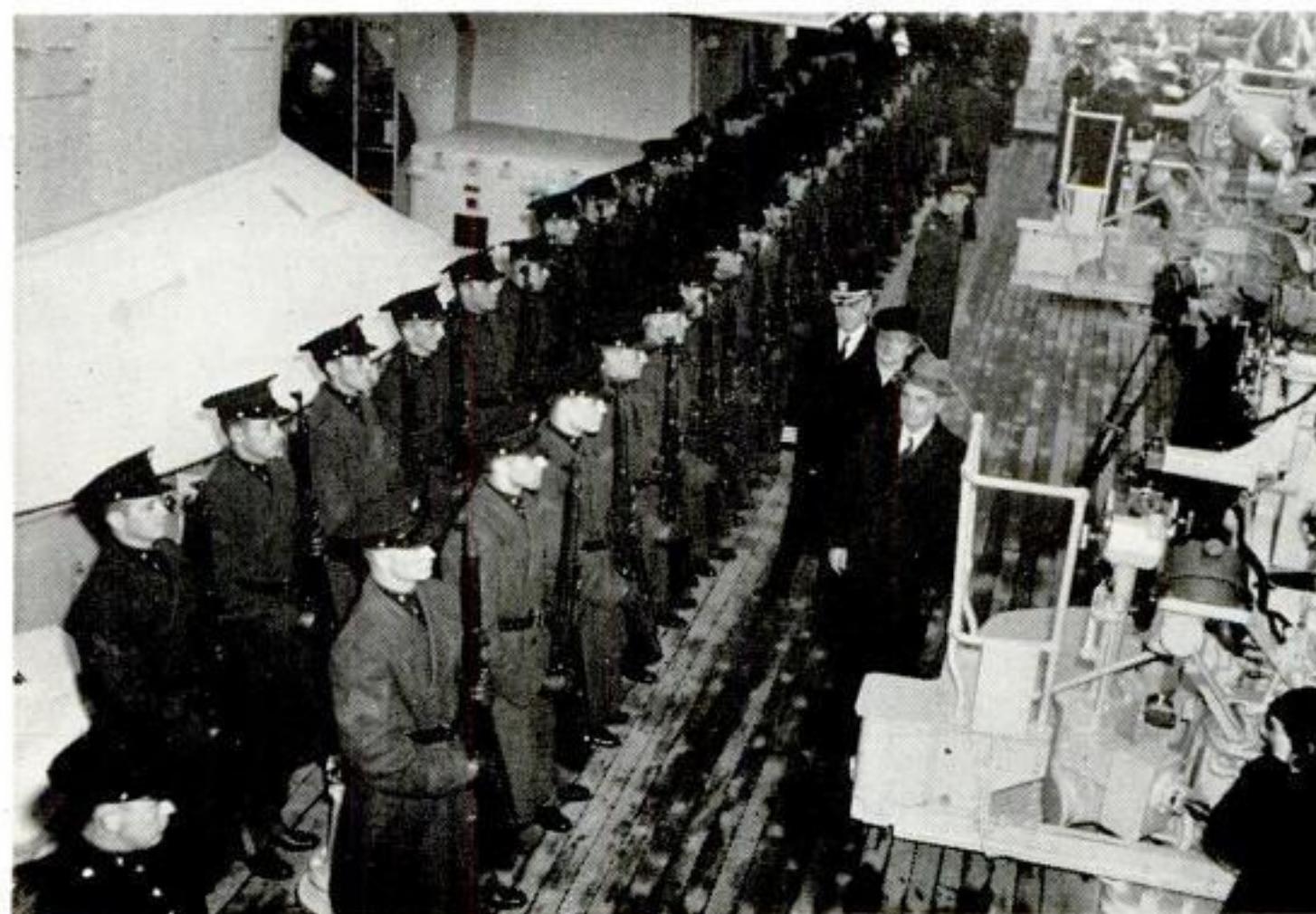
THE AMBASSADOR WAVES GOODBY. WITH HIM ARE HIS WIFE AND CAPT. LEE P. JOHNSON



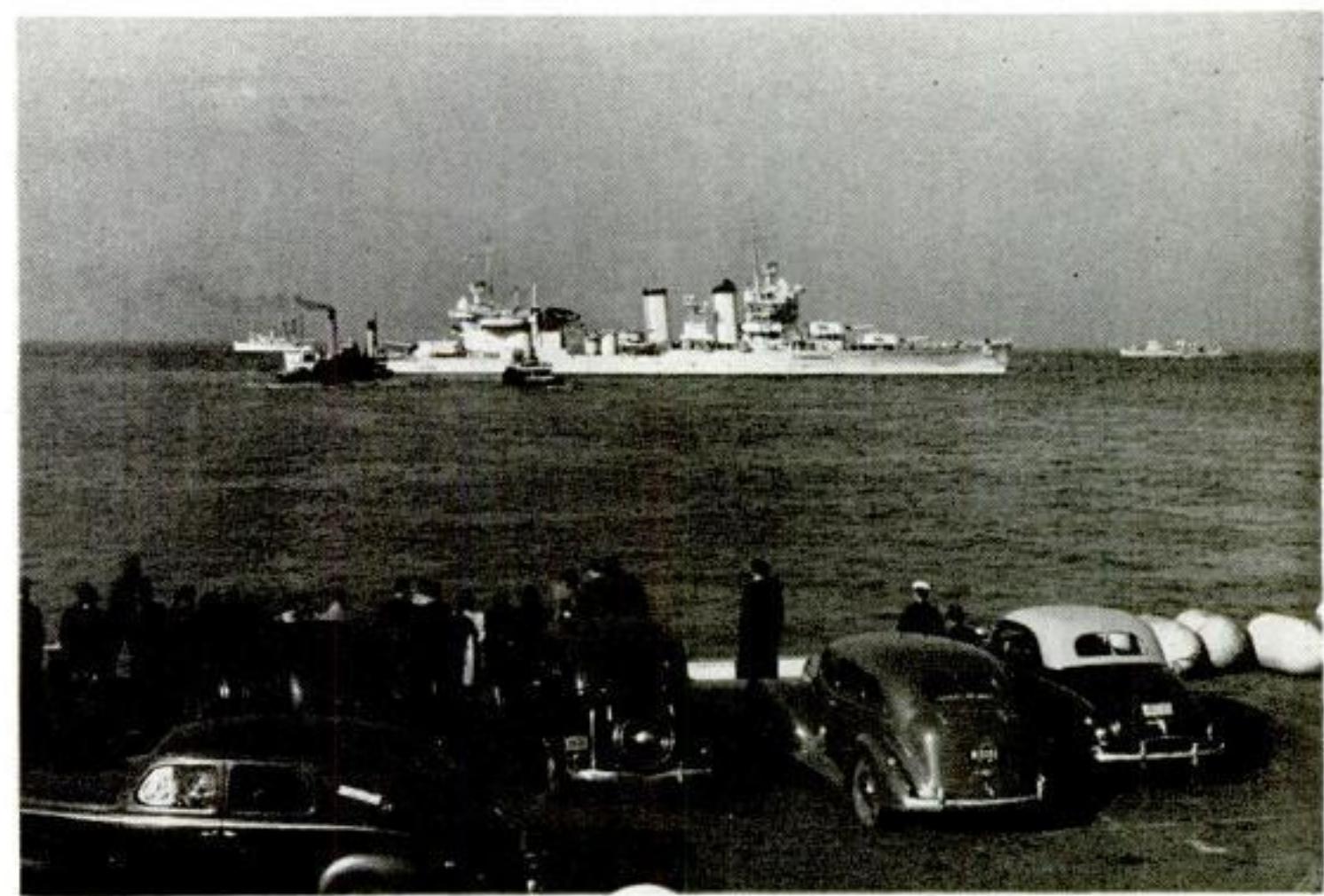
Piped over the side, Admiral and Mrs. Leahy are met by saluting sideboys. Such an honor is not ordinarily granted to active admirals, or even to the Secretary of the Navy.



Leahy luggage is stacked temporarily on deck before being stowed below. The Leahys took along six trunks, a dozen suitcases. The "L. H. L." stands for Louise Harrington Leahy.



A Marine honor guard is reviewed by the Leahys and Capt. Lee P. Johnson, commanding officer of the *Tuscaloosa*. At right are two of the cruiser's eight 5-in. anti-aircraft guns.



Bound for Lisbon the *Tuscaloosa* moves out into Hampton Roads. Its distinctive silhouette is not likely to be mistaken by U-boats. By night searchlights will play on American colors.

PAT AND THE PARSON HELP GUARANTEE THAT THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

Two facts Hitler had not counted on when he set out to break England are shown on these pages. The first is the joy of life of the free youth of England. Their symbol and champion in this year of war has become 19-year-old Patricia Kirkwood, a singer who is now the toast of England's youngsters, the English theater's "only wartime star." Say English critics: "She conveys to audiences just their own attitude to life." On this page Pat Kirkwood visits Oxford, a headquarters for her admirers.

A far more important person than the Nazis forgot about is the English parson. He does not take the place of all the thousand Nazi interlocking regiments, the Party bosses of the city, district, block and house, but he is probably more useful in the end. In the two decades since the World Wars began, he has been neglected even by the English. But when England's houses began to crash around its ears and England's families were dispersed and maimed and ruined, the parson at last found his true, his long-awaited job. It takes more than authority to take care of other people, and the parson has experience and wisdom and love. He alone can cut through the red tape when a bombed family is in immediate need. He alone can take a bed out of a ruined house to give to another, without being arrested.

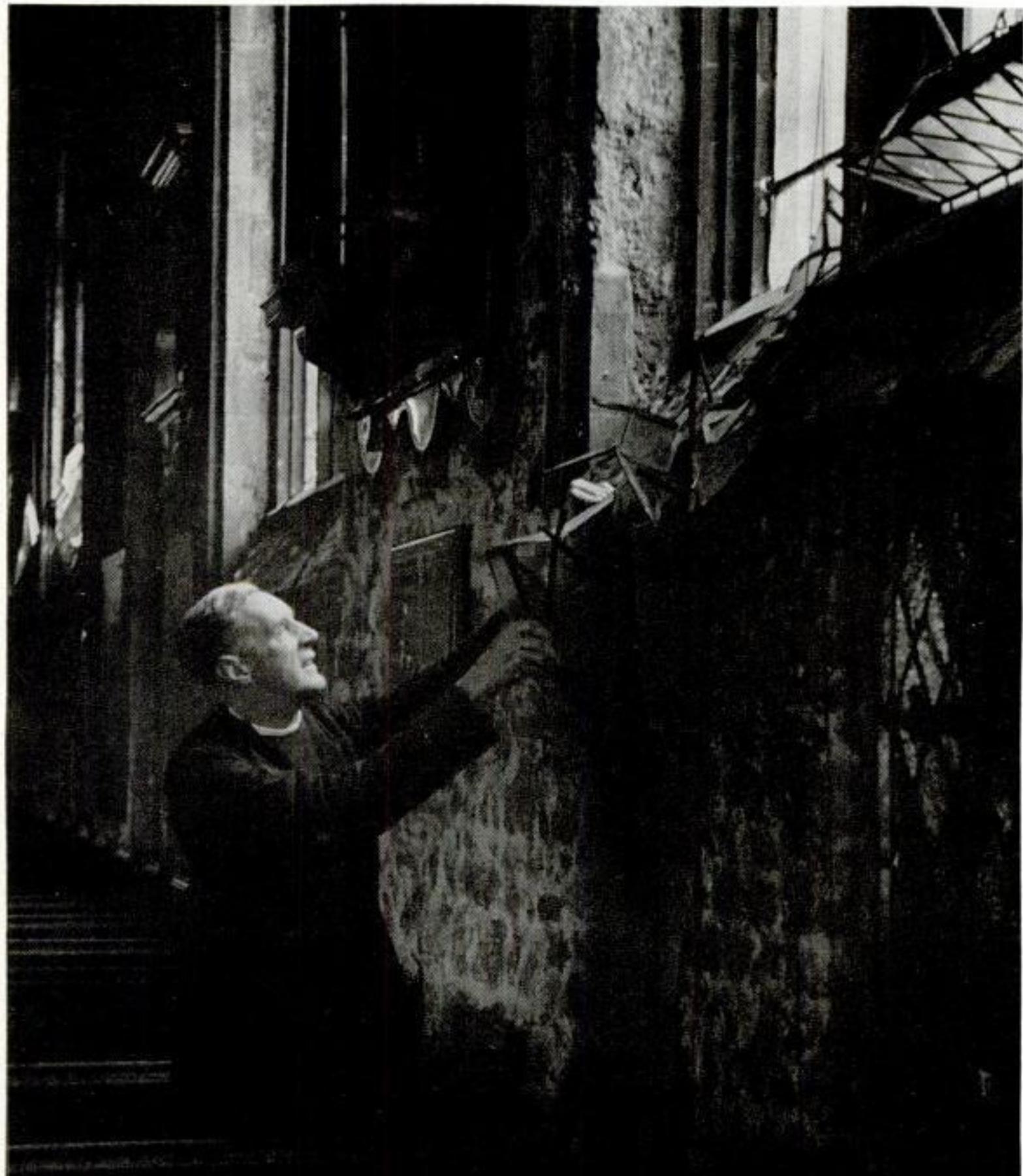
The parson on the opposite page is just where he is most needed, in the East End of London. He is the Reverend French, Rural Dean of Stepney's St. Dunstan's Church. He has not once missed, through all the blitzkrieg, the dawn service in his 15th Century church. He works from 18 to 20 hours a day, doing the small and big things that keep a nation alive.



Pat Kirkwood, "inescapable as sheet-lightning," specializes in *My Heart Belongs to Daddy*, *Oh Johnny* and *The Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square* to her English music-hall audiences.



True to her fans, Pat Kirkwood here visits Oxford University's stone and paneling and creates an effect somewhat similar to that of the fictional beauty, Zuleika Dobson, on same premises.



Parson French surveys damage in 15th Century St. Dunstan's, in whose walls is a stone from the destroyed city of Carthage. At top: he meets some of his flock on the ruined streets of Stepney.

On his rounds, Parson French of Church of England looks over a new bombing. His chief jobs are to get people evacuated promptly, to find new quarters and to provide small necessities.



Kenneth Simpson (left), New York County Republican chairman, gets earful from David Costuma, elections commissioner whose re-appointment he opposed. Simpson lost, quit chairmanship.

Thomas J. Curran (right) gets gladhand from New York Republican regulars after they voted Dec. 26 to make him Simpson's successor. Curran, pro-Dewey, was LaGuardia opponent in 1937.



FALL OF SIMPSON HINTS A MOVE BY G. O. P. PROS TO OUST WILLKIEITES

Since the battle of Nov. 5, news of the Republican Party has strongly resembled the news from and about defeated France. Out of a fog of rumor there has gradually emerged a picture of a behind-the-scenes struggle for power in which the Party professionals, who never did like ex-Democrat Willkie and his fellow amateurs, are moving in to take over again, with no more dilettante nonsense. How much there is to the talk will probably not be known at least until the election of a new national chairman next March. But last week in Manhattan there was rounding out a drama as revealing in its way as the fall of Pierre Laval in France.

In great New York State the tradition of the G. O. P. has been to stick by its Old Guard guns and lose with dignity. Though upstate New York is overwhelmingly Republican, the Party has not elected a governor since 1920. It had not elected a mayor of New York City for 20 years, either, until in 1933 it joined with independents in a Fusion movement to back Fiorello LaGuardia. By 1937, as LaGuardia's first term neared its end, many a Republican regular had grown sick & tired of the liberal little Mayor. A group of them got together to try to deny him a Republican renomination, give it instead to a young alderman named Thomas J. Curran. But Kenneth F. Simpson, lawyer and political amateur who had become Republican county chairman two years before, neatly blocked this characteristic G. O. P. hara-kiri. Not only did he get LaGuardia renominated by the Republicans, but he also made an alliance with the American Labor Party. Old Guardsmen remained outraged even though LaGuardia won by just the margin of his Labor Party votes.

At Philadelphia in 1940 Chairman Simpson, now a national leader of the G. O. P. liberal wing, again snapped his fingers at the New York State regulars, who were backing Dewey, and went for Willkie. What made his sin completely unforgivable was that Willkie proceeded to lose. This month Tom Dewey, now a thoroughgoing political professional, had his revenge. On a showdown over the re-appointment of a Commissioner of Elections, the New York County Committee mowed down its maverick chairman with professional finesse. Licked, Simpson announced his resignation as chairman on Dec. 20. On Dec. 26 the regulars voted to replace him with the same Thomas J. Curran who had been the anti-LaGuardia stalking horse in 1937. Result of this vital loss to the Willkie crowd was to put New York State's Republican machine in Tom Dewey's pocket, with track clear for the governorship nomination in 1942 and the Presidential in 1944.

The important questions now: 1) if the Dewey-Taft-Vandenberg professionals take over, will the G. O. P. become the party of isolationism and appeasement in Congress? 2) if Willkie and his amateurs are shouldered out, can the G. O. P. retain the confidence and support of the independent voters who rallied to his crusade in 1940?



Wendell Willkie was bound for Gridiron Club dinner when he posed for this picture. Party professionals reportedly plan to leave him all dressed up with no place to go.

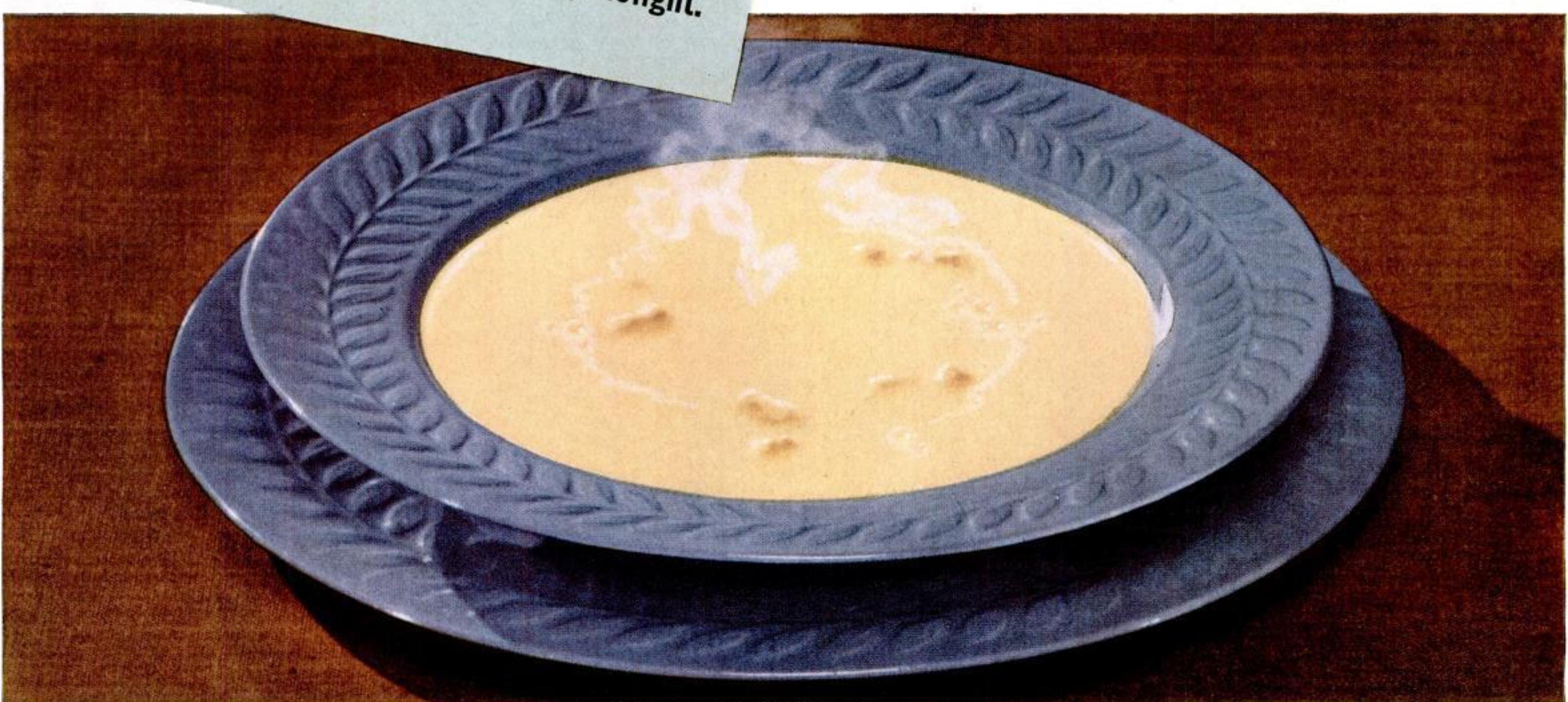
A Party Soup comes home to stay...

*Campbell's Cream of Mushroom,
at first a special party treat,
now a day-by-day family delight.*



"It was at Ellen's party, last Saturday, that I first had Campbell's Cream of Mushroom. My, it looked good, so rich, and smooth, and creamy! When I tasted it, I found its mushroom flavor simply marvelous, and all through it there were tender slices of mushroom ... Everyone seemed to enjoy it!"

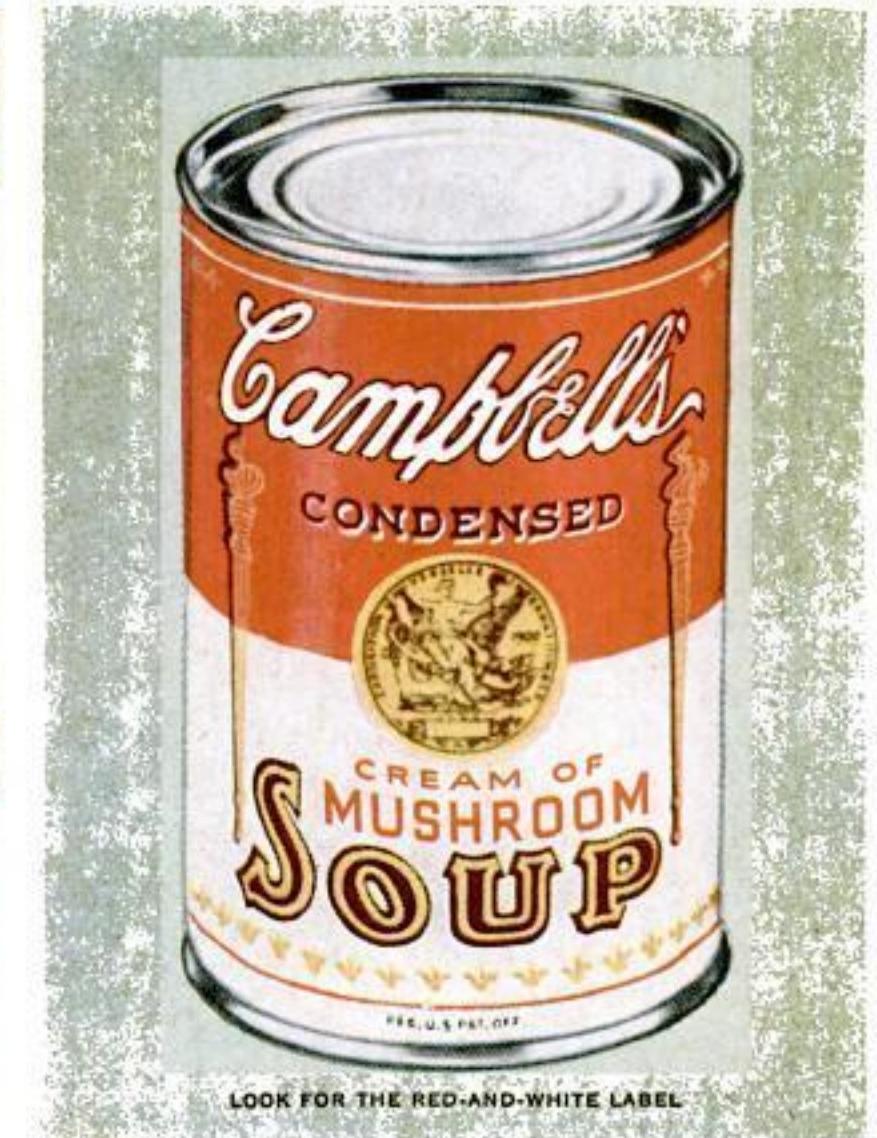
"On the way home, while we were talking about the party, Dave suddenly asked me about the soup Ellen had served. He thought it was 'swell'. Now Dave seldom talks about food, but when he does, it's usually about one of his favorite dishes. So I planned to have Campbell's Cream of Mushroom, soon."



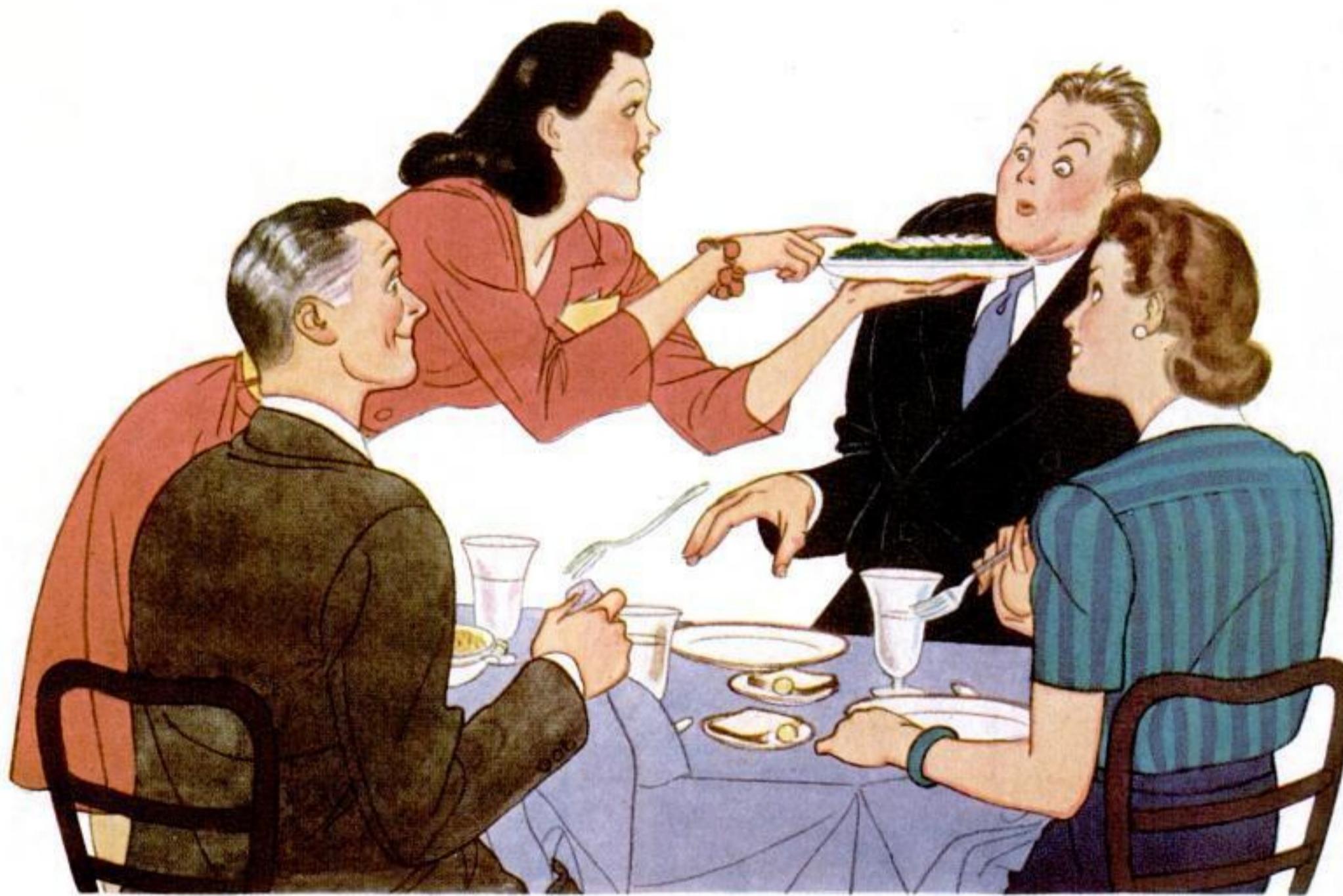
"Two or three days later, I decided to serve it to the family at supper. It took only a few minutes to fix. And when it started to heat, and its delightful aroma rose from the saucepan, I was sure that everyone would enjoy it!"

"They did enjoy it! Dave said it was a treat to have Campbell's Cream of Mushroom again, and I was especially pleased to see the children spoon up every last bit of it. I knew for sure, then, that I had a new dish I could serve again and again. And it was a dish that not only tasted good, but one that was nourishing, too!"

"Everybody's going for it' my grocer told me when I ordered more. He also said that Campbell's Cream of Mushroom *should* be good because it's made of extra-thick cream and young hothouse mushrooms... Well, I know it's *our* new favorite!"



I've lost my heart to a Spinach



1. Last night at Margaret's, I met the spinach of my life! Really, so wonderfully *garden-fresh* I had to rub my eyes to believe it wasn't picked that morning! What a zesty, summery flavor it had . . . like no other spinach I remembered—ever! Margaret told me her secret . . .

2. Birds Eye Spinach! *Specially flavorful, and picked at its richest, tenderest best. It's Quick-Frozen near the farms, so all healthful goodness is sealed in 4 hours after picking! Beforehand, though, all hateful sand is washed out in gallons of clear, spring water!* Amazing?



**Special!
THIS WEEK ONLY!**

JANUARY 6TH TO 11TH

BIRDS EYE SPINACH

Delicious! Economical!
And Easy to Fix!

MAKE NO MISTAKE!—All Quick-Frozen foods are *not* Birds Eye! So, to avert possible disappointment, look for the Birds Eye on the window and the Birds Eye on the package before you buy.

It guarantees all 60 Birds Eye Fruits, Vegetables, Sea-Foods, Meats, and Poultry items as first quality quick-frozen foods. THEY MUST SATISFY OR YOU GET YOUR MONEY BACK! For further information on these grand foods, write . . . Frosted Foods Sales Corp., 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.



3. Listen . . . every cool-green leaf of Birds Eye Spinach is *so* clean and *so* perfect, there's no washing and picking over to do! Margaret says (and I believe her!) she saves 25 minutes' fretful fussing. She simply slips the spinach from package to pot! It's that easy! Besides . . .



4. There's never any waste to pay for . . . no tasteless, lifeless leaves. Why, one box of Birds Eye Spinach equals a half-peck of unwashed, untrimmed, and full-of-work spinach! It all adds up to a saving . . . since you eat every luscious ounce! Margaret's certainly smart . . .



5. She says she's read where some pretty critical scientists have proved Birds Eye Spinach has as many or *more* important vitamins than ordinary market spinach! So, now my family gets the *good* out of spinach the convenient Birds Eye way! (Can you blame me for boasting Birds Eye Foods? Try 'em, yourself, and you'll cheer, too!)

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ON THE SCREEN KATHARINE HEPBURN PROJECTS PERFECTLY THE CRISP LANKY CHARM OF HER PERSONALITY

MOVIE OF THE WEEK:

The Philadelphia Story

The play that was Hepburn's stage hit now makes movie money for her

After a year on Broadway and a half year on the road, *The Philadelphia Story* comes handsomely accoutered to the movies. In Philip Barry's original script it was a lively comedy. In Donald Ogden Stewart's rewrite for M-G-M it is a witty movie. But in both its chief attraction is Katharine Hepburn.

For *The Philadelphia Story* fits the curious talents of the redhead Miss Hepburn like a coat of quick-dry enamel. It is said to have been written especially for her. Its shiny surface reflects perfectly from her gaunt, bony face. Its languid action becomes her lean, rangy body. Its brittle smart-talk suits her metallic voice. And when Katharine Hepburn sets out to play Katharine Hepburn, she is a sight to behold. Nobody is then her equal.

The Philadelphia Story is still, while the movie is shown in first-run houses in the East, touring legitimate theaters in the Midwest and Southwest. As the "Main Line" blue-stocking of Quaker extraction who is so rich, so haughty and so impervious to human frailty that even the rain dare not fall on her wedding day because, says her kid sister, "Tracy won't stand for it," Miss Hepburn made her first real triumph on the stage. Surrounded by the considerable talents of Cary Grant, James Stewart, Roland Young and Ruth Hussey, she now makes another triumph on the screen. But in *The Philadelphia Story* Miss Hepburn is more than a successful actress. As part owner of the play, full owner and mandatory star of the screen version, she acts for the first time the role of successful businesswoman.

In any screen year *The Philadelphia Story* would belong among the best funny pictures. Its people are recognizable humans. They drink, they make mistakes, they discuss their feelings, they even discuss such ideas as class differences and decide there aren't any. All this makes for adult entertainment. But in one respect *The Philadelphia Story* is childish. Part of its plot is based on the naive assumption that "nice people" don't read picture magazines, that "the right sort" don't allow themselves to be photographed, that editors get picture stories by blackmail. Philip Barry knows better.



A bit of informal stable dust is rubbed on the riding breeches of Politico George Kittredge by his Philadelphia society fiancée, the exclusive Tracy Lord. Reason: the breeches look too new.



Pet hate of Tracy Lord is picture magazines like *Spy*. Of lecherous Uncle Willie (Roland Young), who reads *Spy* with pleasure, she demands: "Who takes this filthy thing—your cook?"



"Spy" sends a reporter (James Stewart) and a photographer (Ruth Hussey) to cover Miss Lord's wedding. Her ex-husband (Cary Grant) is to sneak them in.



An inspection of the home is made by *Spy's* agents. "Wouldn't you know," says the girl, "you'd have to be as rich as the Lords to live in a dump like this?"



Ex-husband Dexter confesses to Tracy and the family that the visitors are from *Spy*. Tracy is loftily indignant until Dexter tells her that *Spy* threatens to run scandal about her father.



Youngest of the Lords, Dinah (Virginia Weidler), entertains the guests. Reporter Mike decides that "she's an idiot probably. They happen in the best of families, especially in the best."



"A perennial spinster" is what Tracy's father calls her because she "lacks an understanding heart." Ex-husband Dexter has just called her similar nasty names.



A conspiracy is hatched between ex-husband and reporter to blackmail *Spy's* black-mailing publisher into canceling story. Blackmail here seems to be every-day matter on magazines.



Moonlight and champagne go to Tracy's and Mike's heads. She calls him an "intellectual snob." He calls her "arrogant" like "the rest of your class." Then they find they like each other.



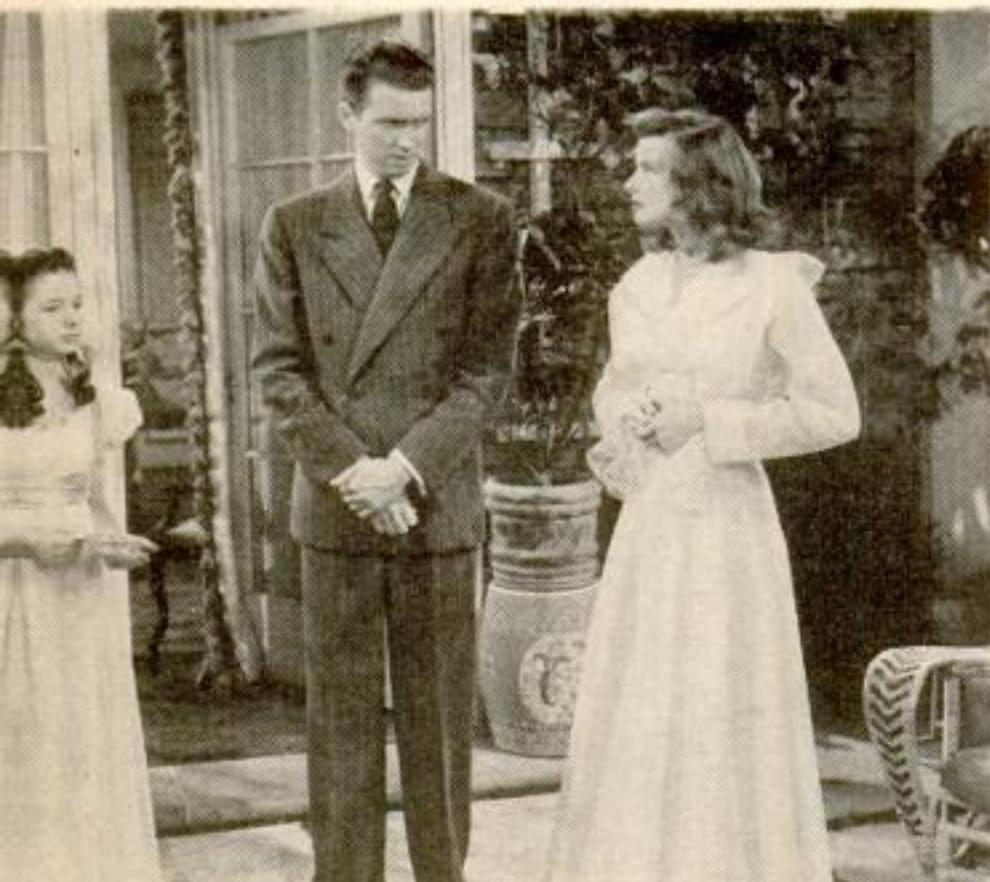
Back from a swimming party with Mike, Tracy runs into her ex- and future husbands. Ex-husband takes it calmly. Future husband sees "sinister implications."



Out goes Mike with an uppercut to jaw. Out goes George in a huff. Says Dexter to Mike: "I thought I'd hit you before he did. He's in much better shape." Answers Mike: "You'll do."



The morning after, Tracy's memory is a blank. She wonders whose wrist watch she found beside her bed. Dexter convinces Dinah that what she saw from the window was only a dream.



Dressed for her wedding, Tracy learns that Mike had deposited her on bed and tiptoed from room. "Why?" Tracy demands. "Was I so terribly unattractive?"



A reconciliation brings Tracy and Dexter into each other's arms after indignant George walks out of marriage. Since wedding guests are waiting, they decide not to disappoint them.



This picture of Tracy Lord's wedding is snapped by *Spy's* publisher himself and appears in the pages of his magazine. It makes a funny if cockeyed end to *The Philadelphia Story*.

is our face red...WITH PLEASURE!



Yes, you might say that we of the Statler organization are all tickled pink. For, in a recent travel survey—one of the most thorough ever made in this country—the following big fact emerged . . .

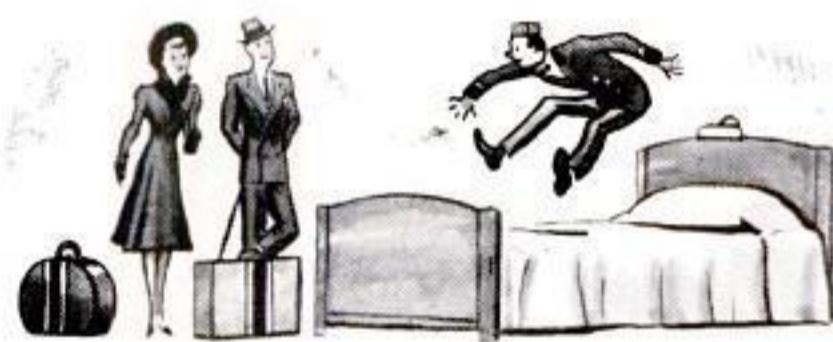


Our fact-snoopers went to 52 important cities and towns, interviewed thousands of people who travel—a cross-section of American business

and professional men, from "the boss" on down. We learned *plenty* about your pet likes and dislikes with respect to the hotels you visit, including the pleasant information that Statler Hotels are *first* in the hearts of traveling people. Now then . . .



Did we influence the vote in our favor? Yes! Within the last few years alone, we have spent more than *five million dollars* on the seven Statler hotels—to make sure that each hotel in the group is even finer today than the day it was built. Here are just a few of the reasons why people choose a Statler . . .



★ Thousands of bedrooms have been redecorated and refurnished, from plans by top-flight designers and decorators.



★ Dining rooms, lobbies, public rooms *by the dozens* have been done over according to the most

modern practices. Many are air-conditioned for year-round comfort. (In the St. Louis Statler, *every* bedroom is air-conditioned!)



★ Many thousands of dollars have been spent to give you finer meals than ever! An ultra-modern Research Kitchen brings famous American dishes to Statler dining rooms—a treat for those who've tired of ordinary hotel fare.

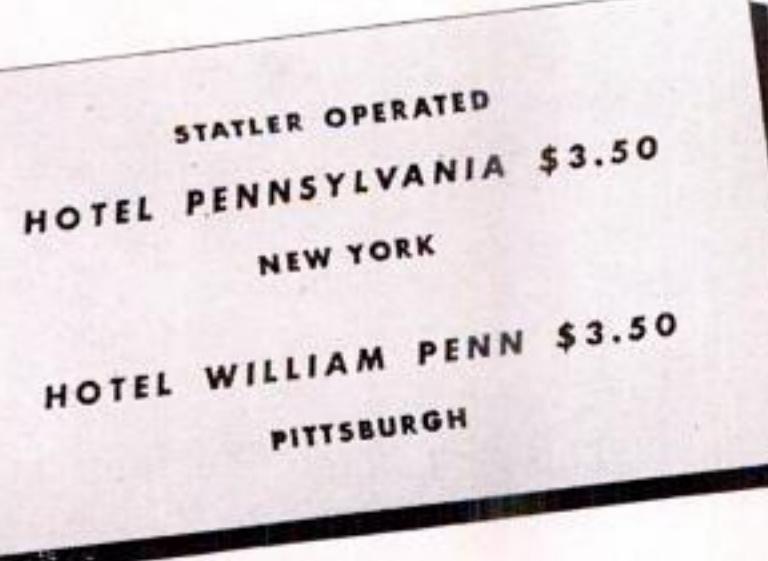


★ Scores of small, but important, innovations are in evidence wherever you look. For example, the drinking glasses in your bathroom are sterilized and cellophane-wrapped; if you have to stay in town unexpectedly, Statler lends you a de luxe overnight kit—without charge.



★ Statler service—the famous service that even European hotels have studied and *copied*—is better than ever. Efficient, intelligent, unobtrusive.

Is it any wonder that Statler hotels—where your satisfaction is *guaranteed*—are first in the hearts of people who travel? If you haven't visited a Statler recently—you're especially invited.



NOTHING OLD-FASHIONED
BUT THE HOSPITALITY

Statler Hotels

HOTELS STATLER IN
BOSTON \$3.50 BUFFALO \$3.00
CLEVELAND \$3.00
DETROIT \$3.00 ST. LOUIS \$2.50



Sketching April, Cartoonist Caniff poses his model, Kay Sterns, on ladder in attic studio. April is Terry's girl friend

from Georgia who went to China to visit her brother. Unlike most cartoonists, Caniff uses models for all of his characters.

"TERRY AND THE PIRATES" INVADE NEW YORK GALLERY

Few of the 20,000,000 fans who follow the cartoon adventures of *Terry and the Pirates* in 135 newspapers know or care whether it is good art. They are concerned with far more burning issues. Will young Terry foil the invaders in China, or will his girl, April, recover in the Hong Kong hospital? Yet this month *Terry* is on exhibit at the swank New York gallery of Julien Levy, and those who worry more about art than pirates say it really is art.

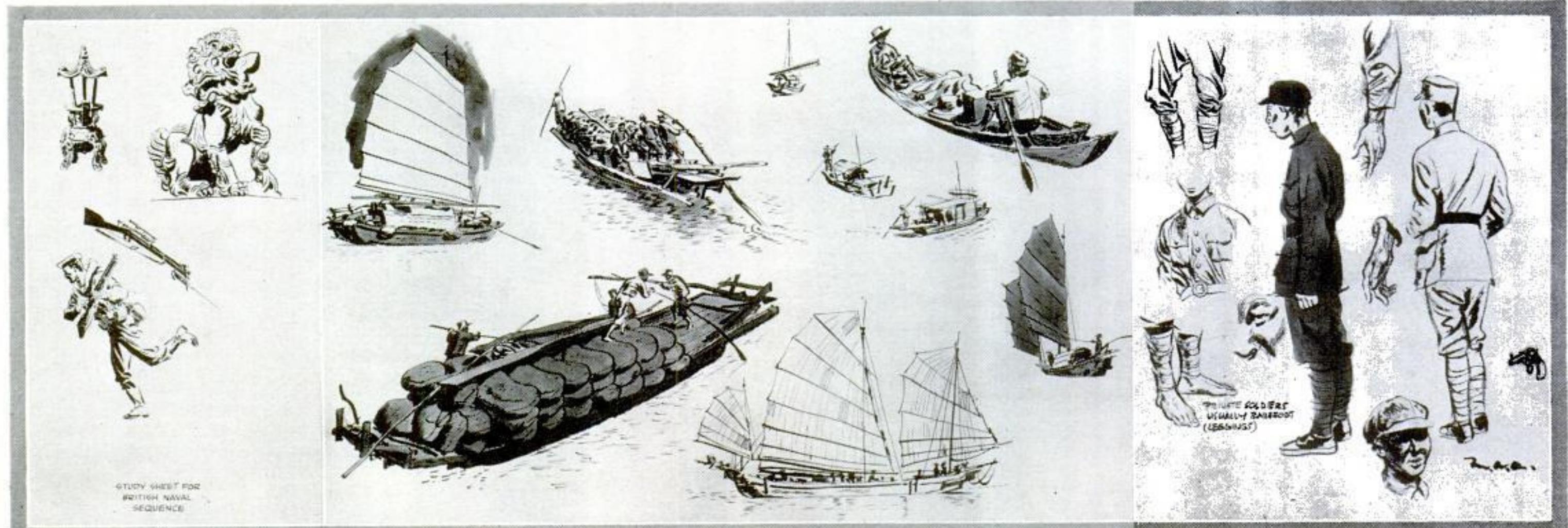
Creator of *Terry* is 33-year-old Milton Caniff who developed his fine draftsmanship in art school. He began *Terry* six years ago when a newspaper wanted "something with pirates," picked out China because it was about the only place where pirates operated openly. Caniff has never been to China, but his zeal for accuracy is satisfied by friends there who send him snapshots, weapons, all kinds of souvenirs.

Caniff has heavy responsibilities. Year after year he must keep up a wild yarn without a relaxed moment. He must cope with real Vassar girls who fall in love with Pat Ryan, Terry's handsome pal. He must give Pat a normal sex life without offending his schoolboy worshipers. He must make Terry grow into an exciting but exemplary manhood. His villains are mostly Japanese. But in deference to his large foreign public, he must refer to them only as "invaders."

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Caniff's cartoon continually features new characters like this girl, Hu Shee, for whom Kay Sterns (left) also poses.



British marine is drawn below an incense burner & Chinese sacred dog.

For his files, Milton Caniff drew this fleet of Chinese boats: sampans with poles, junks with sails. In these quick and beautifully drawn little sketches Caniff reveals his talent for draftsmanship.

Chinese soldier is accurately sketched with too-long sleeves and characteristically stooped posture.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 37

MYRNA LOY, NOW CO-STARRING WITH WILLIAM POWELL IN THE M-G-M PICTURE, "MR. CO-ED", IS PORTRAYED HERE BY REYNALDO LUZA



Myrna Loy

AMERICAN BEAUTY-BLEND

prevailing American type—a lovely blend of blond and brunette strains. Her skin—warmer-than-fair, with peach undertones. If you are this type, use Woodbury Windsor Rose Shade for rosy accent. Or use Woodbury Brunette Shade for exotic glamour, new *appeal*.

*"Bring out that lovelier You!" says Hollywood
"with a powder shade that matches your true skin-type"*

Now Woodbury creates new Color Controlled powder in shades keyed to glorify each of the five basic types. Your true-type shade is among them.

by LOUELLA PARSONS, famous Movieland Commentator

FOR a new, more striking, more beautiful you—learn Hollywood's secret. Discover your type—then bring out the beauty of your coloring with a new

type-glorifying powder. Woodbury Powder now comes in shades perfectly tinted to dramatize skin types. Study the five types shown—find your true-type shade.

Not only will you find a tint that accentuates your coloring, but in Woodbury Powder you'll find an amazing new clearness of tone. Heretofore, under the microscope many powders revealed confetti-like dots, which turned into little streaks on the skin. But the new Woodbury Powder is Color Controlled. A

new process makes it microscopically smooth, clear.

So follow your star...try her shade of Woodbury Powder. See your coloring light up, your skin look unbelievably, adorably smooth. See—in your mirror and in Someone's eyes—the love-compelling warmth that the new Woodbury Powder can put into your beauty. Woodbury Color Control makes finer texture, too, so that delicately perfumed Woodbury clings for hours. Get Woodbury today.

Cameo-Skin Blonde

Ivory-Skin Brunette

Honey-Skin Blonde

Tropic-Skin Brunette



Virginia Bruce Type. Fair skin with cameo-pink tints. For delicate, vivacious bloom, use Woodbury Flesh. For radiant warmth, use Blush Rose.

Merle Oberon Type. Creamy skin with rich ivory tints. For striking clearness, use Woodbury Rachel Shade. For deep, velvet tone, use Blush Rose.

Brenda Joyce Type. Tawny skin with gold tints. For a deep accent, use Woodbury Champagne. For a lovely, rosy look, use Windsor Rose.

Dolores Del Rio Type. Vivid skin with dusky undertones. For a luscious richness, use Woodbury Brunette. For a copper glow, Champagne.



Woodbury
FACE POWDER

FREE! 6 COLOR CONTROLLED SHADES

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 8412 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio
(In Canada: John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario)

(Paste on penny postcard.)

Please send me—free and postpaid—the 6 Color Controlled Shades of Woodbury Powder keyed to beauty types. Also generous tube of the famous Woodbury Cold Cream.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Here's a Story with OLD-FASHIONED FLAVOR ... a Four-Star Hit in modern favor!

• Recall those good old-fashioned treats—
Log Cabin and "a stack o' wheats"?
When Father always roared for "MORE!"
And Sister primly said "Encore"?



Copyright 1941, General Foods Corp.

• Today, you'll find it's just the same
As when Log Cabin first won fame;
Old-Fashioned Flavor's "in the groove"—
A point which you can quickly prove . . .



Selbert Bunting

• To make your breakfast taste its best,
Log Cabin wins by every test!
P. S. Here is some thrift advice:
Log Cabin's at a *NEW LOW PRICE!*



Why folks have liked our Syrup for so many, many years

Want to know what we do to give Log Cabin that real *old-fashioned flavor*? Well, in the first place, we make Log Cabin by an old-fashioned recipe. It dates back for years . . . a delicious blend of pure cane sugar syrup with not one, but TWO choice kinds of maple syrup.

The first is the mellow, golden New England kind of maple. The other maple comes from trees up north in Canada. It's rich—tangy. Altogether, around 400 farmers tap their best trees for us.

Old-Fashioned—And Proud Of It

These fine maple syrups are blended with *just the right amount* of pure cane sugar syrup to give a delicate, "fancy-type" flavor. And we blend them in the old-fashioned way, in *small batches*. That's the way to give you the rich, old-fashioned flavor you get in Log Cabin.

Yes, we're old-fashioned in the way we make our syrup—but NOT

in the way we *test* it. We make 24 modern, scientific tests on every batch . . . tests for quality . . . for sugar content . . . for purity . . . and for flavor. A three-man Taste Board meets happily twice every day to taste Log Cabin and see that it is all it should be!

So now, try this *old-fashioned flavor* on your pancakes or waffles. Get Log Cabin today!

The Log Cabin People



NEW! LOG CABIN CRISPY WAFFLES

2 cups sifted flour	1 1/4 cups milk
2 teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder	5 tablespoons melted butter or other shortening
1/2 teaspoon salt	3 egg whites, stiffly beaten
3 egg yolks, well beaten	

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Combine egg yolks and milk; add gradually to flour, beating only until smooth. Add shortening. Fold in egg whites. Bake in hot waffle iron. Serve with Log Cabin Syrup. Makes four or five 4-section waffles.



Old-fashioned flavor is always in style



(continued)



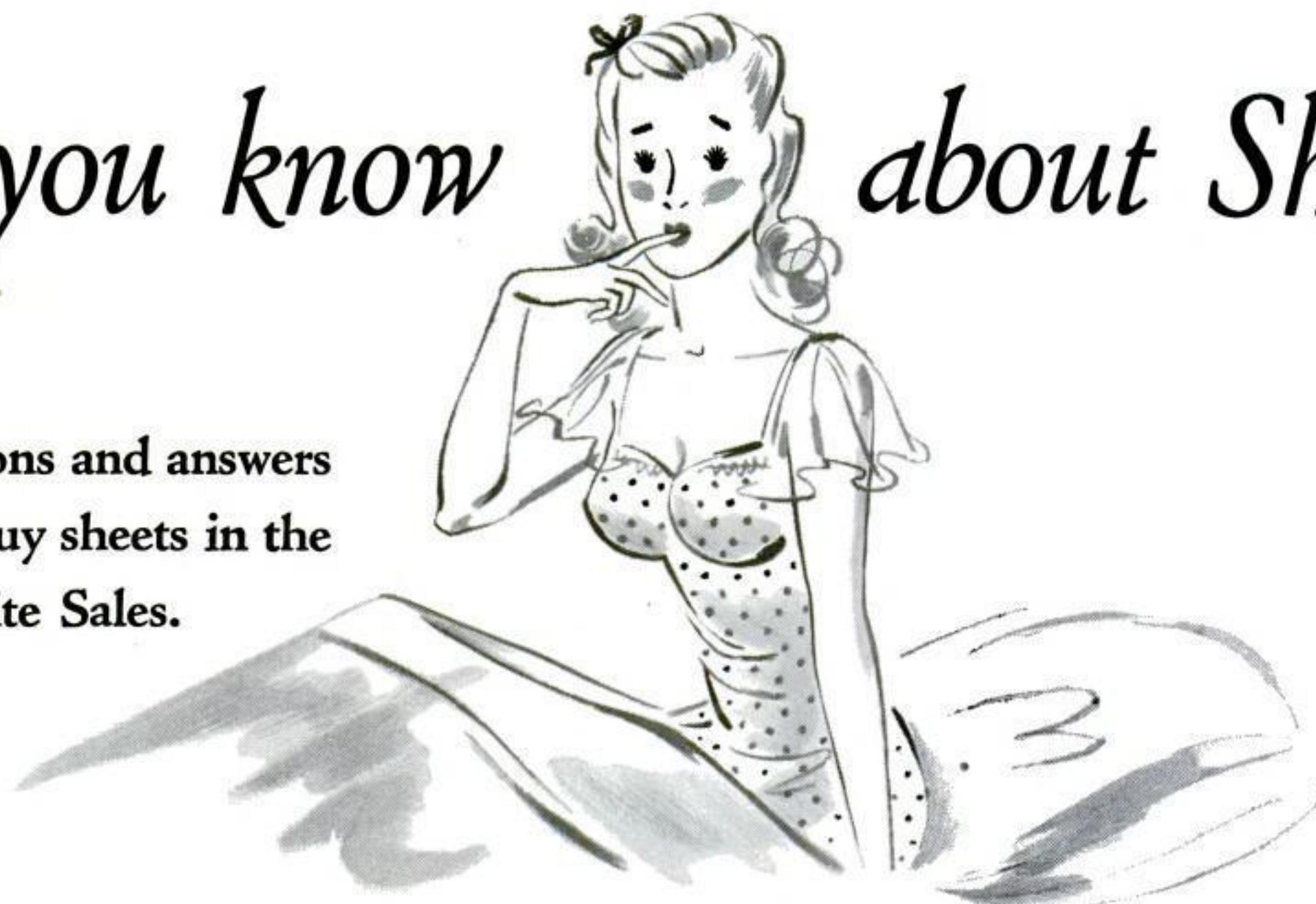
These are authentic props owned by Caniff for sketching: 1) Shanghai license, 2) French sword, 3) Chinese compass, 4) opium pipe, 5) field glasses, 6) coolie hat, 7) Chinese lock, 8) tongue-scraper, 9) lettering brush, 10) revolver from U. S. Civil War, 11) cowboy pistol, 12) six-chamber revolver, 13) automatic pistol, 14) Chinese dictionary, 15) Puerto Rico hat, 16) boots, 17) Algerian scimitar, 18) holster.

Caniff's studio is atop his home in Pomona, N. Y. Caniff (right) works here every day from noon until midnight, completes cartoons nine weeks before publication. He sketches with left hand, writes with right hand. To Secretary Adelaide Gilchrist (left) he dictates fan mail. Assistant Frank Engli (center) transfers Caniff's color to Sunday cartoons. Here Caniff copies from Bible for Christmas cartoon.



What do you know about Sheets?

Study these questions and answers before you go to buy sheets in the January White Sales.



MORE WOMEN KNOW LESS about sheets than almost any other staple they buy. Even experienced homemakers are apt to be confused by the mountainous assortment of sheets in any sheet department during the White Sales.

So, instead of devoting these two pages to the wonderful bargains in Cannon Sheets which stores throughout the country will be featuring during January White Sales, Cannon decided to give over this space to a crying need of the average consumer—factual information about sheets so that she can shop for them intelligently.

What is the difference between muslin and percale sheets?

Muslin Sheets are woven of heavier threads and contain fewer threads to the square inch than percale. Muslin sheets are heavier, and the texture is coarser than percale.

Percale Sheets are more closely woven, with more and finer threads to the square inch than muslin—resulting in a fine, smooth texture and beautiful appearance.



What are the major "types" or "classifications" of muslin and percale sheets that I'll find at the stores?

64 x 64* count muslin . . . Low-priced muslin sheet. Medium weight muslin, 64 threads per inch in one direction, 64 threads per inch in the other. A strong, serviceable sheet for everyday household use. A reliable brand of this muslin sheet will launder well and keep its clear whiteness for years. The majority of all muslin sheets is sold in this type.

68 x 72*, 68 x 76*, 72 x 72* count muslin . . . Highest-priced muslin sheet. High count, heavyweight muslin. ("Count" refers to threads per square inch, as previously mentioned.) Used where sturdiness and extra-hard wear are the chief requirements . . . as in hospitals. Best muslin wearing qualities, and good washability . . . but heavy to handle if laundry is done at home and expensive to send out at pound rates.

86 x 94* count carded percale . . . Popular-priced percale sheet. Smoother, more luxurious texture than muslin . . . and lighter. Sells for about the same price as heavyweight muslin but costs considerably less in the end if laundry is sent out at pound rates. Easier to wash at home. Becoming increasingly popular due to its new lower cost—its fine wearing qualities, and its smooth "feel."

These three types of sheets account for 92% of all the sheets

bought by women (as reported by 147 stores in a trade-paper survey). The other two types are: first, a combed percale sheet generally about 96 x 109 thread count—fine quality, fine texture, but expensive; and second, a sub-count (less than 64 x 64) muslin sheet—a cheap fabric, not generally accepted.

*All thread counts are quoted in their woven state—before bleaching.

Which is the best type of sheet for me?

Obviously this question is asked deliberately so that you would answer it yourself. Because you are the only one who can. You know your income, your budget, what you would like in sheets and what you can afford to spend on sheets. Don't make the mistake of looking at muslin as a practicality as against percale, the luxury. For many women (a steadily increasing number of them), percale turns out to be more economical in the long run. And they get a great amount of pride and comfort from owning these finer, smoother sheets. A sheet is a long-time item . . . so take the long view of it. Examine all the types, read the description of each carefully, and then let your own good judgment tell you which is the best type of sheet for your needs.



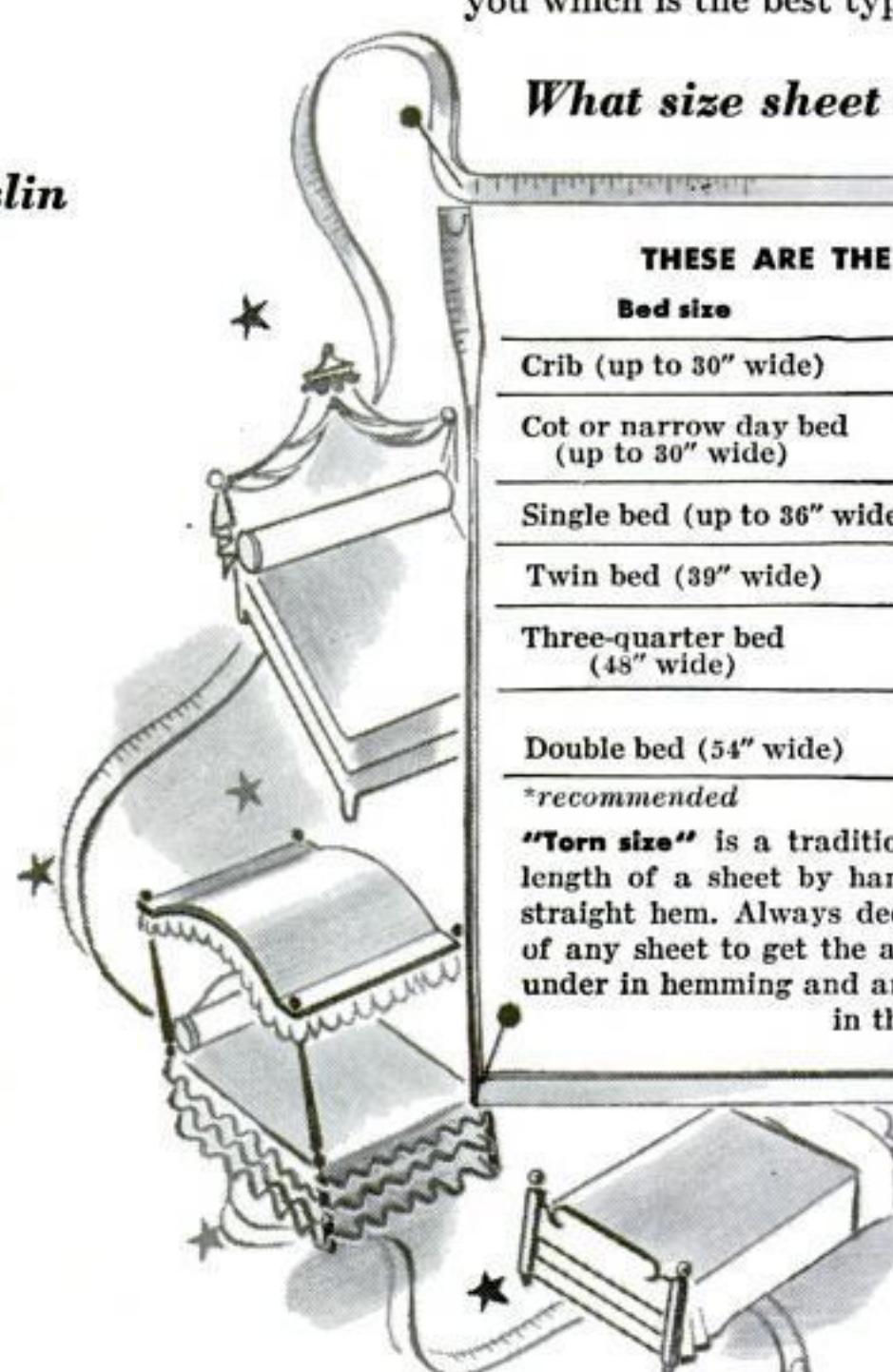
What size sheet shall I buy?

THESE ARE THE STANDARD SHEET SIZES:

Bed size	Torn sheet sizes
Crib (up to 30" wide)	45x72", 50x72"
Cot or narrow day bed (up to 30" wide)	54x99", 54x108"*
Single bed (up to 36" wide)	63x99", 63x108"*
Twin bed (39" wide)	72x99", 72x108"*
Three-quarter bed (48" wide)	72x99", 72x108"*
Double bed (54" wide)	90x108"*, 90x113"*

*recommended

"Torn size" is a traditional reference to the tearing of the length of a sheet by hand in order to insure an absolutely straight hem. Always deduct 10 inches from the torn length of any sheet to get the actual final size—5 inches are turned under in hemming and another 5 inches are lost by shrinkage in the first washing.



(All Cannon Sheets have convenient size labels sewn into the hem so that you can tell, without unfolding the sheet, which size you're taking out of your closet.)

A short sheet is not good economy. It may save you a few pennies when buying, but *in the long run* it may turn out to be more expensive. It will not give your mattress and blankets the right protection. It will get a much harder tugging than a long-enough sheet and it will probably wear out sooner.

Home economists agree that a 108-inch sheet is the practical length. After the 10 inches have been deducted from the torn size, 98 inches are left. This is the correct (and practical) length to cover the surface of a standard 76-inch mattress and go down the two 5-inch depths at head and foot, leaving a generous 6-inch tuck-under at each end. And in the top sheet, you'll get an 18-inch turnover that will really protect your blankets.

The wider the sheet, the better, of course. But shrinkage in the width of a sheet is practically negligible.

What size pillow cases shall I buy?

These are the Standard Pillow Case Sizes—(pillow cases are always measured by *doubling* the width of the pillow and adding 1 or 2 inches to allow for shrinkage after the first washing. A pillow 20" wide would therefore require a case 42" wide):

Size of pillow	Size of case required
20x26"	42x36***, 42x38½***
20x28"	42x36***, 42x38½***, 42x40½***
22x28"	45x36** or 45x38½***
22x30"	45x40½***

*recommended for muslin **recommended for percale

A tight pillow case will make your pillow feel hard and lumpy. And a too-loose pillow case will bunch up and wrinkle uncomfortably. So be accurate when you measure your pillow.

How can I tell a good sheet from a poor one?

Here are some of the tests you can make for yourself... right at the sheet counter:

Feel it—Is the sheet pleasant to the touch? Does the weave feel smooth and even? An even, smooth finish should be the result of *weaving*—not excess sizing or weighting. If the sheet is heavily "sized," it will be sleazy and loosely woven after the first laundering. A simple way to test for excess sizing is to rub the sheet together over a dark surface. If a powdery film filters out, the sheet is "loaded" to cover up loose weaving. *Remember, a sheet should look as fine and evenly woven after several launderings as when you bought it.*

Hold it up to the light—Are the warp (vertical) and filling (horizontal) threads the same thickness? Are they evenly woven... in straight lines down and across? Is the yarn itself even, or is it thick and thin in spots? Look out for weak spots, knots, and slubs—they'll wear out first. In a smooth, evenly woven sheet, the thread never starts or ends in the middle of the sheet, but always at an end.

Look at the color—Be sure the white sheets you're buying are a pure white-white. Not grey-white or yellow-white or blue-white. A reliable brand of sheet will retain this sparkling whiteness even after years of washing. Cannon uses a gentle peroxide bleach exclusively. More costly but much safer than caustic chlorine bleaches. (If you're looking for lovely, colored sheets, see Cannon's selection of pastel colored sheets in both percale and muslin.)

Look for a tape selvage—The edge of the sheet is one of the chief points of wear. So be sure that the sheet you buy has a good strong *tape selvage*. *A good tape selvage makes a sheet 25% stronger at this point of heavy strain.* No loose threads should extend from the selvage... edges should be clean.

Examine the hems—Hems should be generous and absolutely straight... or the sheet will never fold properly. A

"torn size" sheet is usually a guarantee of a straight hem. See that the hem is carefully sewn with tiny stitches and be sure the ends of the hems are stitched, too.

Size label—Look for the size label that tells you what size sheet you're taking out of your linen closet *before you unfold it.* On all Cannon sheets, you'll find this size label sewn to the hem.

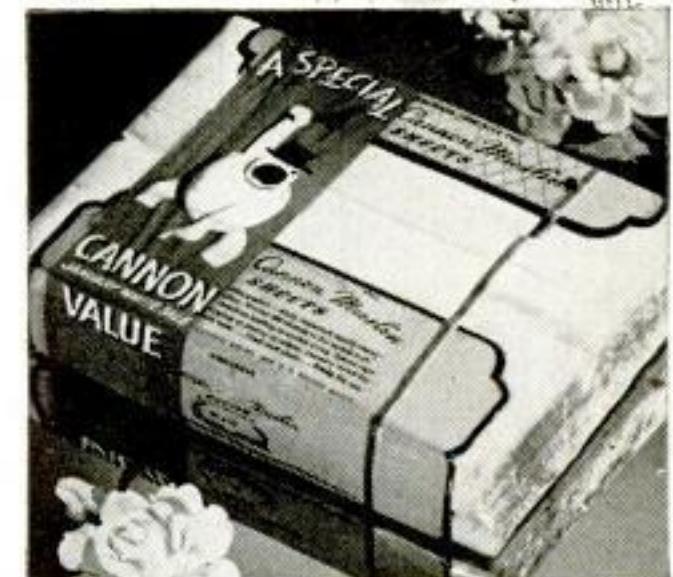
Fresh and ready for use—Is it packaged—and ready for use? Is it free of labels pasted on it? If you buy sheets protectively packed in pairs, you'll not only be assured of clean merchandise, but you'll save the cost of the first laundering. Packaged sheets are easier to store, too.

Manufacturer's name—Consider the brand name of the sheet you're buying. And consider it carefully because you'll have to take the manufacturer's word for it that the quality of the cotton is good. That the sheet is made under the most modern methods of manufacture and has withstood test after test before it is pronounced "perfect." If the standards of the manufacturer are high, you can rely on his "name" for all the things that go into the making of a sheet *which you cannot see for yourself.*



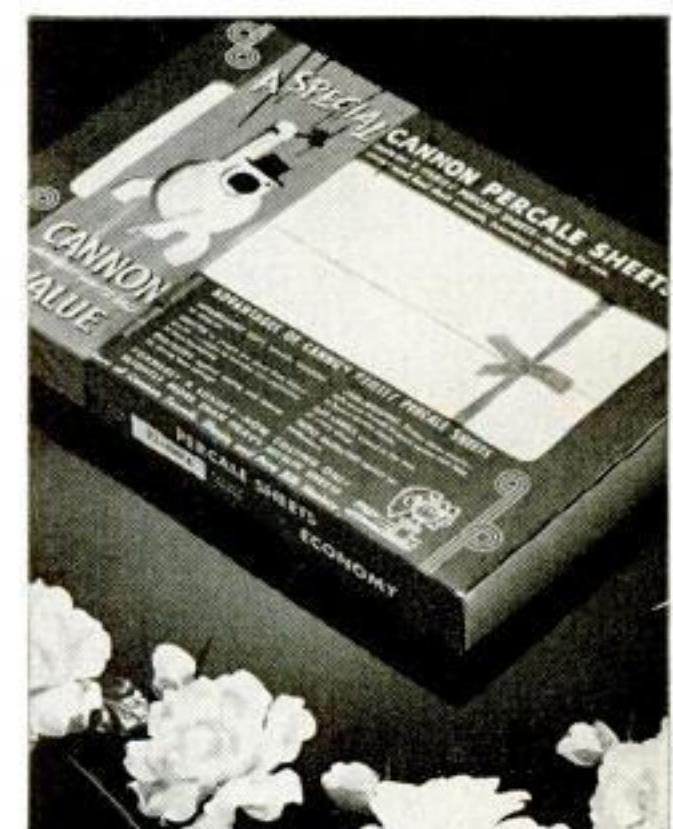
What is Cannon Muslin?

A sturdy, medium weight, 64 x 64 count, low-priced muslin sheet. Cannon is proud of this *improved* muslin sheet. Because, with new machinery and improved processes, Cannon can make the 64 x 64 muslin sheet both better-looking and better-wearing than the same type of sheet was a few years ago. Modern looms, the newest and best bleaching equipment, and rigid and numerous inspections insure high quality and fine appearance. **LOOK FOR BARGAINS IN CANNON MUSLIN SHEETS IN THE JANUARY WHITE SALES! STORES ALL OVER THE COUNTRY WILL FEATURE THEM.**



What is Cannon Percale?

Cannon Percale is an 86 x 94 thread count percale. It's made from more costly and specially selected cotton, slowly and carefully carded to eliminate short fibres and insure a luxurious, smooth percale sheet at a popular price. Actually, Cannon Percale Sheets sell for *just about the same price as heavy muslin.* Thousands of women who used to use heavy muslin sheets are swinging over to this lighter weight, long-wearing sheet. They are particularly attracted by the luxury of Cannon Percale, its smooth "feel," its long wear, and the substantial laundry savings at pound rates. (If you send your sheets to a laundry, Cannon Percale can save you about \$3.25 a year for each bed, at average pound rates.) **LOOK FOR BARGAINS IN CANNON PERCALE SHEETS IN THE JANUARY WHITE SALES! STORES ALL OVER THE COUNTRY WILL FEATURE THEM.**



Extra copies of this advertisement are available to consumers and educators. Just write to: Cannon Mills, Inc., 70 Worth St., New York, N. Y.

Cannon Sheets



MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CANNON TOWELS AND CANNON HOSIERY

LOOK FOR BARGAINS IN CANNON SHEETS IN THE JANUARY WHITE SALES!

CATS

THESE BEAUTIES DELIGHT AILUROPHILES

Even people who don't like cats will admit that the ones shown on the following pages are beautiful. And even people who like cats and treat them kindly will be amused by such antics as those at left. There is not much middle ground on cats. People either like them very much or dislike them heartily. Some cat admirers say that a whole living generation of potential ailurophiles (cat-lovers) was soured by reading Rudyard Kipling's discerning story, *The Cat That Walked By Himself*, which told how the cat established himself by pure guile as the friend but not the servant of man. Emphatic feeling about cats goes way back. Shakespeare and Napoleon Bonaparte, for instance, hated cats. But George Washington and Abraham Lincoln liked them very much.

The cat's known history starts with the Egyptians who domesticated it 4,500 years ago. The word "cat" sounds alike in nearly all languages. It is "kutta" in Egyptian, "kadis" in Nubian. Ancestor of most short-haired domestic cats, alley or otherwise, is the Kaffir cat of North Africa which looked somewhat like the present-day tabby or tiger cat. The Phoenicians, who left stray bits of their civilization wherever they traveled, spread the tabby over Europe. The name tabby is supposed to have been first given to striped cats whose markings resembled a street in Bagdad where moire silk, which was called *atabi*, in Persian, was woven.

Through the years, a huge amount of feline research has been done. It has been determined, for instance, that the cat scratches furniture or trees not to sharpen its claws, as is commonly believed, but to tear off claw ends which are being shed. An 18th Century French naturalist named Dupont de Nemours found that, in meowing, cats used the consonant sounds *f, g, h, m, n, r* more than others. Researchers since have added other sounds. Ida Mellen, whose book, *The Science and the Mystery of the Cat* (Scribner's, \$2.50), is a fascinating repository of feline lore discovered that when the cat is fighting it mostly uses the sounds *h, w, y* (*ah, wow, yah*), when hungry it uses *h, m, r, w* (*mrr-aow, wah-oo-aw*) and in mating *m, p, r* (*prr-rah-oo, prr-mao-oo*). Miss Mellen also established that the range of a tomcat's song is two octaves, starting at about middle C on the piano. Nobody knows for certain how a cat purrs. Probably it is with a set of false vocal cords situated on the sides of the larynx.

In the U. S. today the most popular pedigree show cat is the long-haired Persian. All Persians—nobody is sure where they originated, but it wasn't Persia—have been bred from black, white and tabby varieties. Cats on the following pages include the very best kind of prize Persians.



1



2



3



4



5

A disaster at the Bide-A-Wee Home in New York City provided the kind of photographs which always make cat lovers chuckle. This pair were lured (top left) to a pail of milk, tumbled in. Describing the result, a hard-working caption writer wrote: "Not too well versed in physics, the poachers didn't know about the law of equilibrium but they discovered the principle of Archimedes by displacing a volume of milk equal to their weight."



The Cream Persian (above) has a soft light coat the even color of old ivory. Cameo Harvest Moon, whose owner is Mrs. Kenneth Given, is a prize specimen. Prize Persians are very

independent beasts, apparently well aware of their well-bred superiority. They usually are fonder of women than of men and, in a group, hate strange cats—especially short-haired ones.



The Red Persian was originally bred from Cream Persians and Red Tabbies (see next page). Really good Red Persians with an even color, like Mrs. Mary B. Warfel's Eiderdown Hoga-

Boba, are rare. Most prize Persians are even-tempered though aloof. But Red Persians, like many redhead people, are quick-tempered and often extremely hard to handle at cat shows.



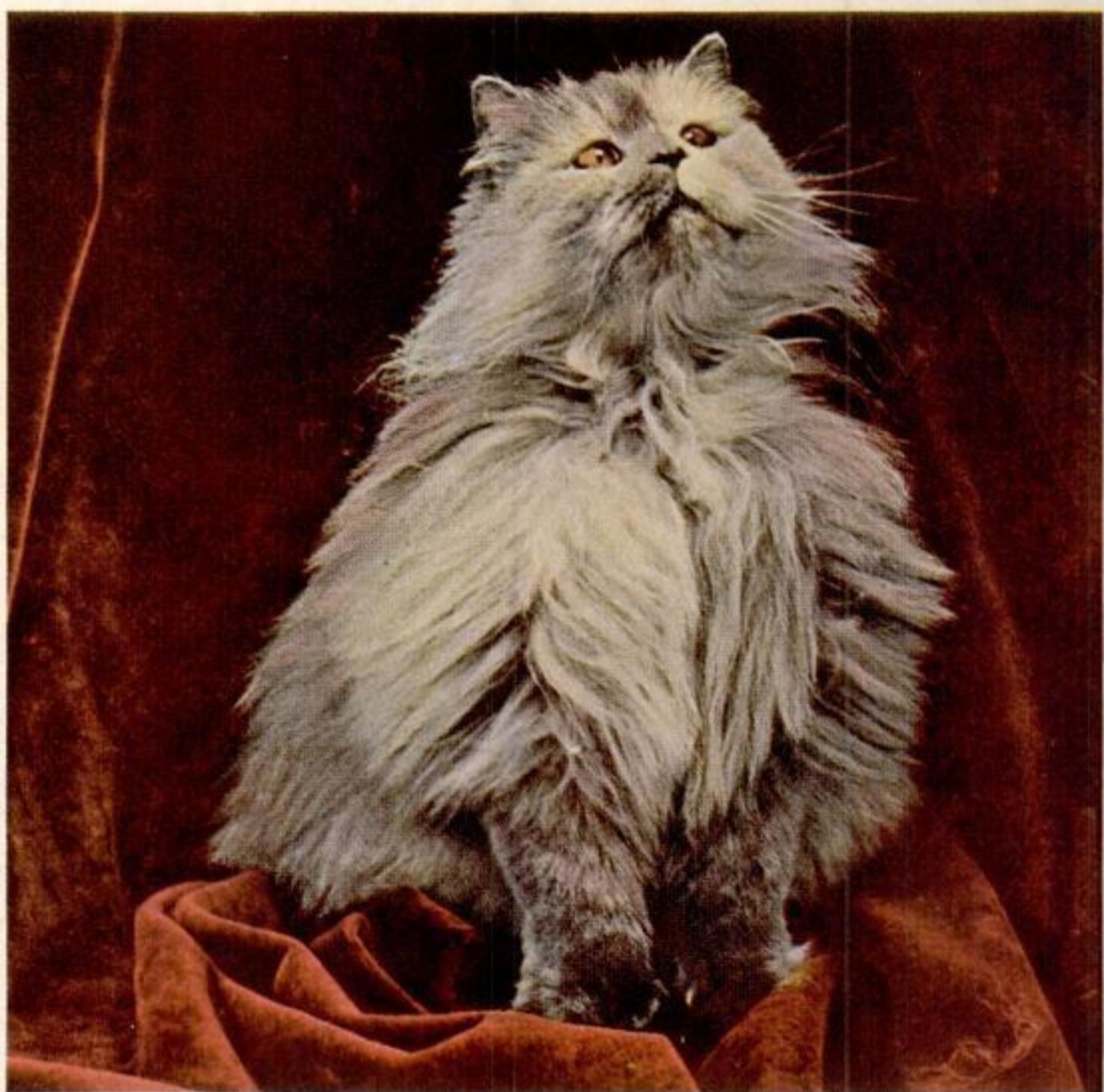
Blue Persian is probably the most popular long-haired cat, wins most "best in shows" at cat exhibitions. Miss Elsie Hydon's Lavender Chu Chu is considered the best Persian in America.



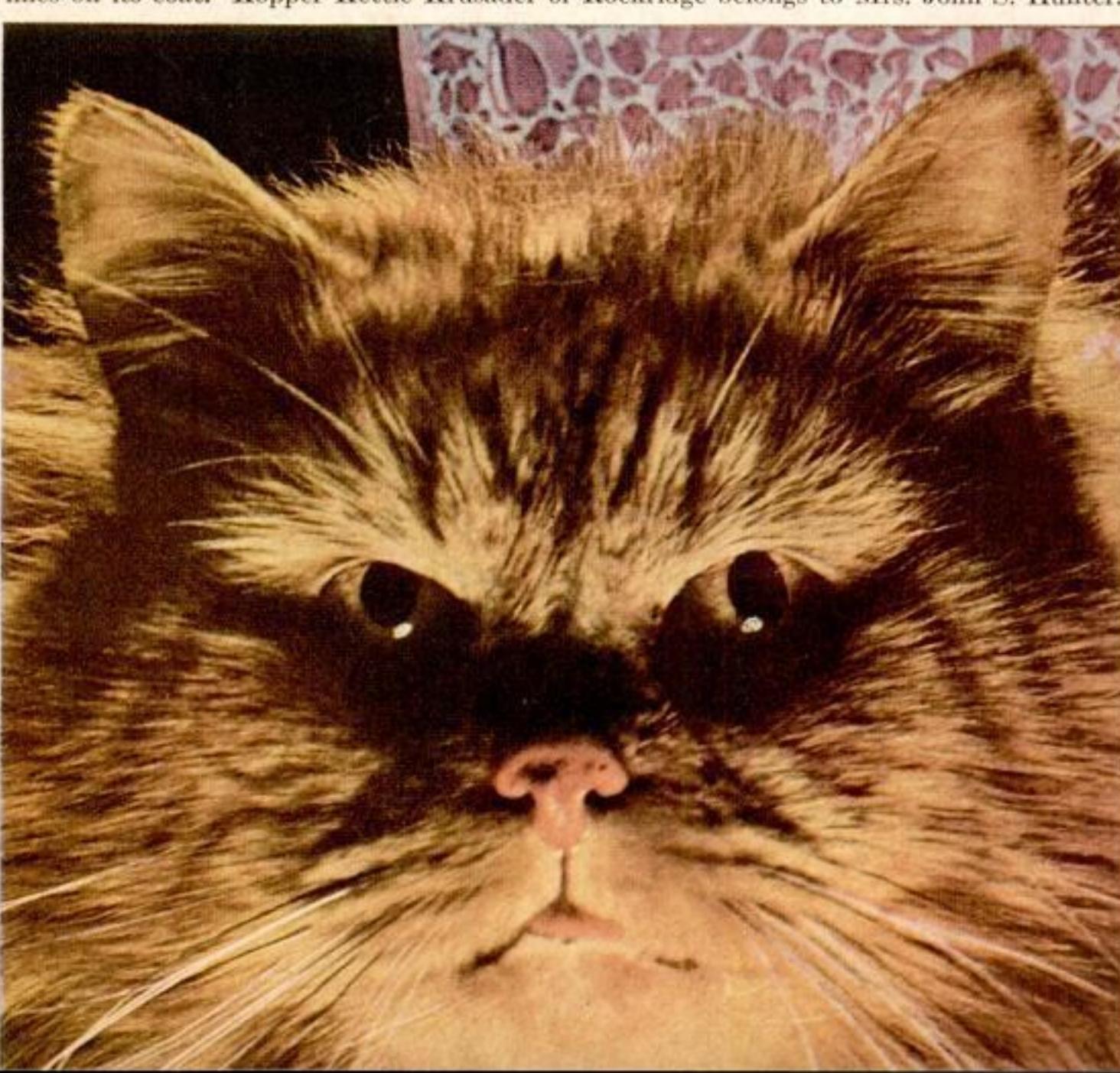
Smoke Persian, bred from Blue and Black Persians, has interesting color—silver undercoat tipped with black, light ruff around neck. This is Mrs. Frederick R. Coudert's Princess Pat.



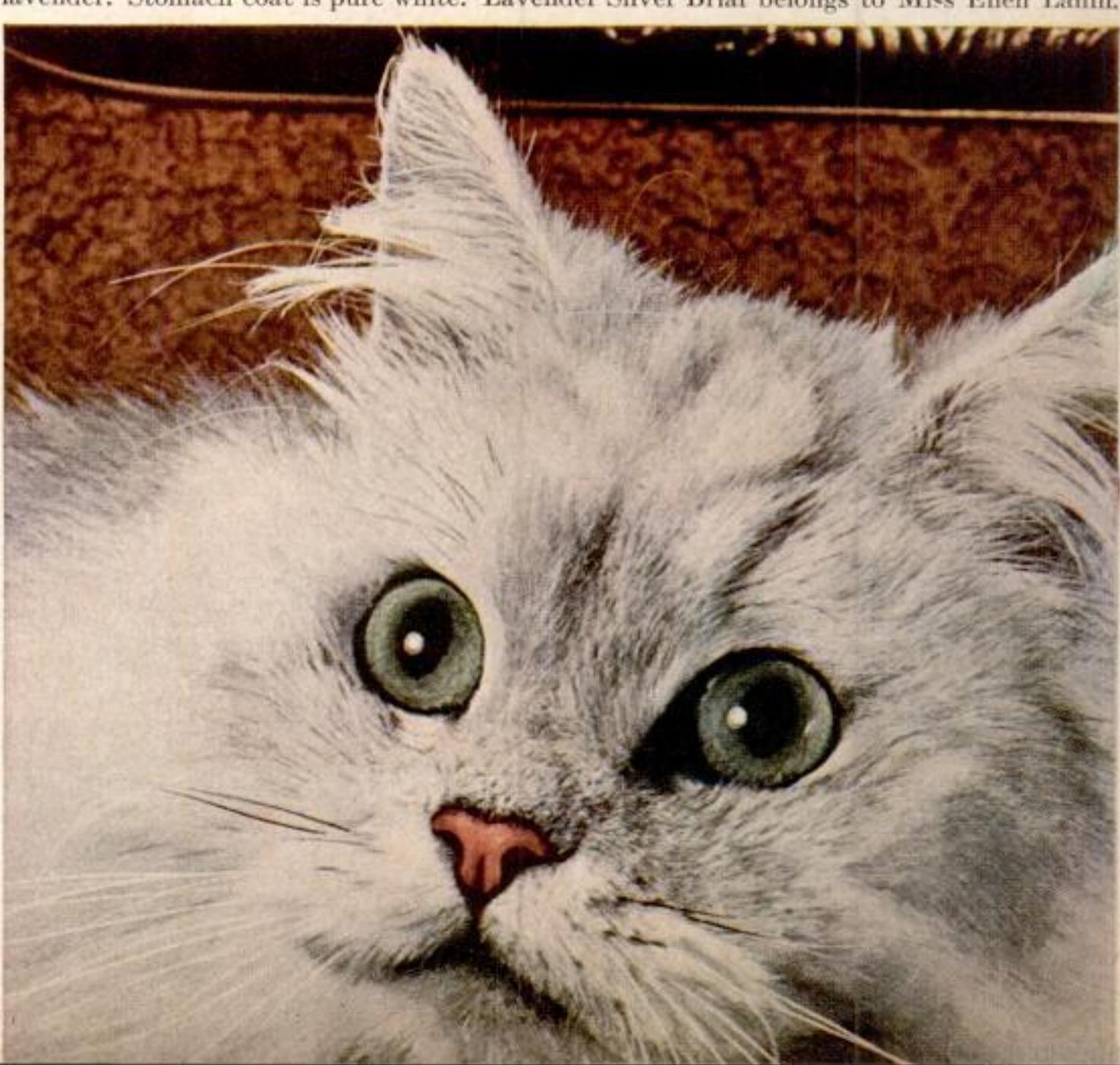
Tortoiseshell Persian is virtually always female. There is no male Tortoiseshell in America. The rare males are invariably infertile. The cat above is Mrs. Elsie Collins' Jada-Jing.



Blue Cream Persian, like the Tortoiseshell, is always female. It is cross-bred from Cream and Blue Persians. This is Lavender Rosa of Culloden, belonging to Miss Elsie Hydon.



Red Tabby Persian differs from Red Persian in having tabby markings—a pattern of dark lines on its coat. Kopper Kettle Krusader of Rockridge belongs to Mrs. John S. Hunter.

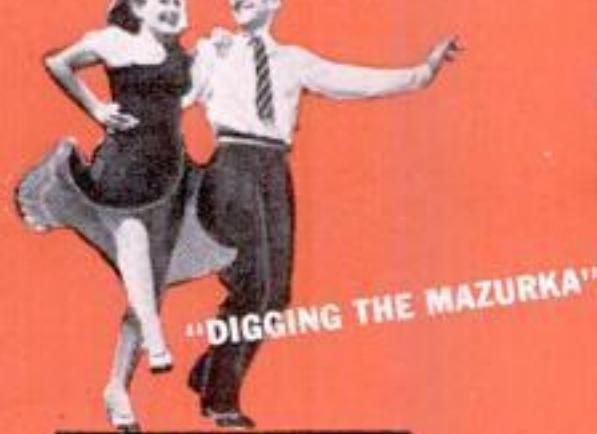


Chinchilla Persian is the aristocrat of Persians. Its fur at roots is silver, at the tips pale lavender. Stomach coat is pure white. Lavender Silver Briar belongs to Miss Ellen Laflin.

"I AIN'T HEP TO THAT STEP" "POOR MISTER CHISHOLM"

**Fred's Best Yet
... Cause He's
Got Paulette!**

See them do
the dance
that's taking
the nation
by storm
... the
"DIG IT"!



SECOND CHORUS



**Swing that Trumpet... Blow that Horn!
A Grand New Dancing Team is Born!**

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ARTIE SHAW
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— hilarious as a tone-deaf music lover!

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ARTIE SHAW'S BRAND-NEW

"HOT CONCERTO"

Why you should start young fingers thinking early

A CHILD'S MIND is a storehouse of unfinished business.

If only the great, fleeting thoughts it contains, those soaring sparks of imagination, could be caught in mid-air... *put down on paper!* But the creeping progress of his pencil lags far behind a youngster's impatient mind. And the thought is often lost in its laborious execution.

That's one reason psychologists and modern educators advise a Portable for your child. Many tests in the nation's schools have shown that "typewriter" children think faster, better, and clearer than those who do their work the old-fashioned way.

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other, that use of a typewriter decreased English errors by 75%—cut spelling mistakes in half—increased volume of work by 17%!

Why? Because the greater speed and ease of typing release your youngster's mind for thinking—enable his fingers to keep pace with his racing thoughts—help him to concentrate—develop accuracy—stimulate his imagination.



*Trademarks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Copyright 1941, Royal Typewriter Co., Inc.

Few things a youngster can learn will pay higher dividends in later life than typing. For typing can be an immense asset in scores of professions . . . or a career *in itself*. And it's easy to learn to type from the "Self Teacher," shown below. This patented device comes with every Royal Portable. With it, even a grade-school child can learn the touch system in short order.



Why do teachers recommend the Royal Portable for home use? Because the Royal Portable has a keyboard just like that on a full-sized office machine. In fact, this Royal Portable is almost an exact replica of a standard typewriter. It has the same famous features which have helped make the full-sized Royal the World's Number 1 Typewriter.

Such as: *MAGIC* Margin* (just flick the lever, to change and set margins) . . . *Touch Control** (with which the user can adjust key tension to his particular touch) . . . *Bob-less shift* (the carriage doesn't clatter or jump up when the shift key is struck). And these are only a few!

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Royal Portable

THE STANDARD TYPEWRITER IN PORTABLE SIZE

SCIENCE



DR. SWEIGARD (LEFT) AND PUPILS DEMONSTRATE A FLEXIBILITY TEST POSITION. NOTE THAT DR. SWEIGARD'S BACK SHOWS LONG SMOOTH CURVE AS BODY RESTS ON HEELS



DR. SWEIGARD EXPLAINS BODY MECHANICS TO ONE OF HER PUPILS

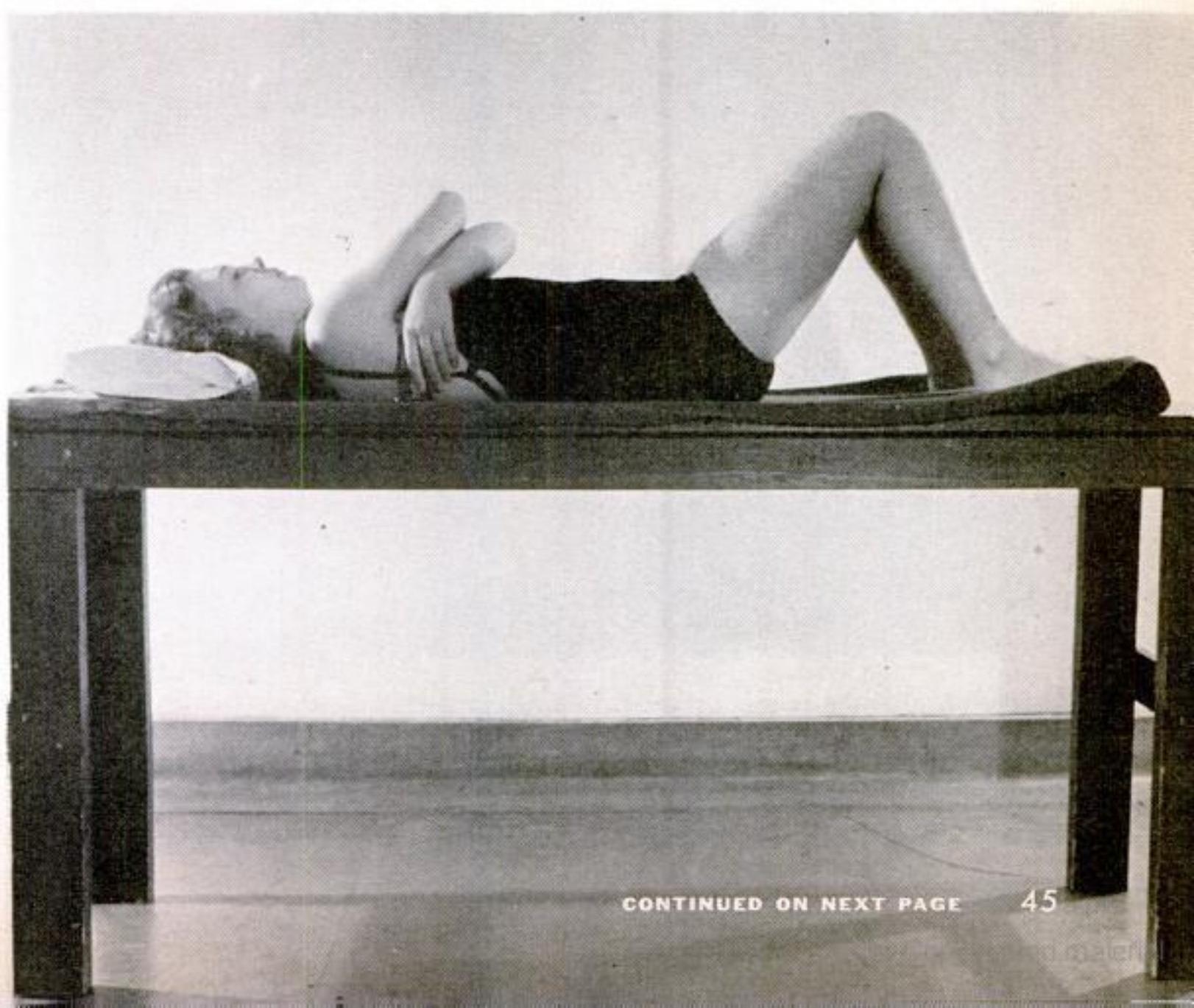
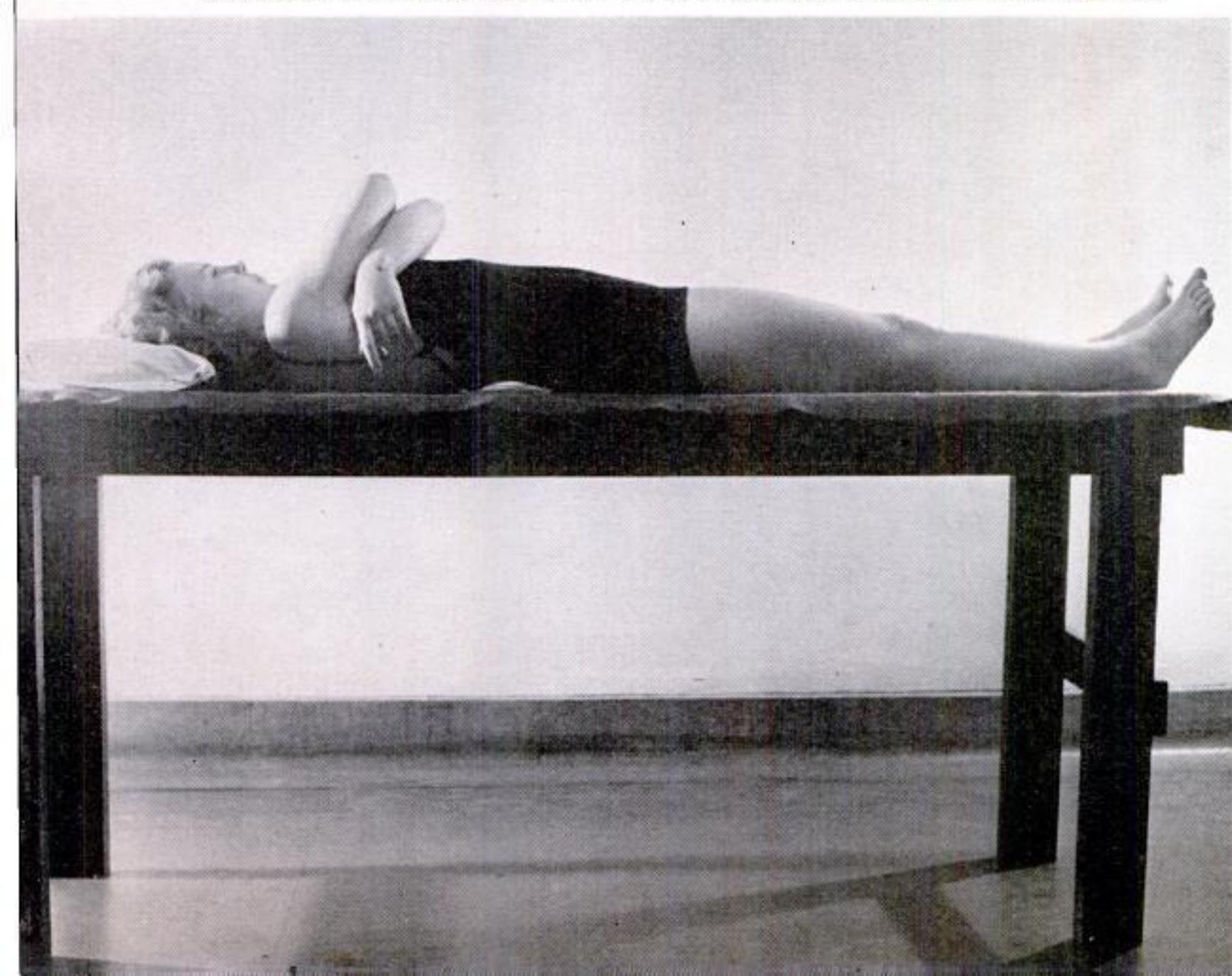
EXTENDED LEGS ARCH BACK OFF TABLE STRAINING TRUNK AND LEG MUSCLES

SWEIGARD SYSTEM CORRECTS POSTURE BY REST

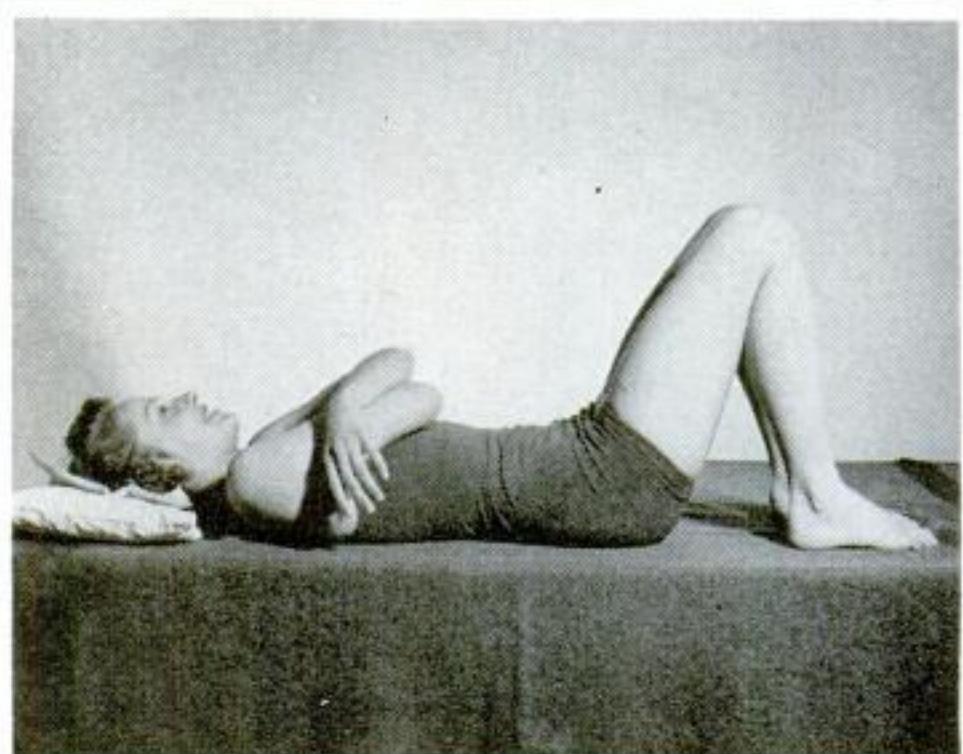
Posture is interesting to physical educators because it gives the quickest indication of what is right or wrong with the habits of a body's mechanics. For Lulu E. Sweigard, physical education instructor at New York University, posture is even more revealing because she has taken 2,000 X-ray pictures and 35,000 exact measurements of the body conformations of 500 subjects. She is therefore able to say that almost all human bodies suffer from bad muscle habits that result in curved spines, unequal length of legs, a slanted pelvis and round shoulders. To improve posture Dr. Sweigard recommends no course of exercises but a system of mental imagery and "constructive rest."

Ordinary exercise only confirms the bad neuromuscular habits that twist the torso out of alignment, because those habits are reflexes, not subject to conscious control. Improved reflexes can be established, according to Dr. Sweigard, only if the subject can be made to grasp a mental image of correct, symmetrical adjustment of the skeleton, which in turn will set up a new pattern of unconscious neuromuscular reflex action. This is achieved first in the positions of constructive rest, beginning with the basic position shown below at right. With the torso properly and symmetrically integrated, the body can then be habituated to its re-adjustment in a series of body movements, some of which are shown on the next page.

CONSTRUCTIVE REST POSITION EASES BACK AGAINST TABLE AND REDUCES STRAIN



Posture (continued)



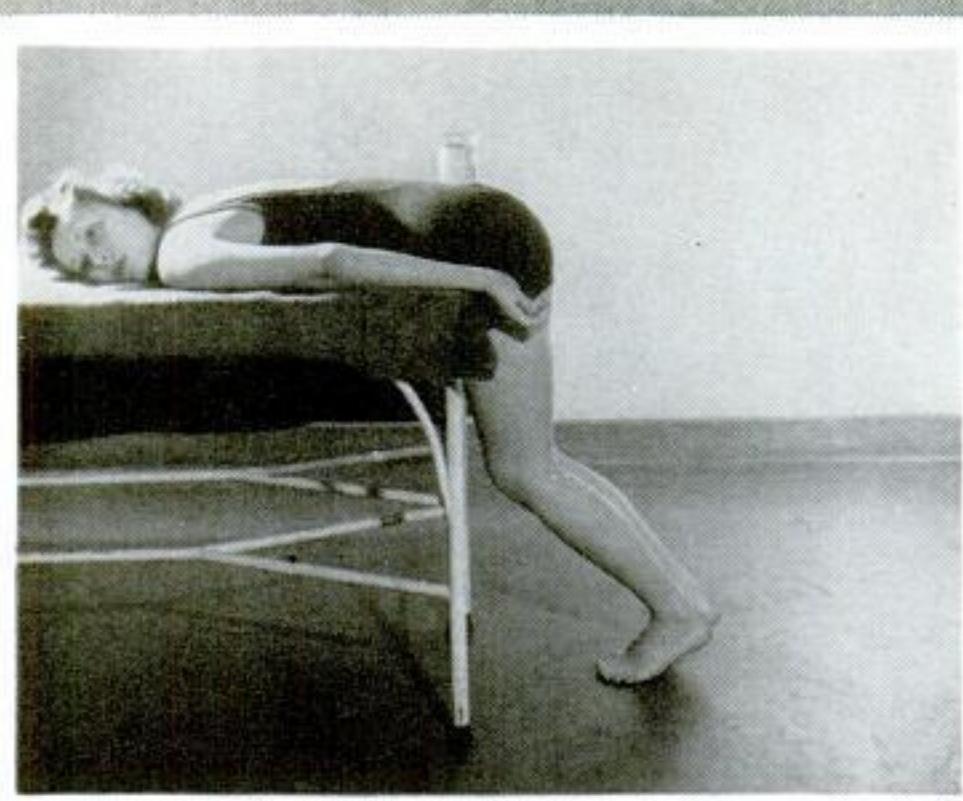
Constructive rest position encourages relaxation of extremities and integration of component parts of trunk.



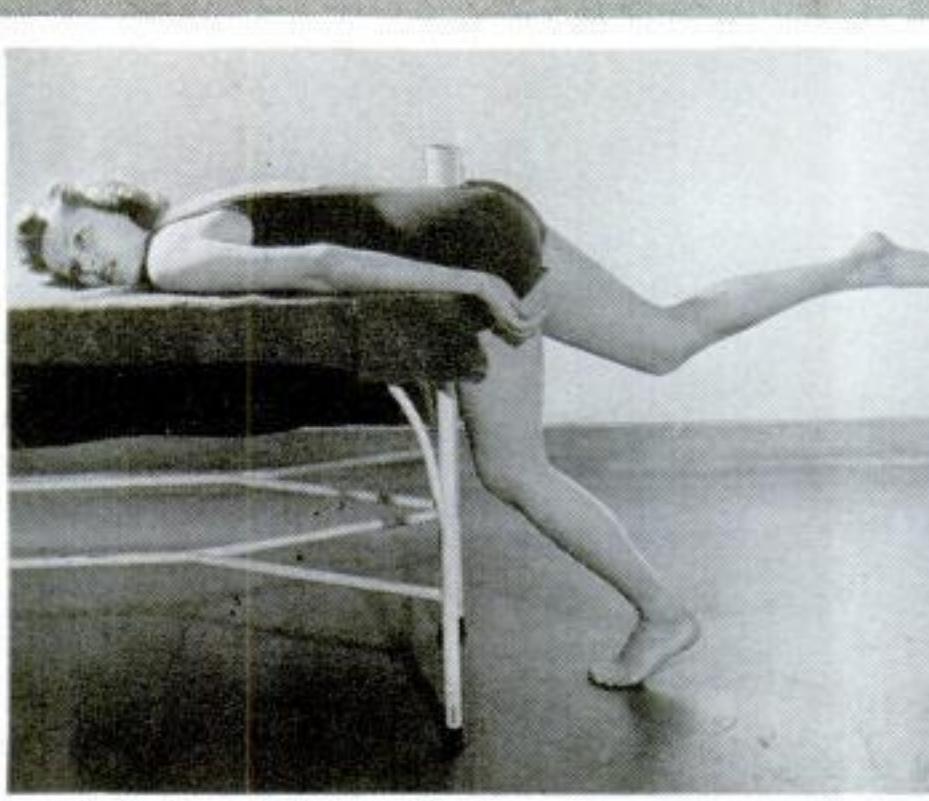
With trunk in line, model begins swing to sitting position. This requires hard work by abdominal muscles.



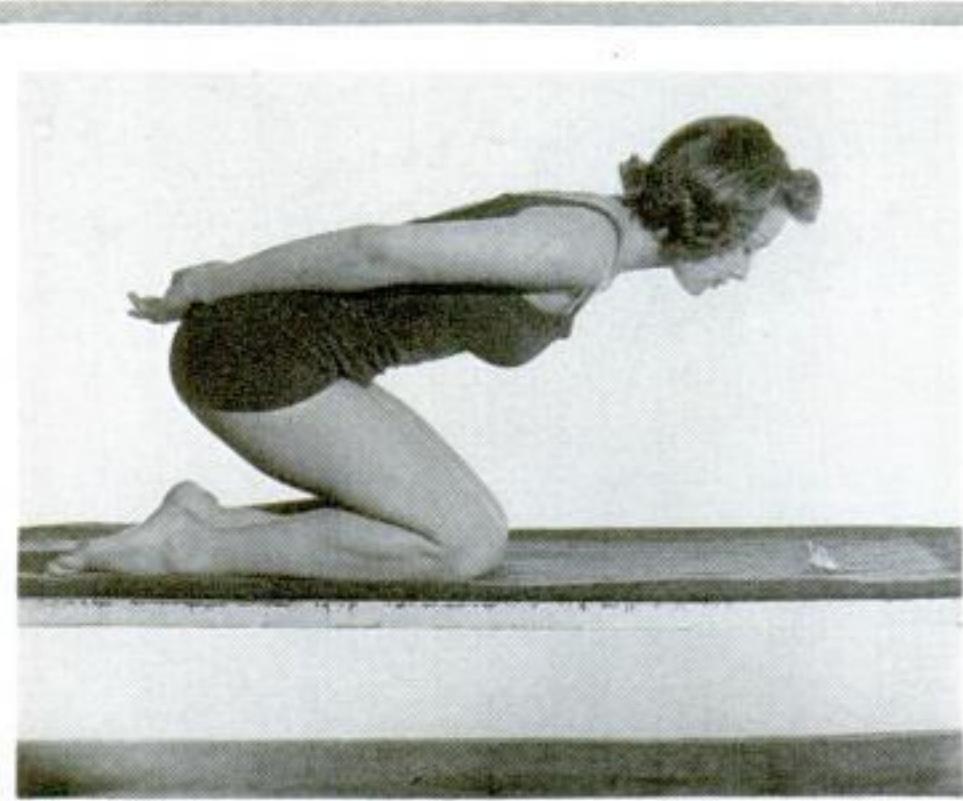
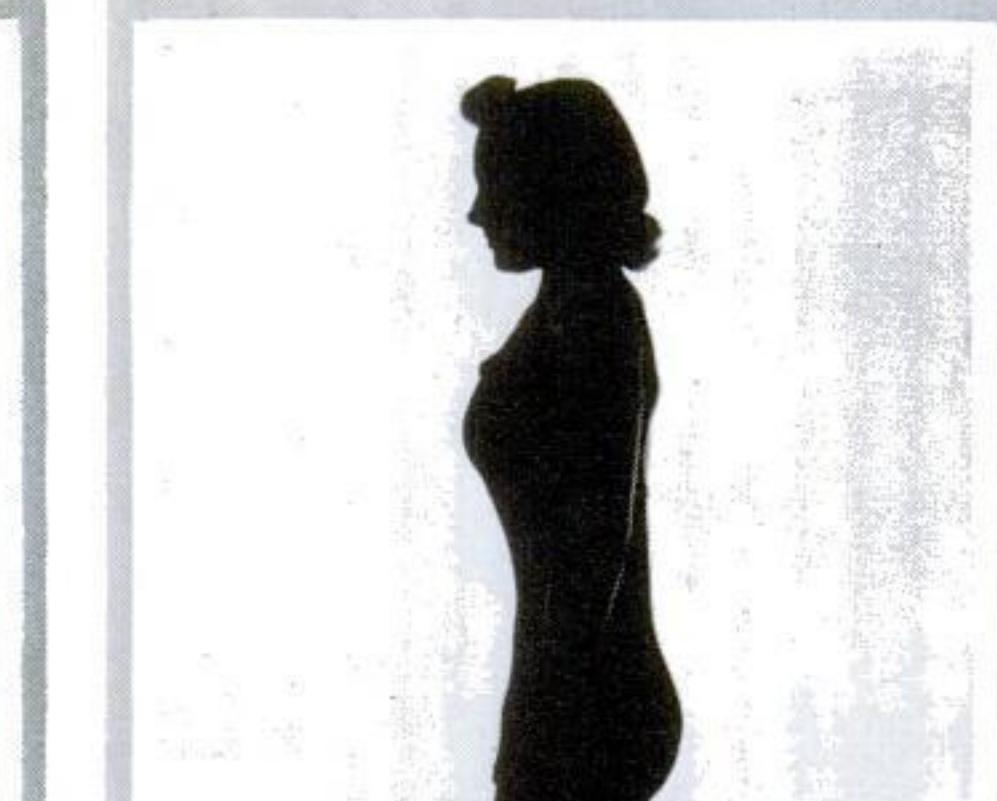
Nearly upright, spinal alignment should be maintained. This is difficult move from constructive rest position.



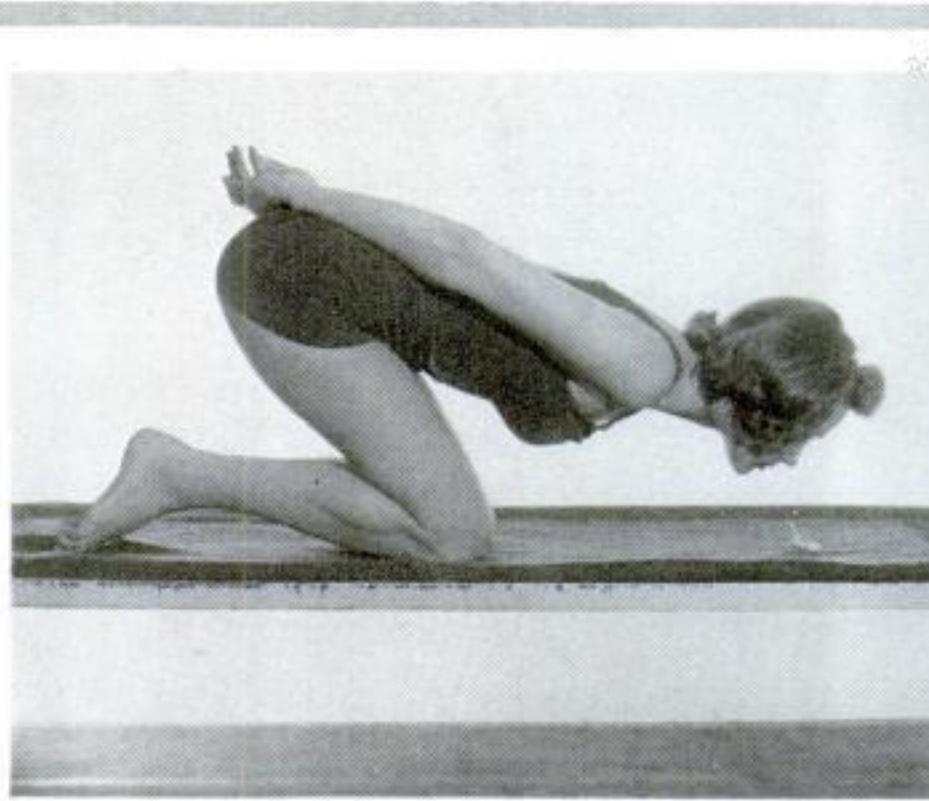
Face down on table, subject first concentrates on symmetrical alignment of torso. Beaker serves as spirit level.



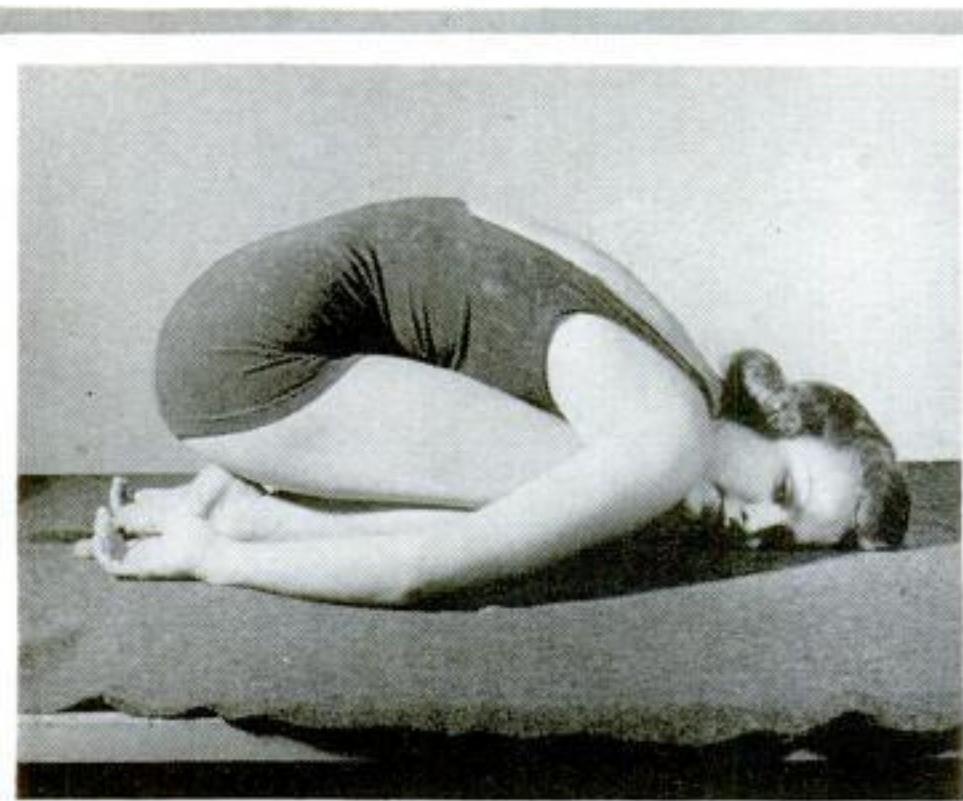
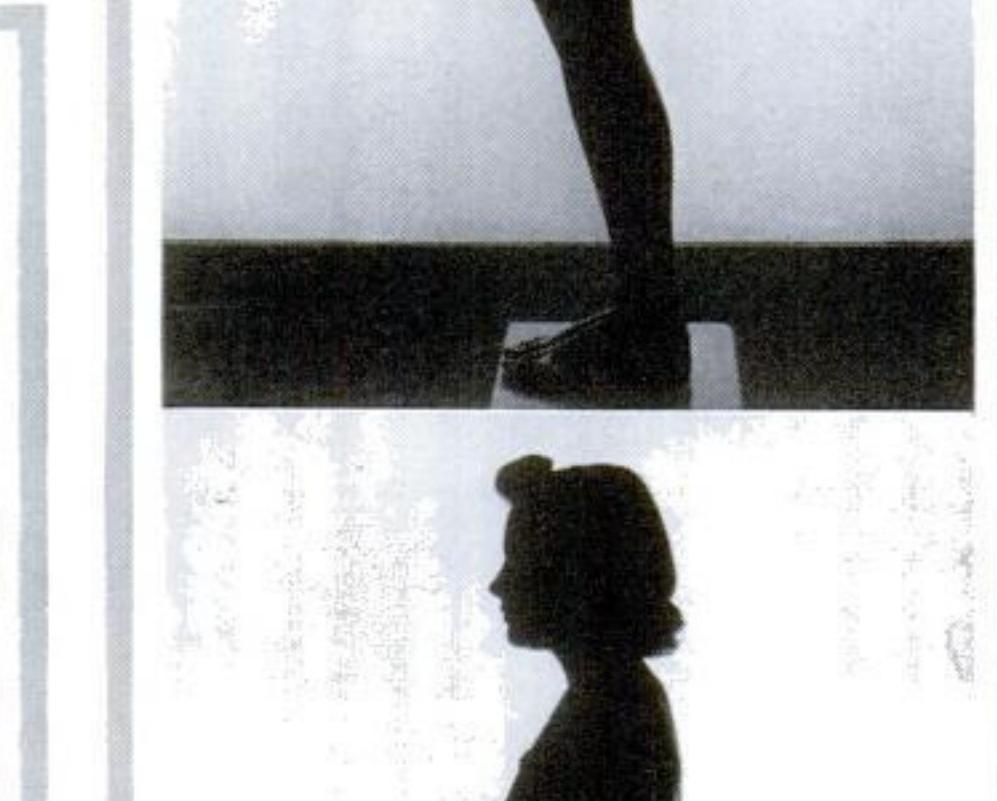
Leg is raised without distorting alignment of spine and without twisting pelvis from horizontal, as beaker shows.



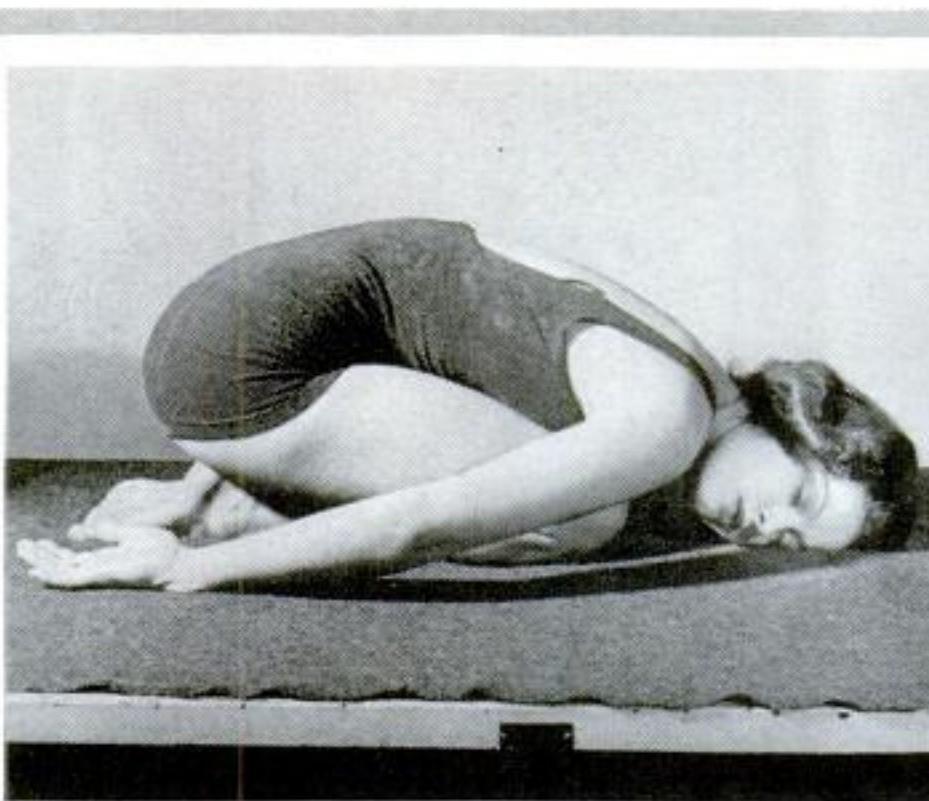
From sitting position, subject first adjusts torso into symmetrical alignment, with spine straight, swings forward.



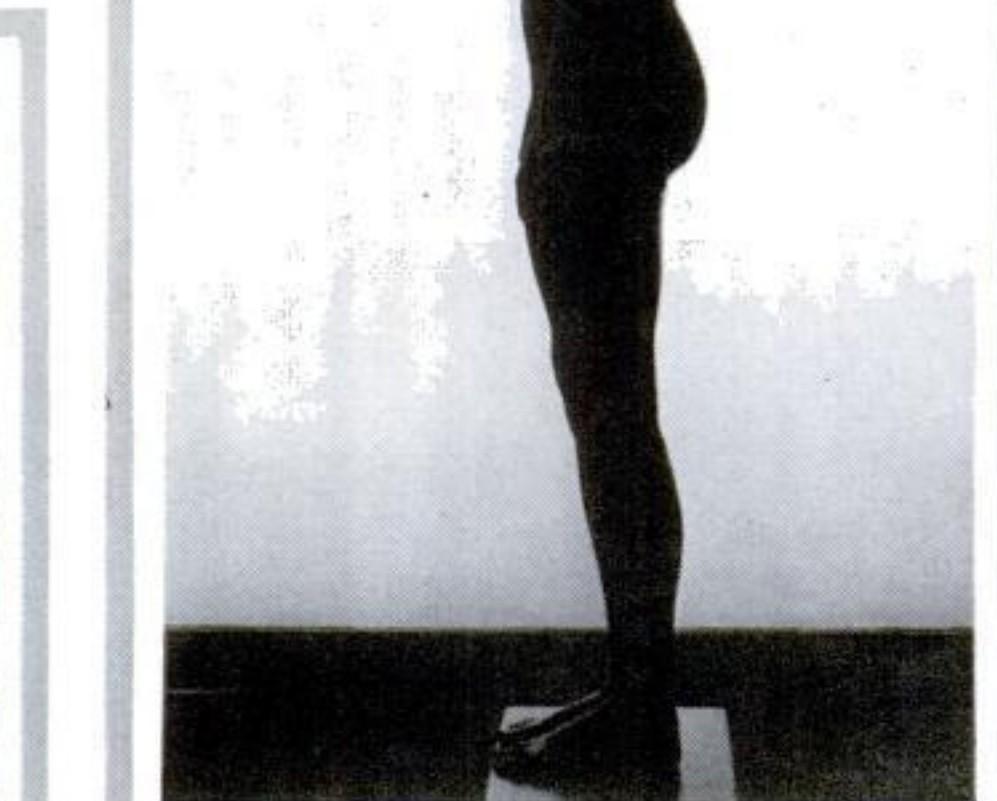
Near success, subject is about to pick up paper in teeth. Paper is placed a forearm's length in front of knee line.



Flexibility test shows up incorrect posture alignment in arched back. Subject sits on heels, then swings forward.



Improved posture is indicated in straighter line of back. Subject must relax extremities, concentrate on the torso.



Bad and improved posture is shown above and below. In good posture the trunk and legs are vertical.



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AT PEOPLE?**

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LEFT: Here you can see what Nature's Protective Blending does to protect the red fox. So easily does he elude the hunter's searching eyes, that dogs must be used to track him down.

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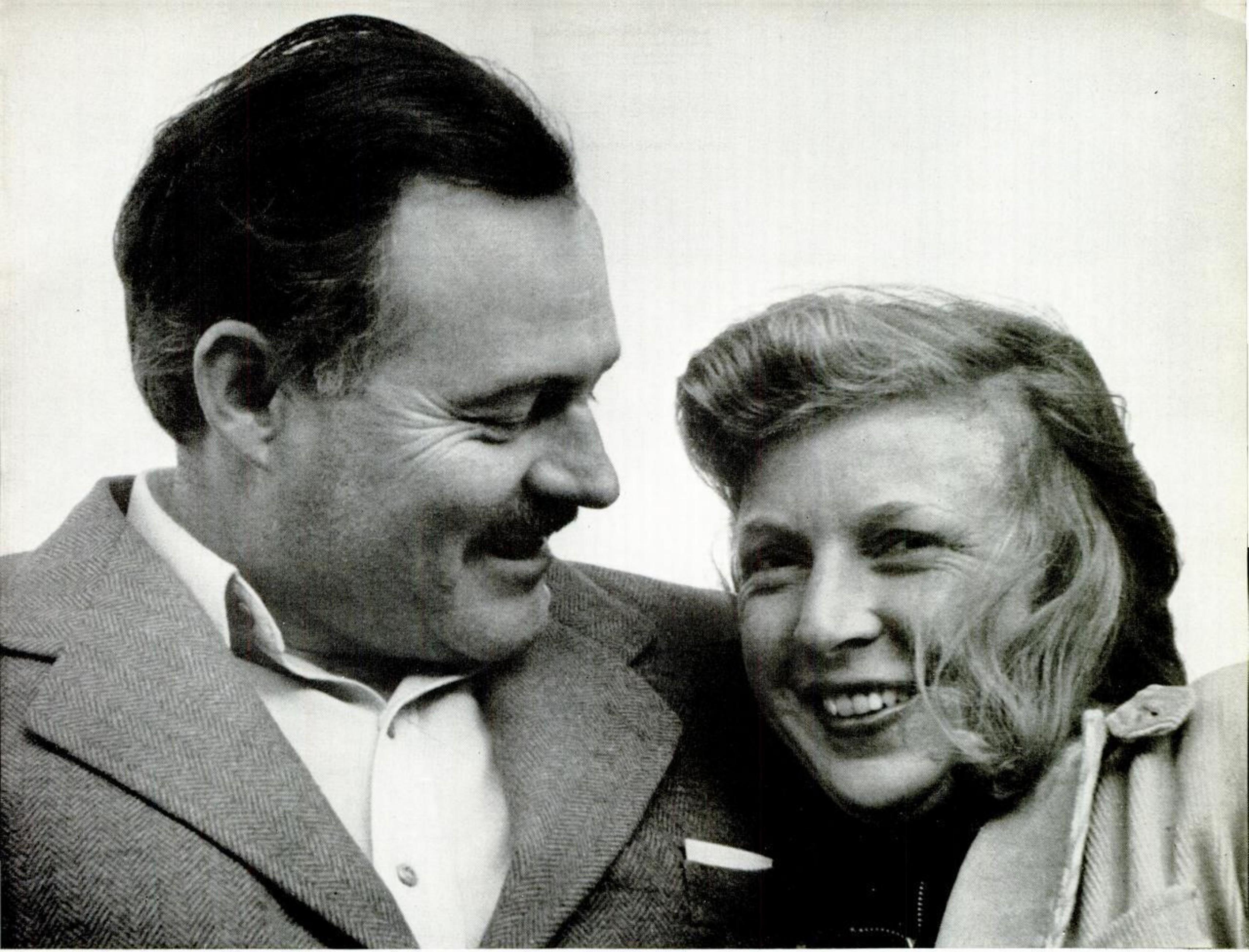
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LIGHTER COSTS A LITTLE LESS



ERNEST HEMINGWAY AND HIS BRIDE, MARTHA GELLHORN, POSE FOR AN INFORMAL WEDDING PICTURE AFTER THEIR MARRIAGE BY A CHEYENNE JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

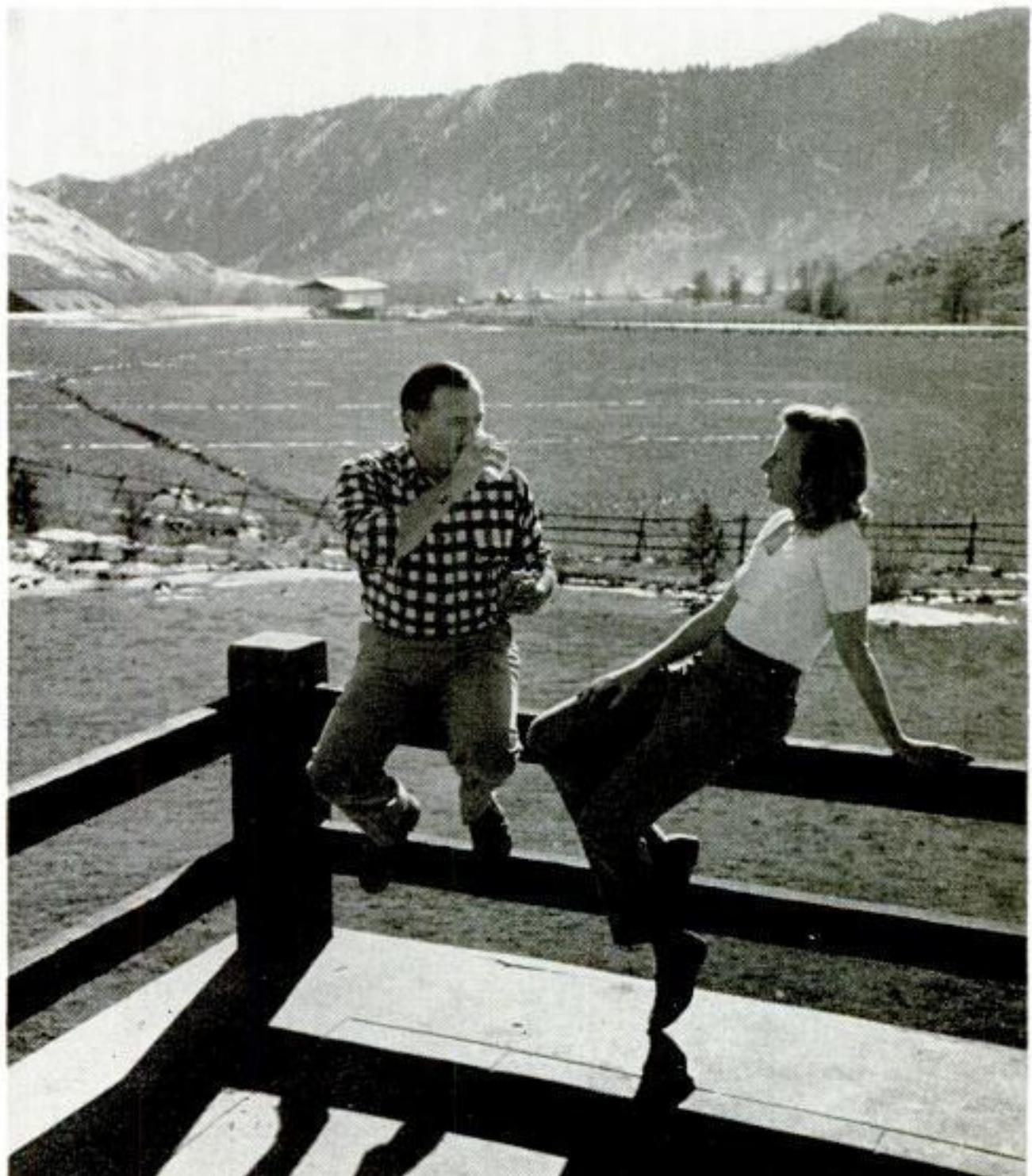
THE HEMINGWAYS IN SUN VALLEY

THE NOVELIST TAKES A WIFE

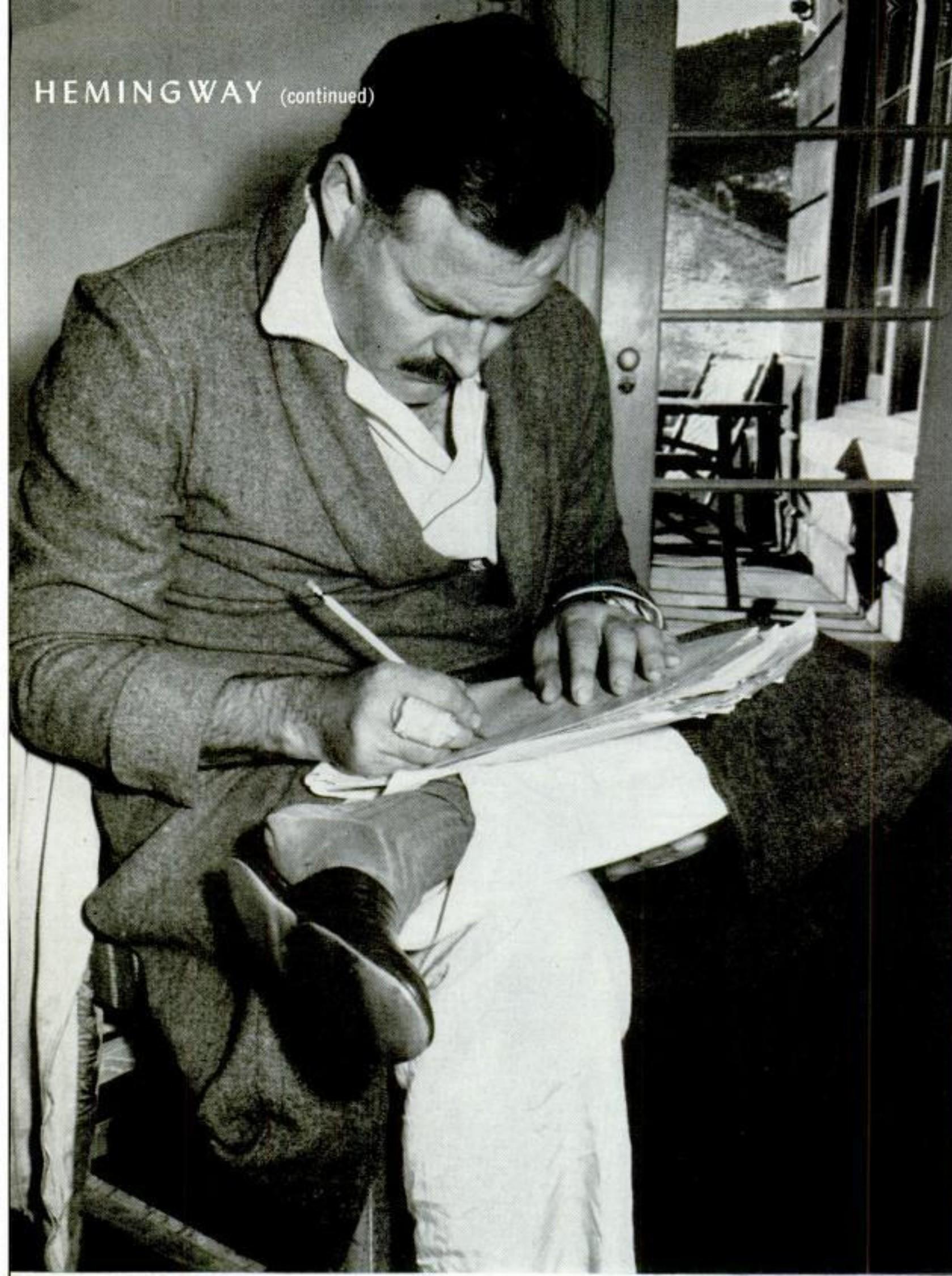
At 41 Ernest Hemingway has reconfirmed his place in American literature among its greatest living writers. His latest novel, *For Whom The Bell Tolls* (Scribners, \$2.75), has already sold over 400,000 copies, is moving at the rate of 50,000 a week. It culminates a writing career of 19 years during which, more than any other contemporary with the exception of James Joyce, he has influenced the material and tone of English prose. Today, in prime physical vigor, 210 lb. in weight, a good boxer, a crack wing shot and an excellent soldier, he is an acknowledged master of his art.

His style, so terse and clean, yet vivid and rich, has been imitated by many, but matched by none. His dialog is the envy of all. His short stories (*In Our Time*, *Men Without Women*, *Winner Take Nothing*) are models of precision. His great novels (*The Sun Also Rises*, *A Farewell To Arms*) express, with unequaled intensity, the blind but courageous heartbreak, in love and war, of a generation bordered by two world conflagrations. Even his preoccupation with violence and death, so often criticized, seems now the very lineament of his prophetic genius. For he has been, above all, an age of violence.

A good part of his new book was written in Sun Valley, Idaho, where he loves to hunt. Near here, on Nov. 21, he married Martha Gellhorn, whom he knew in Madrid during the Civil War. And here LIFE sent Photographer Robert Capa, likewise his friend in Spain, to take these intimate pictures of a great American at work and play.



An afternoon snack tides the novelist and his wife over the afternoon after a morning of bird hunting. This is terrace outside their Sun Valley Lodge suite.



He writes in pajamas and dressing gown in the early morning so he won't be tempted to go out. He starts at 6 a. m., knocks off at 1 or 2 p. m. His first draft is painstakingly written and rewritten in longhand. Later he types his copy, making further revisions. Some parts of his books are reworked 60 to 70 times to achieve the precise feeling with the perfect phrase. In the afternoon he puts on his high boots (*below*) to go hunting for duck or pheasant.



Bride and groom dance at Trail Creek Cabin, two miles from Sun Valley Lodge. Throughout the valley Hemingway is known affectionately as "Ernie." More intimate friends, like Robert Capa, call him "Pappy." Miss Gellhorn, his third wife, is a foreign correspondent for *Collier's*.



A hunt dinner is enjoyed by Hemingway and Sun Valley friends at the farmhouse of John Meyer near Shoshone. Meyer, who has 13 children, farms 1,000 acres of land abounding in wild fowl. The Meyer children eat in shifts, one or two at a time, while Mrs. Meyer does the cooking.



Under a barbed-wire fence go the Hemingways after a covey of pheasant in a pasture. Mrs. Hemingway's double-barreled Winchester model 21 shotgun is a birthday gift from her husband. Hemingway, an expert with firearms, taught her to shoot, is now proud of her marksmanship.



The prize trophy of an afternoon's hunt is this cock pheasant bagged by Hemingway on Farmer Meyer's land. He uses an over-and-under specially bored Browning 12-gauge shotgun

with which he hunted in Spain and near Orleans in central France. Pushed back on his head is a ski band to keep his ears warm. Over his shoulder is a leather hunting bag bought for

him in Finland by Miss Gellhorn when she was covering the Russo-Finnish war. Photographer Capa reports that Dead-shot Hemingway, in ten days of hunting, never missed a bird.

HEMINGWAY (continued)

LIFE DOCUMENTS HIS NEW NOVEL WITH WAR SHOTS

Spain is in Ernest Hemingway's blood. He has spent a good part of twelve years there where, he says, alone of all foreign countries, he feels at home. "France is always strange and different. But in Spain you feel as if you were born there."

Long before the Spanish Civil War began he had been imbued with the Spanish people and their country. He had been an *aficionado* (i.e., a fan) of their bull fights and had written some of his best stories (*The Undefeated*, *Death In The Afternoon*) about matadors and the arenas. He had tramped their mountains and valleys—especially that segment of the Guadarramas where his newest work is laid—until he had absorbed the feel and image of the land. He had sat with Republican leaders in the little Buffet Italiano on the Carrera de San Jerónimo in Madrid when, for the first time, a constitution for the Spanish Republic was penned (1931).

Hence, when Franco's rebellion broke in 1936, Hemingway threw his heart into the defense of Spain's humble people. He raised money for a fleet of 24 Loyalist ambulances. He lived in Madrid while the city was shelled, and under shellfire wrote his play *The Fifth Column*. He helped Joris Ivens make a Loyalist film called *The Spanish Earth*. And now, with the cause he labored for defeated, he has written a magnificent memorial to it in his novel *For Whom The Bell Tolls*.

In *The Bell* Hemingway's amazing literary talent reaches its culmination. Here at its best is his genius for conveying every subtle sensory impression. Here is his dead-true ear for dialog, so sharp that even in English one catches the rhythms of the Spanish language. Here is his astonishing knowledge of warfare and maneuvers, a favorite subject since youth, now handled with the assurance of a strategist.

For Whom The Bell Tolls has just been bought as a movie by Paramount at the highest price ever paid for a novel (\$100,000 plus 10¢ for every copy of the book sold up to 500,000). To outline for Paramount the type of people, the kind of country and action, LIFE herewith illustrates the story with photographs of the Spanish war. Most of them were taken under fire at the front by LIFE Photographer Robert Capa, Hemingway's close friend in Spain. Hemingway himself selected the ones here seen. Some of them show almost the precise spot in the Guadarrama Mountains where the action takes place. Others, being news pictures, are necessarily suggestive rather than accurate. Paramount is warned that they must be checked against the precision of Hemingway's book.

HEMINGWAY CHOOSES PICTURES FOR THESE PAGES



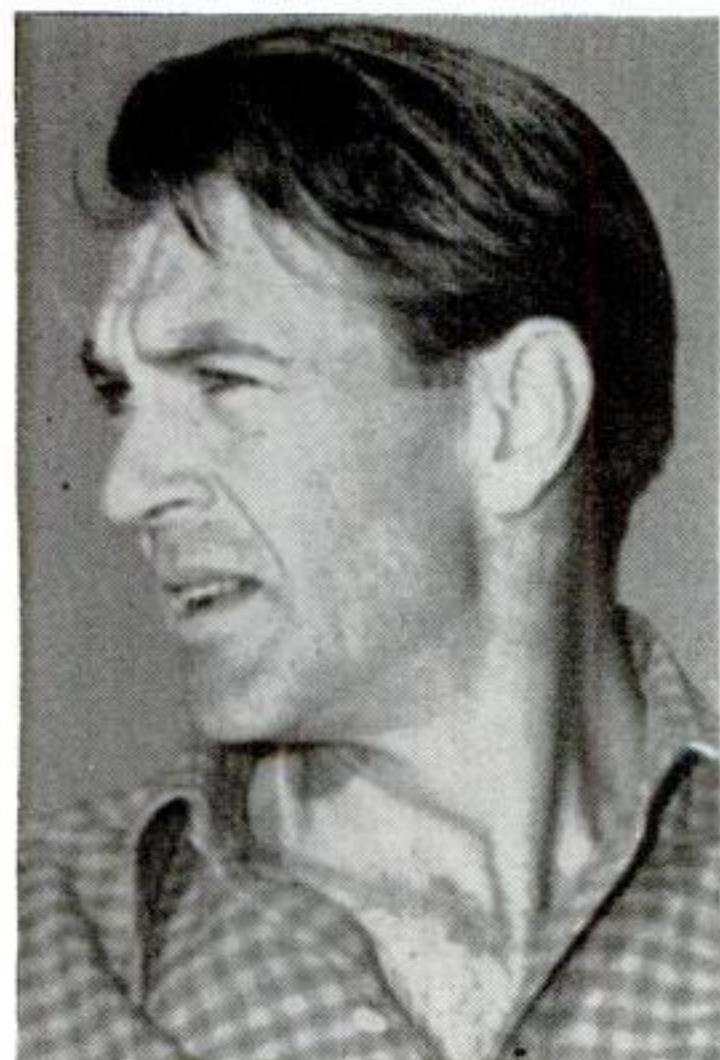
This is the country where the story of *For Whom The Bell Tolls* takes place. Hemingway insisted that LIFE get a picture showing the actual fir-forested terrain along the Navacerrada Pass in the Guadarrama Mountains, north of Madrid, where prior to the Civil War he often hiked and

hunted. "Terrain," he said, "is everything. If you don't have that, you have nothing." Page 1 of the book opens on this mountainside, with its "brown, pine-needed floor" and its "oiled road winding through the pass." Down the road to the left is the all-important bridge of the book.

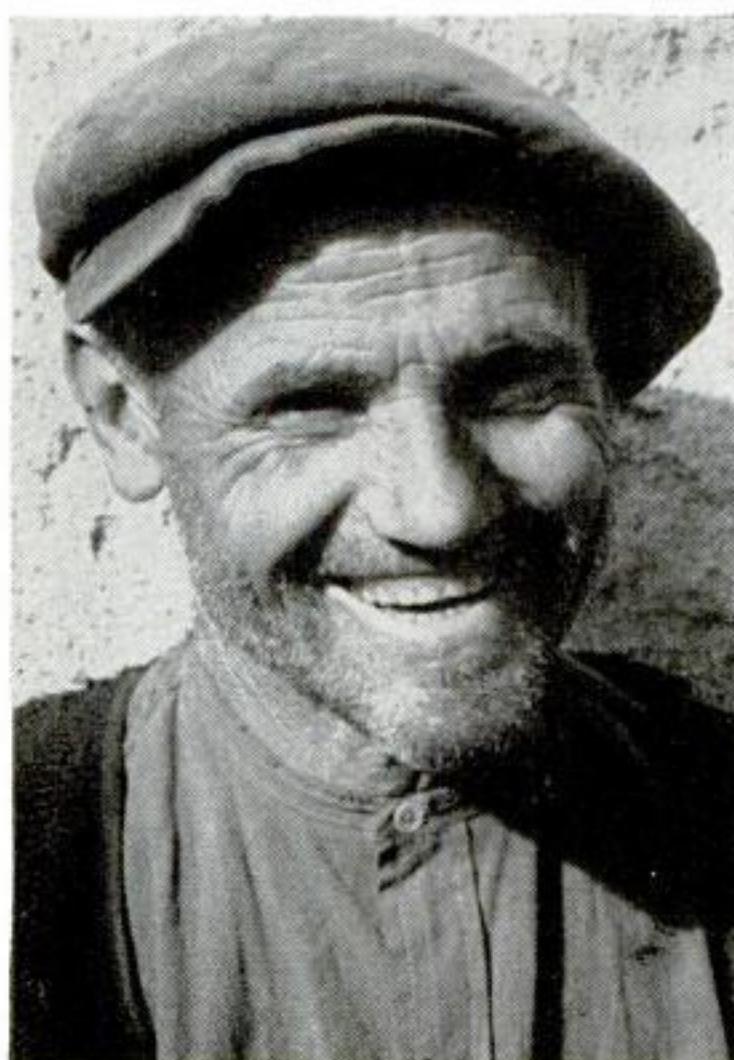


This is the bridge over the gorge in the pass. Actually, in the book, it is described as "a steel bridge of a single span," constructed in cantilever style, with a "sentry box at each end" where Franco soldiers stand guard. To it, in May of 1937, an American Loyalist volunteer is sent with

two sacks of dynamite. His job is to find Loyalist guerrilla help behind the Rebel lines, overwhelm the guards and demolish the bridge at the precise moment when the Loyalist troops start their first major offensive near La Granja to dislodge Franco from the plain around Segovia.



The American volunteer, Robert Jordan, is best typified in the movies by Hemingway's good hunting companion, Gary Cooper. Like College Teacher Jordan, Actor Cooper comes from Montana. Contracts will have to be arranged first to secure Cooper for the part.



The old guide, Anselmo, leads Jordan over trails behind the enemy lines to a band of Loyalist guerrillas. Hemingway describes him as 68 years old, "a short and solid old man in a black peasant's smock and gray iron-stiff trousers and he wore rope-soled shoes."



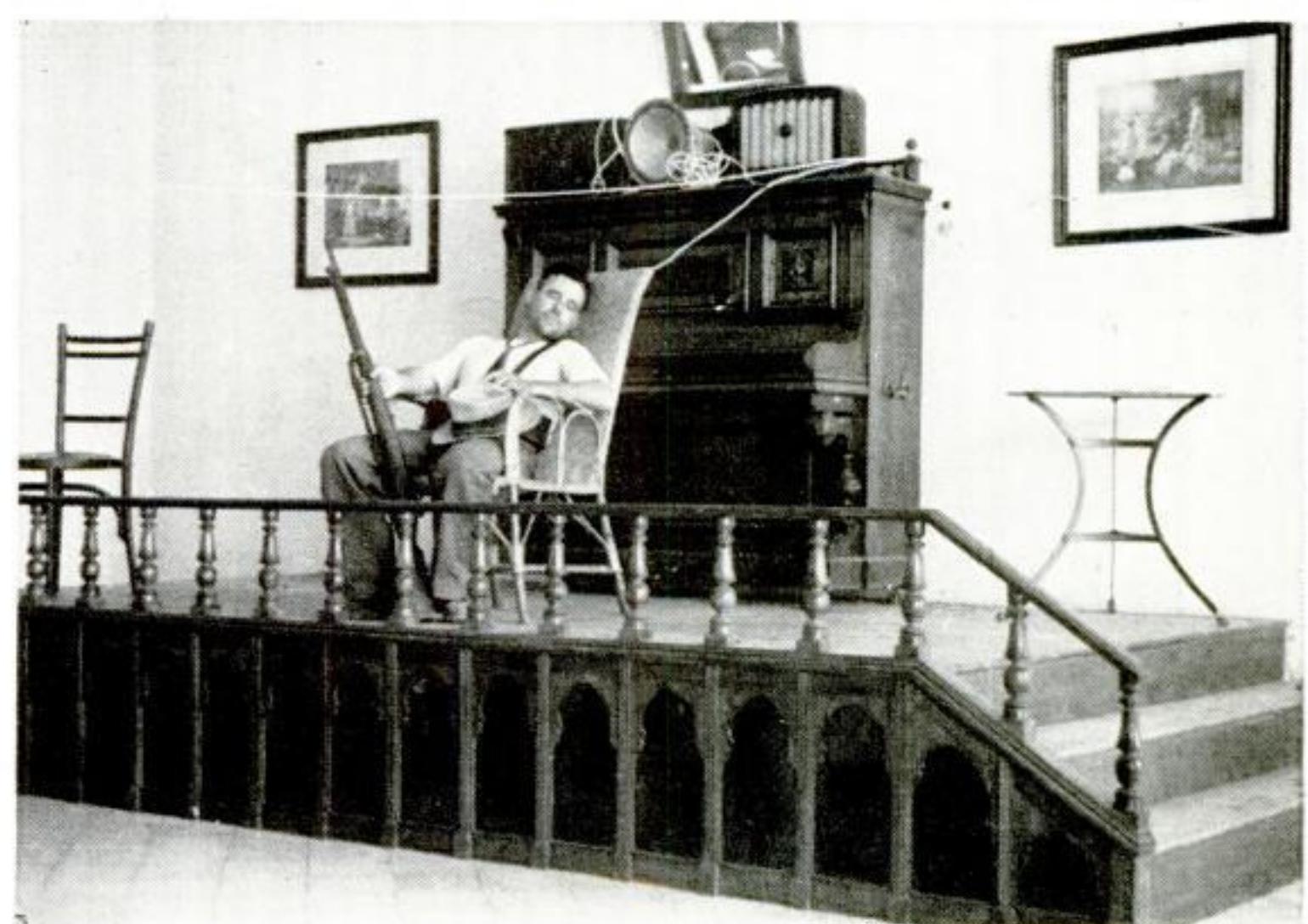
The young girl, Maria, had her hair clipped and was raped by Franco Rebels before joining the guerrillas. Her love scenes with Robert Jordan form a tender idyl in this story of bloodshed and death. Hemingway would like to see the part played by Ingrid Bergman.



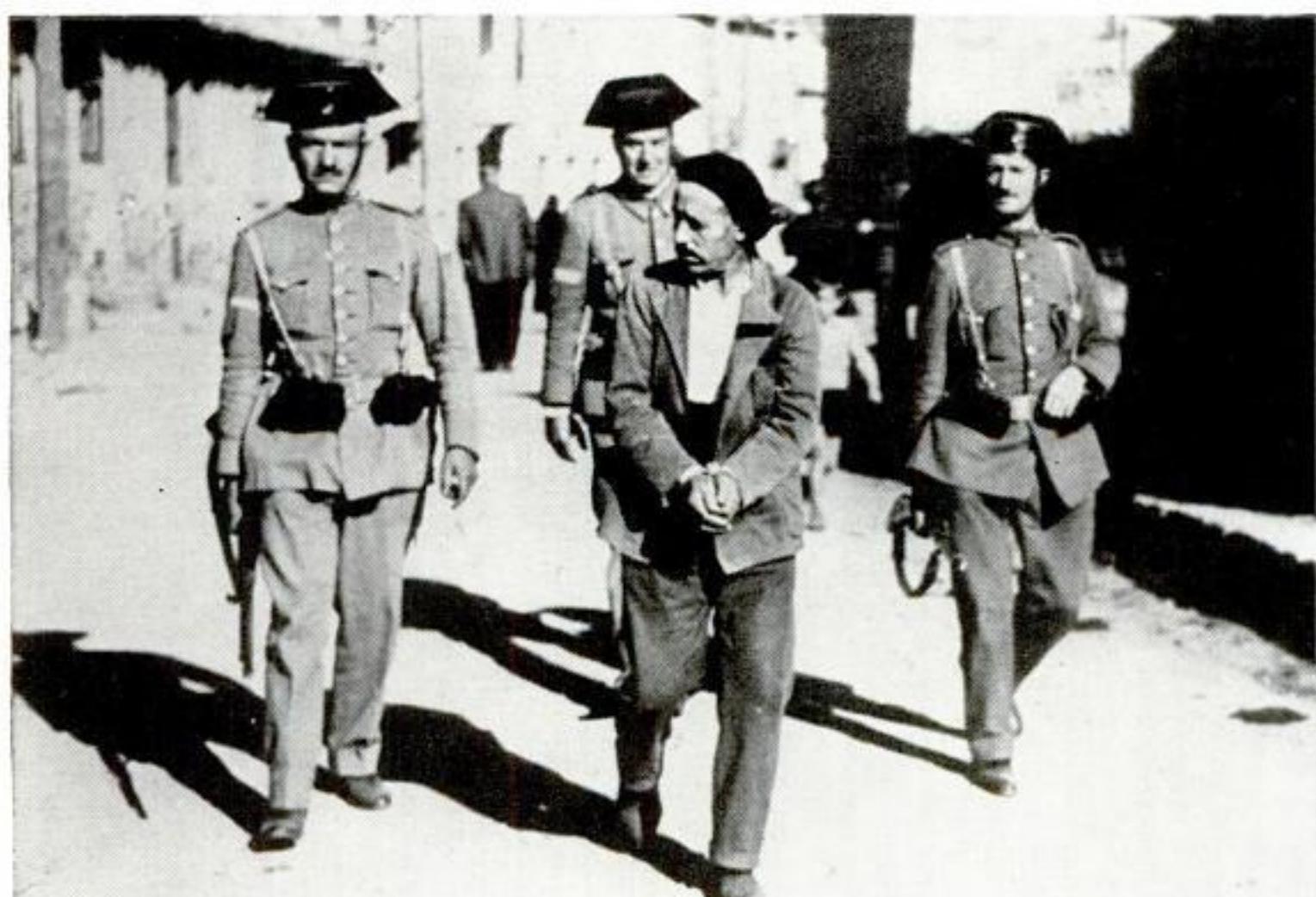
The guerrilla leader, Pablo, looked like this at outset of war when he still had courage. Later he became the owner of Rebel horses, grew fat and cowardly. "That sadness," thinks Robert Jordan of him, "is bad. That is the sadness that comes before the sellout."



Peasant soldiers, like these, took over the government of their native villages at the outbreak of Franco's rebellion in the summer of 1936, forming councils to deal with local Rebels. In the book their story is told in retrospect by Pilar, vigorous guerrilla matriarch who, scorning Pablo's cowardice, dominates the band by sheer strength of character. Her narrative of civil combat in her native town forms one of the novel's most terrible and potent chapters.



In the city hall of Pilar's town Rebels were herded by Pablo, while peasants outside clamored for their death. Pablo "walked around to the big chair of the Mayor on the raised platform [above] . . . watching the fascists who were praying with the priest. . . . Then Pablo leaned forward, picked up the key and tossed it to the guard at the door. The guard put the key in the door, turned it and pulled the door toward him, ducking behind it as the mob rushed in."



The Civil Guards with their patent-leather hats were hated by the people of Spain as "murderers of peasants." In one terrible passage Maria tells Robert Jordan how they shot her parents because, though her mother was a Catholic, her father was a Republican. "My father said, 'Viva la Republica,' when they shot him against the wall of the slaughterhouse. My mother standing against the same wall said, 'Viva my husband who was the Mayor of this village.'"



The execution of Rebels in Pilar's town was organized by Pablo. As in this news picture of a Rebel being marched to his death, they were taken out one by one, clubbed to death, thrown over a cliff into the river. Pilar recalls the first one out was Don Benito Garcia "and he came out bareheaded walking slowly from the door and nothing happened. From a balcony some one cried out, 'What is the matter, cowards?' Then the peasants flailed him to death."



1 Robert Jordan is brought by the guide, Anselmo, to a guerrilla camp around a cave like the one above. "That was the camp all right and it was a good camp. You did not see it at all until you were up to it and Robert Jordan knew it could not be spotted from the air. It was as well hidden as a bear's den. . . . There was a large cave in the rimrock formation and beside the opening a man sat with his back against the rock."



2 A late spring snowfall blankets the mountainside, and with it collapses Jordan's plans for dynamiting the bridge. "By the time they reached the camp it was snowing and the flakes were dropping diagonally through the pines. . . . As the cold wind came driving down the mountain, they came whirling and thick and Robert Jordan stood in front of the cave in a rage and watched them. 'With this thy offensive goes,' Pablo said."



3 While sleeping in the snow in his sleeping bag, Robert Jordan "heard a horse coming, the hoofs balled with wet snow thumping dully as the horseman trotted." The horseman proves to be a Rebel cavalryman, whom Jordan shoots. "When the patrol misses him," thinks Robert Jordan, "they will follow his tracks here." For the movies this scene must have snow on ground, no stretcher and no infantry hobnails in the dead soldier's boots.



4 To mislead Rebel patrol that might trail the dead cavalryman through the snow, Jordan tells Pablo to ride the horse down the slope. Then, to defend the camp against attack, he sets up a machine-gun nest in the pines. "Robert Jordan carried the submachine gun muzzle down, carrying it by its forward hand grip. 'I wish it took the same ammunition that saddle gun takes,' he thought. 'But it doesn't. This is a German gun.' "



5 Scarcely has Jordan taken up his position in the forest than he sees four horsemen. "One horseman was ahead and three rode behind. The one ahead was following the horse tracks. . . . Robert Jordan felt his heart beating against the snowy ground as he lay, his elbows spread wide and watching them over the sights of the automatic rifle. . . . He saw the leader turn his horse and point into the timber where Pablo's trail led."



6 Though the horsemen pass up Robert Jordan's camp, they trap another band of Loyalist guerrillas. "El Sordo was making his fight on a hilltop. He did not like this hill and when he saw it he thought it had the shape of a chancre. But he had no choice except this hill and he had picked it as far away as he could see and galloped for it." In the movie El Sordo's gun should be a light Degtarov or Bren, instead of this Maxim.



7 El Sordo's battle ranks, as a piece of brilliant military writing, with the famous Caporetto retreat in *Farewell To Arms*. "Of the five men who reached the hilltop three were wounded. Sordo was wounded in the calf of his leg and in two places in his left arm." His head was aching badly "and as he lay waiting for the planes to come he thought of a joke in Spanish. It was, 'You have to take death as an aspirin.' "



8 This photograph by Robert Capa shows a hilltop skirmish much like that in which Sordo was wounded. Sordo "was not afraid of dying but he was angry at being trapped on this hill which was only utilizable as a place to die. Whether one has fear of it or not, one's death is difficult to accept. Sordo had accepted it, but there was no sweet-ness in its acceptance even at 52, with three wounds and him surrounded on a hill."



9 "The planes were coming steadily. They were in echelon and each second they grew larger and their noise was greater. 'Lie on your backs to fire at them,' Sordo said. . . . Lying flat on his back and looking up into the sky watching them come, Ignacio gathered the legs of the tripod into his two hands and steadied the gun. Then there were the hammering explosions past his ear and the gun barrel hot against his shoulder."



10 "Then, through the hammering of the gun, there was the whistle of the air splitting apart and then in the red black roar the earth rolled under his knees and then waved up to hit him in the face and then dirt and bits of rock were falling all over. But he was not dead because the whistle came again and the earth rolled under him with the roar. Then it came again and the earth lurched under his belly and one side of the

hilltop rose into the air and then fell slowly over them where they lay. The planes came back three times and bombed the hilltop but no one on the hilltop knew it. Then the planes machine-gunned the hilltop and went away." Only one boy remains alive, though unconscious. A Rebel lieutenant shoots him as gently as possible through the head. The Capa picture above shows Loyalist corpses stretched out cold on high ground after the battle of Teruel.



11 While waiting for the Loyalist offensive which will be his signal to dynamite the bridge, Robert Jordan dreams of taking Maria to Madrid. "In Madrid, I wanted to buy some books, to go to the Florida Hotel and get a room and to have a hot bath, he thought." Hemingway lived in the Florida Hotel (above) during the shelling of Madrid. It was the hangout of American soldiers and correspondents. It is the scene of his play, *The Fifth Column*.



13 A young guerrilla named Andrés is sent with the note through the Rebel lines. Then follows an amazing account of chaotic inefficiency and bureaucratic interference by a high official of the International Brigade. There is a desperate attempt to telephone headquarters (above). But when the message finally reaches its destination, the hopeless attack has already begun. "It's a shame," says the commander of the note, "it came too late."



14 Robert Jordan now prepares to demolish the bridge. First he has to finish off the sentries. They start out, "walking carefully, downhill, Anselmo in the lead, Augustin next, Robert Jordan placing his feet carefully so that he would not slip, feeling the dead pine needles under his rope-soled shoes, putting a hand forward and feeling the cold metal jut of the automatic rifle barrel." In the movie there should be pine trees, early June foliage.



15 The skirmish at the bridge between Robert Jordan's guerrillas and the Rebels is an amazing achievement in writing, so graphic and exact, so true to the terrain, that it might well be used by Paramount as a shooting script. The appearance of a Fiat whipper tank complicates Jordan's job. This photograph by Robert Capa shows almost the precise spot. It was taken May 31, 1937, when the Loyalists began their Guadarrama offensive.



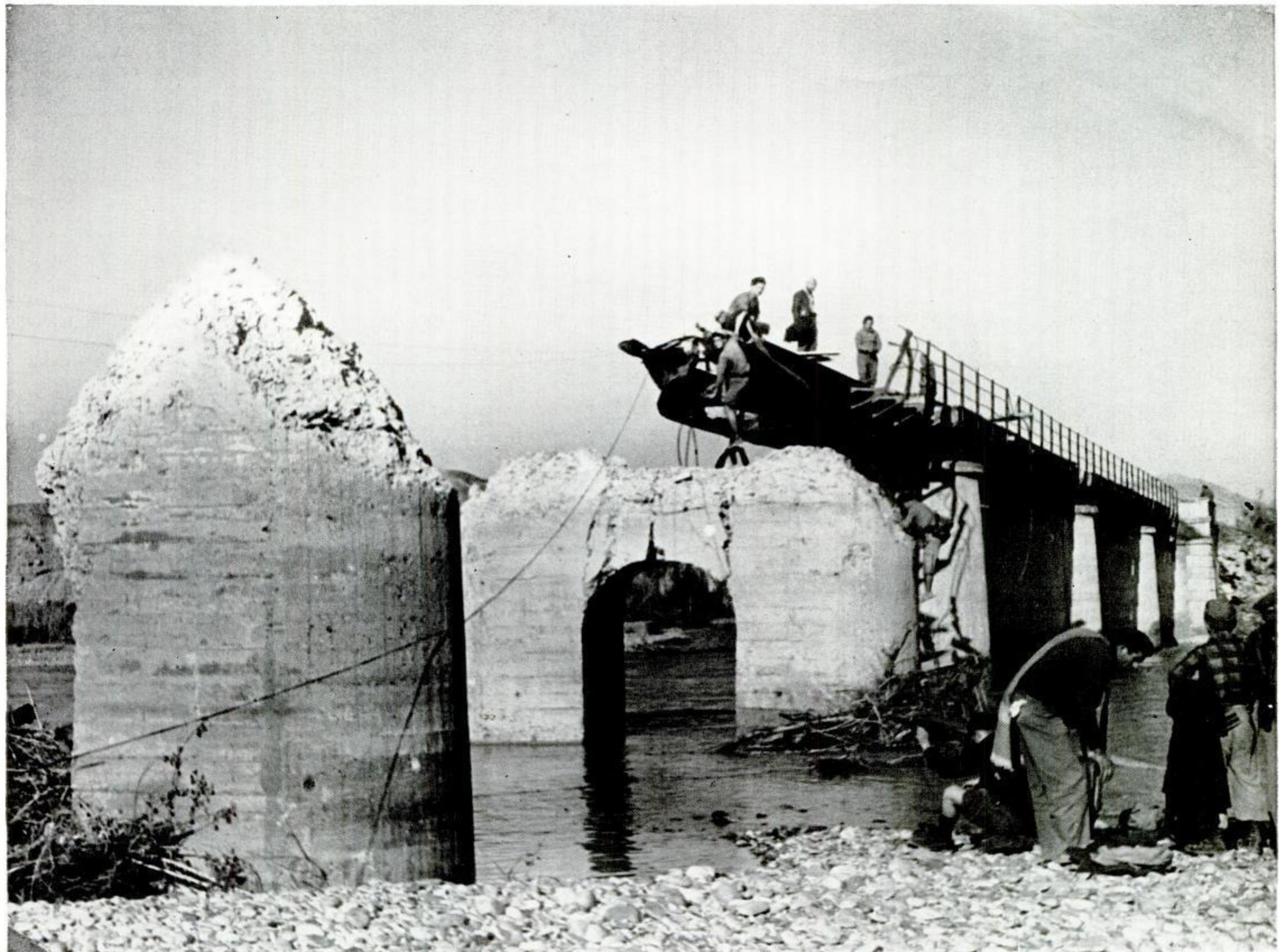
12 Anselmo has meanwhile been sent by Jordan to observe the movement of Rebel troops on the Navacerrada Pass. He returns to report trucks, guns and soldiers going up the road. "He told it from the beginning and in order with the wonderful memory of those who cannot read or write." From this news Jordan concludes that Franco is prepared for the Loyalist offensive and writes a note to his commander hoping to cancel the attack.



16 Most exciting chapter of the book is the battle at the bridge with which Hemingway's story ends. While Robert Jordan, with the help of Anselmo, hastily lashes dynamite to the steel girders of the span, Pilar and Pablo, each with a handful of guerrillas, hold off the Rebels at guard posts above and below the gorge. Pilar loses two men out of five, Pablo all his band. This Capa picture shows Loyalist soldiers under gunfire in a similar skirmish.



17 Just as the Rebel tank appears, Jordan blows the bridge by pulling wires attached to rings of hand grenades fastened alongside dynamite. "There was a cracking roar and the middle of the bridge rose up in the air like a wave breaking and he felt the blast of the explosion roll back against him as he dove on his face in the gully with his hands holding tight over his head." Capa has caught in the picture above the dust and fumes of shell explosion.



18 Though not more than 50 men are involved in this encounter, the 40 pages that describe it are written with such eye-witness detail that they give the final chapter an almost breathless suspense. When the rain of dynamited steel has stopped, Robert Jordan is still alive but Anselmo,

his trustworthy guide, has been killed. Rebels from the outposts bring up a Fiat whippet tank to machine-gun the road and the woods beyond. Another truckful of Rebels and a medium German tank throwing 47-mm. shells make the guerrillas' position untenable. To escape, they must plunge

on horseback across the road to safety on the other side of a knoll. Pilar, Pablo and Maria make it. Robert Jordan doesn't. The Capa picture above is at the Ebro River. It does not show Author Hemingway's single-span cantilever-style bridge, but it is a typical scene of wartime demolition.



IN RIO, CHORUS GIRLS OF U. S. FIND THE GAY GLAMOROUS LIFE

South of the equator in the land of wild orchids and cerulean skies, where the ocean beats against the front yard and the jungle reaches down to the back yard, in the capital city of Rio de Janeiro, the glamorous life that all chorus girls dream about and seldom achieve becomes a reality.

In photograph at left are Earle Gore (right) and Sunny Lambert, two U. S. chorus girls who, like scores of their kind, were booked in the U. S. to appear at the Urca Casino, gayest night club in Brazil. They are on balcony outside their living room. Below them is Copacabana Beach; behind them modern Avenida Atlântica; in the distance, green hills thick with jungle foliage, and above them a sun and sky which is the envy of Naples and Los Angeles.

Earle (pronounced *early*) went to Rio last March as one of 16 Deighton girls. She had a six-month contract with salary starting at \$50 a week for the first six weeks, \$45 for the next six, \$40 thereafter. Reason for the downward-sliding scale is that after the girls get accustomed to Rio money and ways, their salary goes farther. Return trip tourist class in one of the luxury Moore-McCormack liners was guaranteed.

From the moment the ship docked in Rio, Earle felt she was in a chorine's paradise. On the pier, were scores of handsome, smooth-looking young blades. They offered assistance with the customs, they offered their cars. Thus began many beautiful friendships which continued throughout the eight months Earle worked in Rio.

On her salary, Earle Gore lived high. She shared with two other girls an apartment that contained three bedrooms, living room, bath, maid's room and bath, kitchen and terrace. Its rental, furnished, was \$82 a month. Her work consisted of two numbers in two shows nightly, one at 10 p. m. and the other at 12:30 a. m. Every other week she reported for rehearsal at 2 p. m. Otherwise her time was her own. How Earle spent her free hours is shown in these pictures.



Breakfast served in bed is a daily luxury. For less than \$10 a month, the Brazilian maid, Francisca, gladly does all the housework and personal laundry.



Orchids cost 60¢ a bunch, but Earle skips that when she is writing letters back home about the flowers showered on her by devoted Wilson de Andrade.



FROM FRONT LINE OF URCA CASINO SHOW, SHAPELY EARLE GORE (RIGHT) SMILES DOWN ON WEALTHY PATRONS. THESE COSTUMES ARE CONSIDERED VERY SCANT FOR RIO



On the roof Earle and Sunny practice their routines, then sunbathe. The portable phonograph is gift from a local admirer.



On the famous mosaic sidewalk which borders entire length of beautiful Copacabana Beach, they stroll with Playboy Claudio Martins.



Taxis are cheap, are the chorines' usual mode of transportation. Cab rental for one hour in the city costs \$1.



With Molly Carvalho and her socially prominent Brazilian husband, the girls enjoy a drink on terrace of Carvalho penthouse.



Rua Ouvidor, crowded street of smart shops, is only 20 ft. wide, so the girls walk in the center of the road. Autos are prohibited on weekdays.

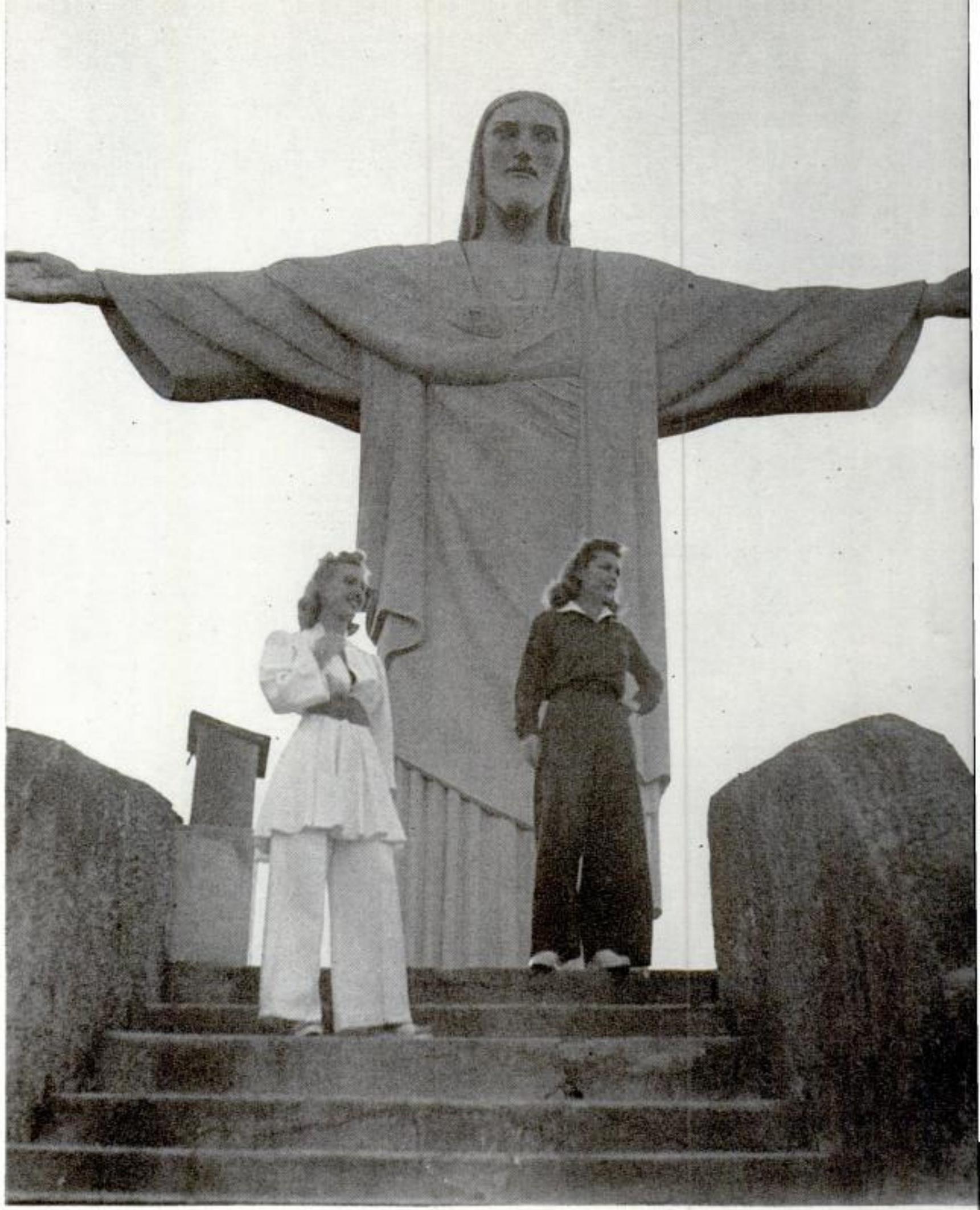


With Escort Alberto Faria, Earle here spins around in a rumble car in the amusement area of Rio's fair.

Chorus girl in Rio (continued)



This is living room of Earle's apartment. The rug is made from tiger shot in the Matto Grosso region. Tiger-skin rugs, considered unlucky by Brazilians, are prized by U.S. girls.



"Christ the Redeemer," a concrete statue 80 ft. high, dominates Rio de Janeiro's harbor from the summit of Corcovado Peak. Brightly floodlit at night, the statue can be seen 20 miles out at sea.



View from Corcovado is one of the most spectacular in the world. Right, above Earle's head, is coastline of Botafogo Bay where Urca Casino stands. The high mound to right is Pão de

Açúcar, known to tourists as Sugar Loaf. Ships enter Rio harbor from the right and dock in heart of city off picture to left. In center foreground is Morro da Viuva, or Widow's Hill.



At the Guinle estate, Alberto tells Earle about the winged lion of Brazil. This estate, a short motor drive from Rio, was recently sold to the city as a municipal park, is a favorite excursion spot.

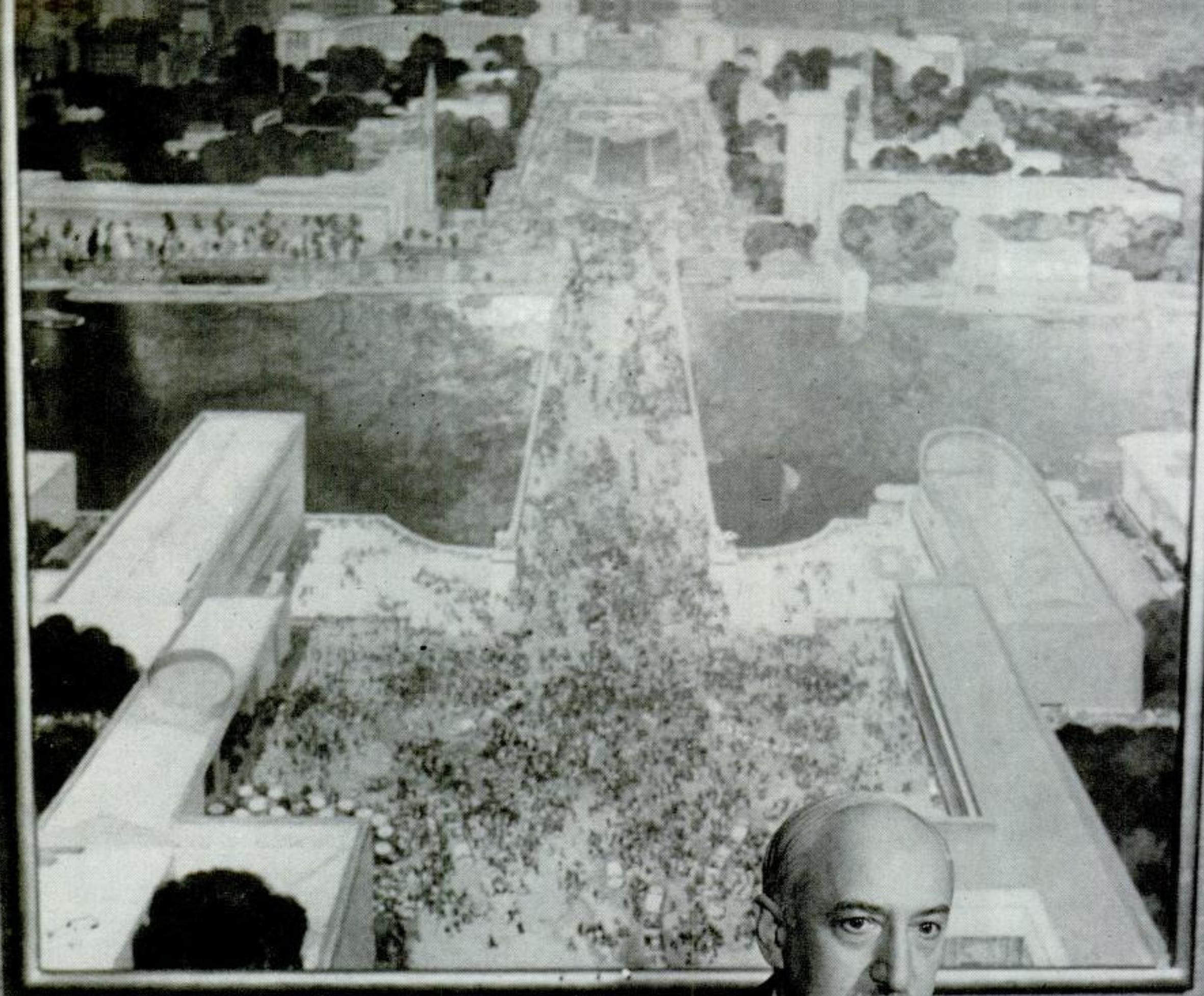


Sidewalk cafes are numerous all along the waterfront. No building, however, is permitted on the beach itself. All edifices are on the far side of the road along the beach.



Night bathing is against the law but occasionally the girls risk a dip on hot nights after the show. This is the beach in front of the apartment house in which they live. With Earle is

Fernando ("Bebe") Bocayuva. Bebe, a rich boy of good family, still at school, is too young to be a *granfino*—i.e., a regular night-club patron, long on looks and credit, short on cash.



THE CASE FOR FRANCE

FAMOUS WRITER ANSWERS AMERICAN GRIEVANCES AGAINST HIS COUNTRY

by ANDRE MAUROIS

Nothing is more difficult than to judge fairly a situation which, like the present political situation in France, changes from day to day. But difficulty is no alibi. France remains, even in her present plight, an important factor in world affairs. That President Roosevelt understands this is now plainly indicated by the fact that he has just dispatched Admiral Leahy to France as his ambassador to Marshal Pétain's government at Vichy. America's attitude toward France can affect in many ways the conduct of the war. American public opinion, which commands this attitude, should therefore be founded on facts and not on prejudices, on permanent values and not on the fortunes and downfalls of individual statesmen.

When I arrived in America last July, my impression was that the defeat of France was a military disaster, due in part to faulty initial strategy, in part to successful enemy propaganda, but essentially to the overwhelming superiority of the German fighting forces, both in numbers and matériel. The war had been lost, it seemed to me, not on the battlefields of Flanders in May 1940, but in the armament factories of France and England, from 1931 to 1939. Wiser initial plans might have prolonged the struggle but, land and air forces being what they were, the war in France could not be won.

It could of course have been won, or altogether avoided, if, from 1931 onwards, France and England had prevented German rearmament; if, in 1936, they had opposed the fortification of the Rhineland; if, in 1937 and 1938, they had built masses of planes and tanks; if, before the war, the small democracies of Europe had understood the necessity of joint action; if the U.S. had possessed a strong air force and proclaimed its willingness to help; if enemy propaganda had not been allowed to undermine the morale in every free country; in short, if the necessary steps had been taken *in time*.

For the fact that action was not taken in time, who was responsible? A very large number of

During and after the collapse of France, American public opinion turned sharply against France and especially against the Vichy Government. This hasty judgment, made necessary by the rapidity of events, is now up for re-examination. President Roosevelt is sending an ambassador, with much fanfare, to Vichy (see pp. 24-25), and the U. S. Government seems disposed to go as far as possible toward friendship with France. To help its readers make up their minds on this complex question, LIFE asked Andre Maurois to state, from his viewpoint, the case for his country.

One of France's foremost men of letters, M. Maurois is a great friend of the English-speaking peoples. As biographer of several English figures (Shelley, Byron, Disraeli), he has been read with equal enjoyment by France, England and the U. S. During the last war and this war he served as interpreter and liaison officer, attached to British headquarters. M. Maurois is now in New York where he was photographed (opposite page) in an art gallery before painting of the Paris Exposition of 1937.

men, politicians, businessmen, labor leaders, intellectuals who, in all countries, had sacrificed national security to their petty quarrels, ideological stubbornness and personal interests. Who was responsible? All of us, because we had forgotten, in the smugness and pride of victory, that freedom can be lost as well as won, and that there is no liberty without security.

Was France more guilty than other nations? I do not think so. France, in May and June 1940, was invaded and defeated while England and America remained free, because England was protected by the Channel and America by the ocean. But the lack of preparation was the same in the three great democracies. France, as so often in history, had played the part of an advance guard of civilization. She had suffered more than her partners. It seemed to me that she deserved, in her distress, pity, sympathy and help.

I must confess that I was amazed and pained when, last July, meeting my American friends, I discovered that some of them treated unfortunate France not as a victim but as a wicked and

guilty nation. Men and women whose kindness and goodwill I had often admired told me, with unexpected harshness, that they refused to have anything more to do with French relief or charities. And when I asked them to explain their decision, I heard the most fantastic stories. Of the military and industrial causes of the disaster, they said, and apparently knew, nothing. That France, in one year, had built less planes than Germany in one month, and that on June 25, 1940 there was no organized army left, were facts which they ignored. In the fatal shortage of anti-tank and anti-aircraft guns, they were not interested.

They expatiated on the richness and length of French meals, on the cars of wealthy fugitives blocking the roads of Touraine, and on the laxity and red tape prevalent in the official French world. They forgot that the great majority of Frenchmen lead frugal and decent lives, that if ever New York were invaded cars would be numerous enough on the roads of New Jersey, and that minor scandals, if they precipitate major disasters, never account for them. But why should such well-informed people, their minds stuffed with "inside dope," have taken the trouble to inquire into the effects of industrial unpreparedness? They had accepted the simple legend of a strong army "sold down the river" by a few traitors and, in perfect good faith, they believed that legend to be the true story.

Did one object that the soldiers who had insisted on the necessity of an armistice were the defender of Verdun and the chief of staff of Foch? Then one was looked upon with suspicion and hostility, though what one said was nothing but a statement of undisputable facts. During three or four terrible months, every fault of France was stressed and blamed, while the courageous stands she took more than once were passed over in silence. Every new suffering added to her burden was deemed a just punishment. It was one of those storms of public opinion which, from time to time, sweep a country. There was not much to be done, except to

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Marshal Pétain is personal symbol of France to millions of Frenchmen who may disagree over policies but respect the old soldier. Here he inspects a school in presence of local officials.



The marshal receives a flower from a villager of Aubert on one of his tours. It is to Pétain's personal regime, not just to any French Government, that the French armed forces are loyal.

"MORE PEP!" THE CALL OF A NATION TEA PEPS YOU UP





WHAT! A Double Feature in a Department Store!

1st Woman: What's this *Double Feature* doing in a department store window? . . . That's movie language!

2nd Woman: Not when it means Lady Pepperell sheets — Percale and Service-Weight in a January White Sale! . . . Then it is every woman's language!

1st Woman: (getting it) O-o-oh! Isn't that clever! *Double Feature* means *two* famous Lady Pepperell sheets at White Sale savings up to 20%.

2nd Woman: It's more than clever — it's colossal! Come on in — here's where we stock up with some swell values . . .

1st Woman: On such marvelous sheets! Even at the regular price Lady Pepperell Service-Weights are a grand buy for hard year-in year-out wear. They are woven with extra threads to every inch, and their tapering-tape selvage gives greater strength, and . . .

2nd Woman: . . . and for silky-soft percales at an incredibly low price, it's Lady Pepperell, too. Haven't you heard about those wash and wear tests in one of America's most famous hospitals? Lady Pepperell Percales were *proved* superior in wearing qualities! And now *both* sheets are on sale at really bargain prices! Come on in! Here is a *Double Feature* we're not going to miss!



Pepperell Manufacturing Company, 160 State Street, Boston, Mass.



Lady Pepperell Service-Weight Sheets. Fine muslin, woven from top-quality cotton. Tell-mark tab makes it easy to pick the right size while sheets are on the linen closet shelf. Tapering-tape selvage gives extra strength. 144 threads to the square inch.



Lady Pepperell Percale Sheets. Silky-soft and finely woven. Low in cost for percale quality. Light in weight — easier to handle, cuts laundry bills at pound rates. Tapering-tape selvage. Tell-mark tab. Woven with 184 threads to the square inch.



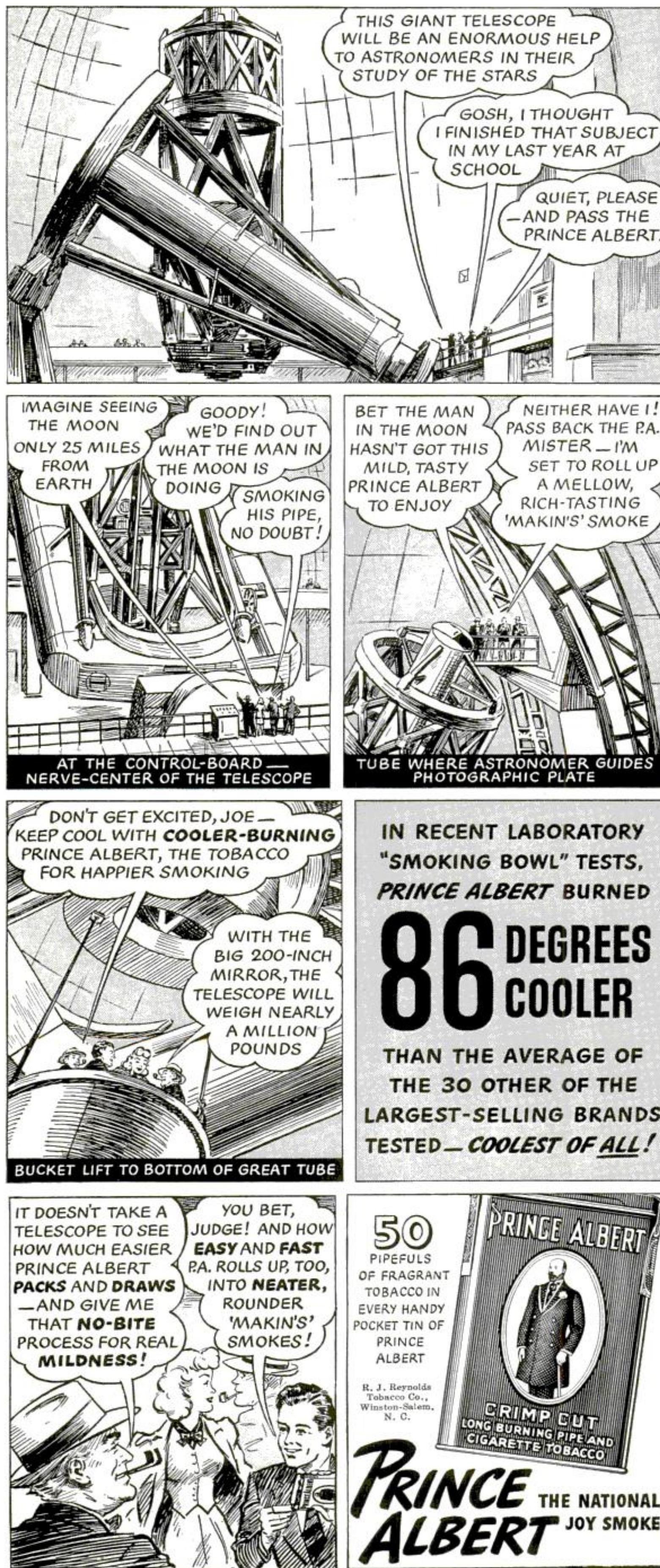
Pepperell Blankets are great values, too. All-wool, part-wool, cotton, or the new blend of rayon, cotton and wool. . . . Blanket prices range from \$2.95 to \$10.95. **Lady Pepperell Towels** — Tests have proved these soft, fleecy towels far more absorbent than ordinary towels. Choice of six lovely colors. 39c and 49c. Wash cloths to match.

Pepperell — SHEETS, BLANKETS AND TOWELS

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World's Largest Telescope

MOUNT PALOMAR, CALIFORNIA



THE CASE FOR FRANCE (continued)

refugees, moving south, were hampering the movements of the French armies. All communications between staffs and units had been disrupted. The government was no longer in touch with its army commanders. General Georges reported: "All organized resistance is at an end . . ." Moreover, in Southern France, there were no lines of defense, no reserves of ammunition and matériel. A dangerous shortage of food threatened both soldiers and refugees. Recently there was published in this country the diary of a British staff officer, Major Gribble. By June 10 he realized that the end had arrived and that it would be wise to evacuate all British troops.

"All right," says the severe judge of France, "I admit that you could not go on fighting on your own territory, but why not go to North Africa, as Reynaud had originally planned, and there wage an imperial war? . . . It would have shown more resolution; and present events suggest that such a course might have been very successful. For if Italy, faced with the British Army alone, is already crumbling, what would be her situation if France were simultaneously attacking the other front in Libya?"

It is always easy to be wise after the event. As a matter of fact, Reynaud himself, in June 1940, was none too enthusiastic about the North African scheme. He wavered for several days and gave in without a real fight. It was not a Frenchman, but a British eyewitness and a great journalist, P. J. Philip, who wrote in the *New York Times*: "Those who saw the streaming crowds of refugees and soldiers pour south, along the road to Bordeaux and beyond, inclined to believe that the Reynaud-Churchill scheme for continuing the war from outside French territory was not realizable. The collapse had been too complete."

Objections to the scheme were strong and numerous. First of all, if the government left without guidance a country where 10,000,000 refugees were on the roads and without food, it meant terrible sufferings for the French people—a consideration which, after all, for French statesmen, had a legitimate importance.

Secondly, it would have been impossible to embark large bodies of troops in the southern harbors, because the German motorized columns would have got there before our disorganized divisions.

Thirdly, it meant that the Germans would occupy the whole of France, including those very Mediterranean bases, Toulon and Marseilles, which France is now so urgently requested by America not to give up. The situation cannot be compared to that of Poland and Belgium. They had no North African empire threatening the frontier of Libya and therefore no bargaining power to avoid total occupation.

And even if one supposes for a moment that part of the French metropolitan army could have been transported to Algeria, it must not be forgotten that there are no factories in North Africa. Who would have provided a large number of men with clothing, and shoes, and ammunition, and transports, and gasoline? Great Britain? But we know she had just enough supplies and transport for her own armies. America? But America, at that time, offered no help and her ships were not allowed to enter the war zones. Moreover the military situation in June was very different from what it is now. The Italians had not then undertaken their disastrous Greek expedition; the British were not ready for an offensive in Egypt. And after all, what has been lost since the armistice? The Germans and Italians are not in possession of North Africa. France has there a strong army under the efficient and respected command of General Weygand. The last word has not been said and the French bases, to this day, remain untouched.

And the Fleet? Could it not and should it not have been sent to British ports? This is a question which cannot be answered equitably with the data we possess today. What exactly had been promised by Reynaud to Churchill? What were the orders given to the French Fleet by Admiral Darlan at the time of the armistice? Were the ships not told to remain in free harbors, far from the zone of occupation, and to scuttle themselves if there was any move on the part of Germans and Italians to seize them? As I am not in possession of the facts and am reduced to conjectures, I refrain from judging.

Is France completely subservient?

Third grievance: "What good does it do France to keep her own government if that government is entirely subservient to the conqueror?" Here again do you, by any chance, know exactly what is going on in France and have you any idea which, among the measures taken by the French Government, were forced upon it, and which it took of its own accord? I humbly confess that I am quite unable to answer such questions. If I attempt to take stock, impartially, of the work done, this is about what I find:

According to Americans and Frenchmen recently arrived from Europe, the French Government has made a good job of a) the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 68



In a world of strife, there's peace in beer

In these bewildering times, where can a man turn to replenish the wells of his courage... to repair the walls of his faith?

• • •

You... and all men... need each day your hour of peace! A quiet hour, at evening, when you can shed the mantle of your worries and don the slippers of content. An old friend, music, a faithful dog... these belong to your hour of peace. So, too, does a glass of mellow beer or ale.

From time forgotten, beer has been man's beverage of moderation... a wholesome kindly drink that can bring refreshment

to tired bodies, weary minds. Born of nature's bounty, beer and ale can do so much to make life sweeter, saner.

We who are privileged to transform the golden grain and fragrant hops into the beer your taste enjoys are jealous of its good name. We pledge ourselves to fight ceaselessly against every improper use of beer, whenever and wherever it appears.*

Won't you help us keep this great American beverage fit for the American way of life?

* For instance, the Brewing Industry has put into operation a self-regulation program to improve beer and ale retailing. Now at work in 14 states and being extended.

It is described in a booklet, sent free on request to United Brewers Industrial Foundation, Dept. A1, 21 East 40th St., New York, N.Y.



WHAT EVERY
MOTHER KNOWS
ABOUT WORMS!



I don't try to fool myself — every litter's going to get worms sooner or later. And it's no joke — they carry off too many pups! Of course, I'm wormed with Sergeant's SURE-SHOT CAPSULES before the pups arrive. Then we worm the pups at six weeks with PUPPY CAPSULES — and keep on watching them for new signs.



That's the system the Master learned from the Sergeant's DOG BOOK. Says he wouldn't have a dog if he couldn't have a DOG BOOK too. Get your free copy at a drug or pet store (they have SURE-SHOT and PUPPY CAPSULES too) — or use this coupon.

Sergeant's

DOG MEDICINES



FREE Polk Miller Products Corp.
Dept. 52-A, Richmond, Va.

Please send a free Sergeant's DOG BOOK to:

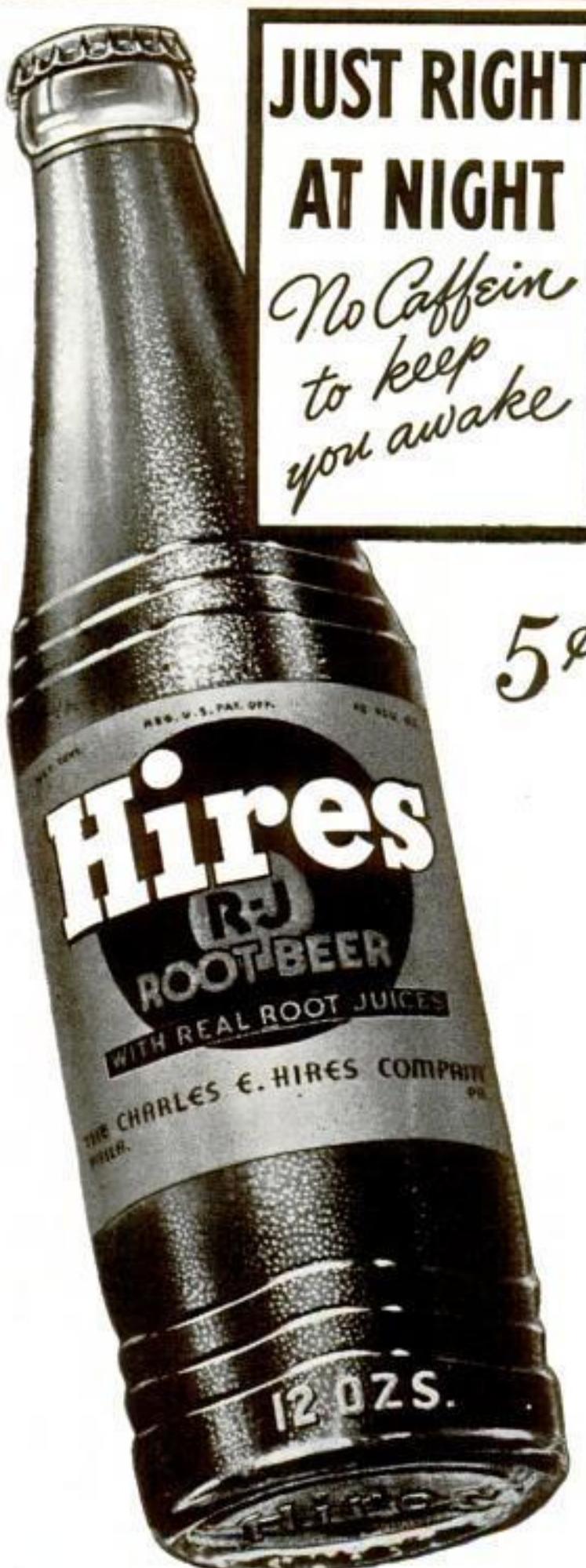
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

JUST RIGHT
AT NIGHT
*No Caffein
to keep
you awake*

5¢



THE CASE FOR FRANCE (continued)

demobilization of the armies; b) the repatriation of the refugees; and c) the distribution of food. Three million soldiers roamed about the roads and villages. Ten million refugees clamored for food—and Southern France is far from being a food-producing country. It is a fact that soldiers were demobilized and refugees sent home with surprising speed and order. It is also a fact that French police retained their authority and French justice remained effective, which certainly alleviated the hardships of occupation.

On the other hand Marshal Pétain, in order to obtain such alleviations, had to negotiate with the conqueror and to make painful concessions, some of which were certainly just as repugnant to him as they are to us. But what could he do when the country, as he himself said, had "a rope round the neck?" Refuse and resign? Nothing would have been easier, but who would have borne the consequences? Not the benevolent foreign adviser who sat in a comfortable office far from the starving crowds, not the Marshal himself, but the mass of the French people. They know he did his best, against terrible odds, to help them and to protect them. The workmen of Lyon, the merchants of Toulouse, the sailors of Toulon all give him the same affectionate welcome, and his nationwide popularity is a fact to be reckoned with.

Nor should it be forgotten that the French Government, to this day, has been extremely firm in all negotiations involving use of the French Fleet against Great Britain. Time after time the press and the radio, in this country, have predicted that French warships and French bases would be placed at the disposal of Germany in exchange for concessions about food or prisoners. The predictions have never come true. And it seems to me that such an attitude, constantly maintained under the most severe strain of misery and hardship, deserved perhaps more recognition, on the part of England and America, than it has received.

France still has the stuff of greatness

France, even defeated and despoiled, is bound to play a great part in the reconstruction of Europe. What such a part will be no one knows. But the past can help us to foretell the future. For 2,000 years France has been one of the leading nations in Europe, in all fields of action, art and thought. There is no reason to believe that she lost her great virtues because her politicians did not build in time 10,000 planes and 6,000 tanks.

France remains a nation of soldiers. The tradition of Valmy and Austerlitz, of Verdun and the Marne, was not suddenly forgotten by millions of brave men because they were defeated by a better prepared enemy. France still has a Fleet and that Fleet, during the ten months of the war, proved worthy of its past victories. France has a large colonial empire, bound together



Laval, the slick trader, is no longer one of the men of Vichy. Majority of Frenchmen distrusted him and were glad to see him leave the Pétain government.



Flandin, new foreign minister, is likewise too pro-German for most Frenchmen but has no such power as Laval had and does not menace the Pétain regime.

er not only by armed strength but by a real loyalty and by a long record of humane rule. France has, in every country and especially in the U. S., devoted friends who will do their best to keep up and restore her prestige. Indeed she still has such trumps in her hand that it might one day be most valuable for any nation, or group of nations, to have France at its side.

Some will say: "But France is now in conflict with England and we are on the side of Britain. . . ." As far as I know, France never wanted and does not want today to be in conflict with England. Americans arriving from France tell me that most Frenchmen realize that a British victory would mean the complete liberation of France. There has been, in France, deep resentment against certain actions of the British Government, just as there was, in England, resentment against certain clauses of the armistice, but there is also, in all classes of the French population, deep admiration for British tenacity.

The other day a British plane came over Paris and, in letters of white smoke, wrote in the sky the word: *Courage*. In the streets men and women looked up and, as the light clouds of hope slowly dissolved into blue air, an American observer could see tears in all French eyes. The true relationship of France and England is much better expressed by such a symbol than by long and violent speeches. The wisest of Frenchmen think that grave errors were made on both sides, that we hardly know the facts and that bickering about them is useless.

The part of America, now so closely bound to Britain, and traditionally friendly to France, should be to clear past misunderstandings and to give the French, in their great distress, the certitude that their oldest friends remain faithful. I am glad to see that there is now a strong tendency to exchange the harsh attitude of a few months ago, which was unkind and sterile, for one of watchful comprehension.

This week the Government of the U. S. is sending its ambassador to France again. It is a wise move because it puts an end to France's regrettable isolation. Nothing could be more dangerous for America than to abandon a traditional ally, in such times, to hostile influences. The French Government will feel much stronger to negotiate when it has, on world affairs, the benefit of friendly advice. An old soldier like Marshal Pétain and an old sailor like Admiral Leahy, because they have the same conception of honor, will agree on essential points. The concern of America over the French African bases will be relieved by the presence on the spot of an expert observer. All of which is to the good. Of course France today is not a free nation. Of course she will have, perhaps for a long time, to follow a middle course between what she would like to do and what she feels compelled to do. But this course might easily be deflected, in the wrong or the right direction, by miseries America can relieve and by hopes America can foster.



Weygand, Commander in Chief of the Army, controls the French forces in Africa. His support enormously strengthens Vichy in its relations with Germany.



Darlan, Admiral of the Fleet, is at Vichy but controls the French ships scattered in Mediterranean and African ports. This fleet is another source of Vichy strength.



The man who always makes them think of Jim...

On the first of every month, there's something very precious in the mailman's bag when he stops at the little white Wilson house on Maple Street...

It doesn't look much different from other letters—just a plain brown business envelope—but it brings security and comfort to Jim Wilson's widow and his daughter.



And it brings back memories, too...memories of a thoughtful, loving father who gave up small luxuries for himself so that the wife

and little child he loved would always have the priceless gift of independence.



It was ten years ago that Jim Wilson sat down with his Prudential agent and planned the protection that now means so much to his widow and daughter.

Jim wasn't making a great deal of money. But he found—just as so many others have—that it costs surprisingly little to give your family the safety and security of Prudential life insurance protection.

DO YOU KNOW THIS ABOUT LIFE INSURANCE?

Q: How will The Prudential pay my beneficiary?

A: Under your Prudential Ordinary policy, you may select any one of the following ways, or leave the choice to your beneficiary.

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Cash payment in one lump sum.

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A monthly income of a definite amount continuing for life.

*

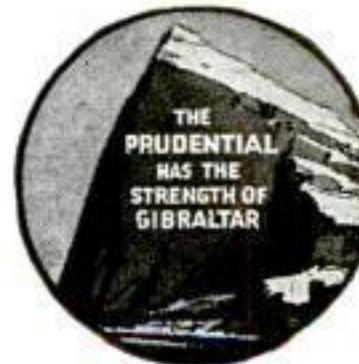
Installment payments of a definite amount for a limited number of years.

*

Or the insurance money can be left with the company and the interest paid to the beneficiary. Withdrawal of all or part of the principal may be arranged for as desired.

The Prudential

HOME OFFICE: NEWARK, N. J.



INSURANCE COMPANY
OF AMERICA

GOVERNMENT JUNK

U. S. salvages \$20,000,000 of it a year

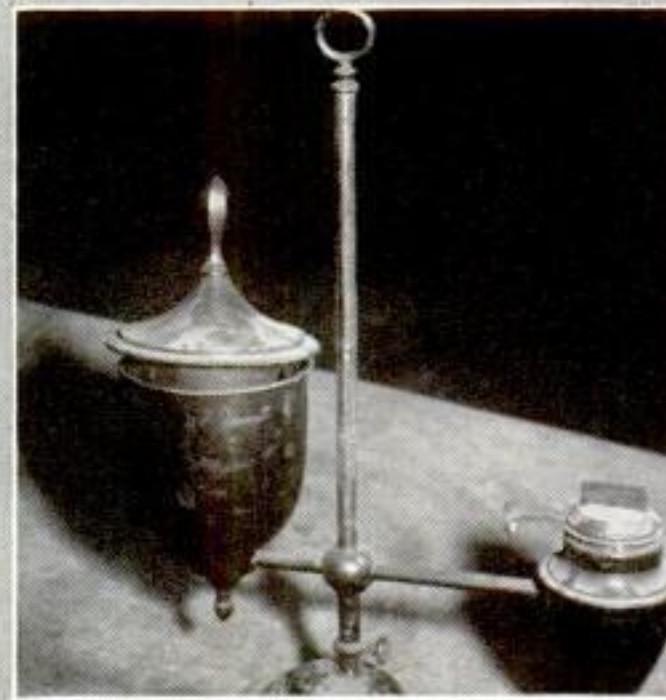
Within the next few days President Roosevelt will send to Congress his annual budget message, detailing the ways in which the U. S. Government will spend another umpteen billion dollars in fiscal 1942. To get a quick idea of what its astronomical figures are all about, and learn how vast and various their Government has become, citizens could do no better than to go, as LIFE did last week, to the Government junkyard in Washington.

Officially it is the Surplus Property Section of the Treasury Department's Procurement Division, which does nearly all non-military Federal buying. Hither, to lie in a huge warehouse or in open yards within sight of the Capitol dome (*right*), come the million & one objects which Government departments and institutions no longer want, or have bought too much of, or have confiscated for non-payment of customs or illegal use (guns, blackjacks, dope, etc.). Shown on these pages are a few of the things which compose what is probably the world's greatest collection of junk.

But this is no graveyard of the taxpayers' billions. Created to dispose of some \$350,000,000 worth of material remaining from the buying spree of the last war, the Surplus Property Section annually salvages approximately \$20,000,000 worth of stuff from Government leftovers, hand-me-downs and prizes. Most of it is returned to some kind of Federal use, the rest sold at public auction.



CAGES FOR EXPERIMENTAL RATS



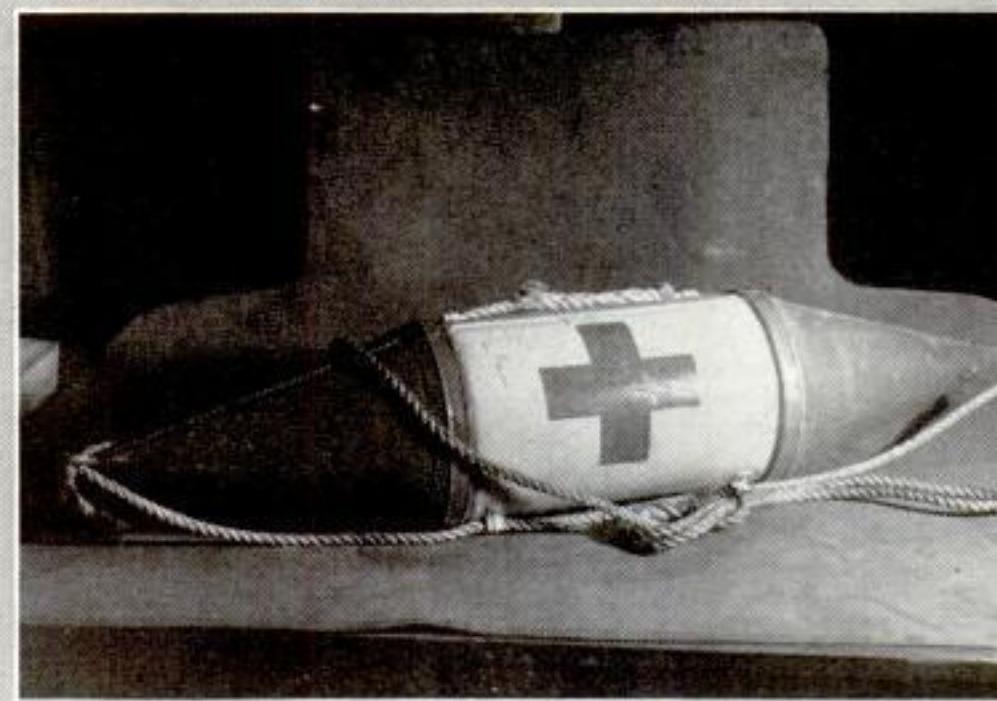
MIDNIGHT OIL BURNED IN THIS



FILING CASES, CHAIRS, TRUCKS AND OTHER GOVERNMENT GEAR LIE IN FEDERAL SURPLUS



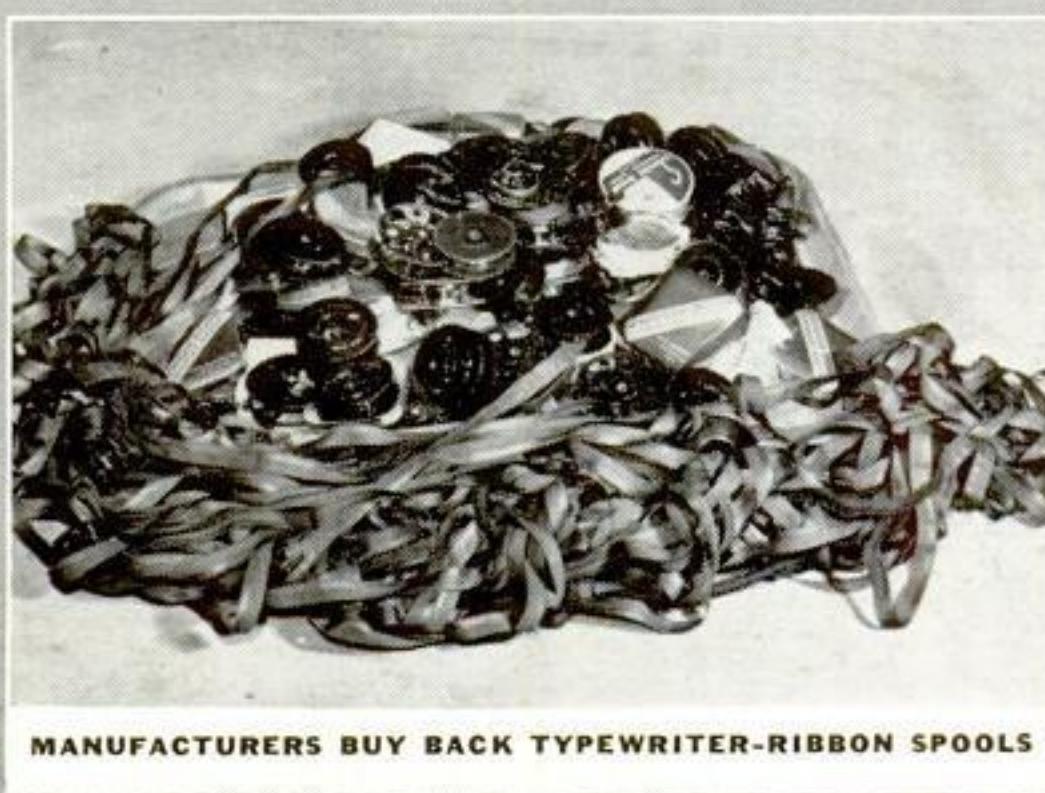
THESE GUNS WERE ONCE IN OUTLAWS' ARSENALS



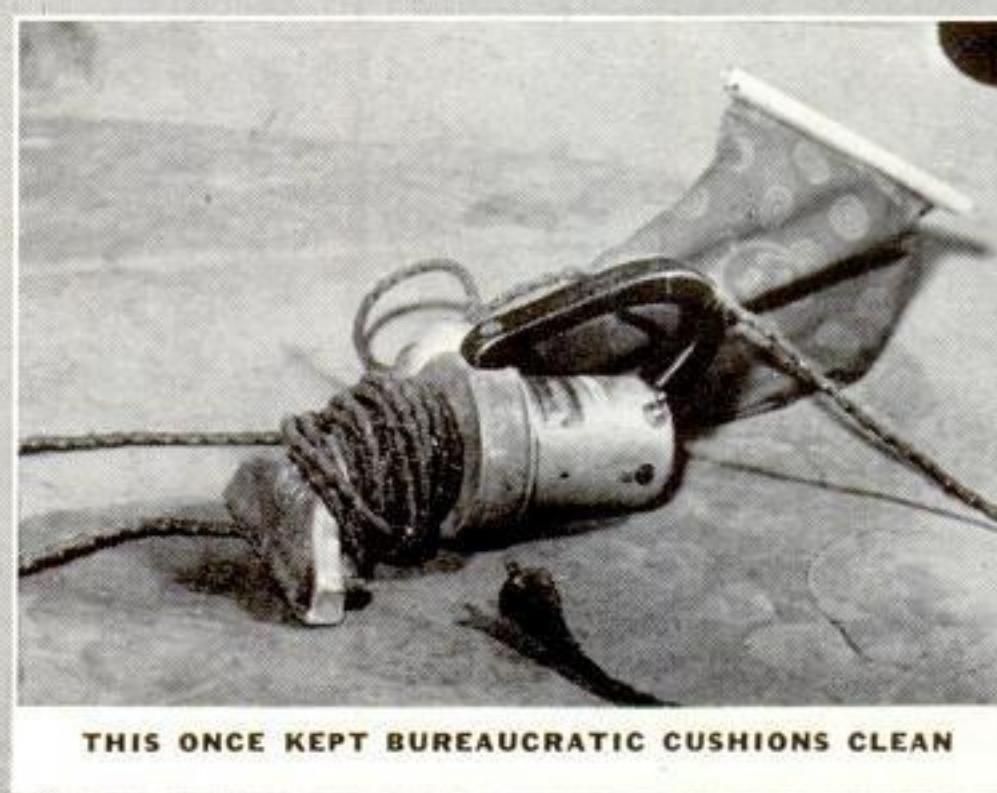
THIS BUOY ONCE MARKED CHANNEL IN A HARBOR



SYMBOLS OF BUREAUCRACY ARE OLD RUBBER STAMPS



MANUFACTURERS BUY BACK TYPEWRITER-RIBBON SPOOLS



THIS ONCE KEPT BUREAUCRATIC CUSHIONS CLEAN



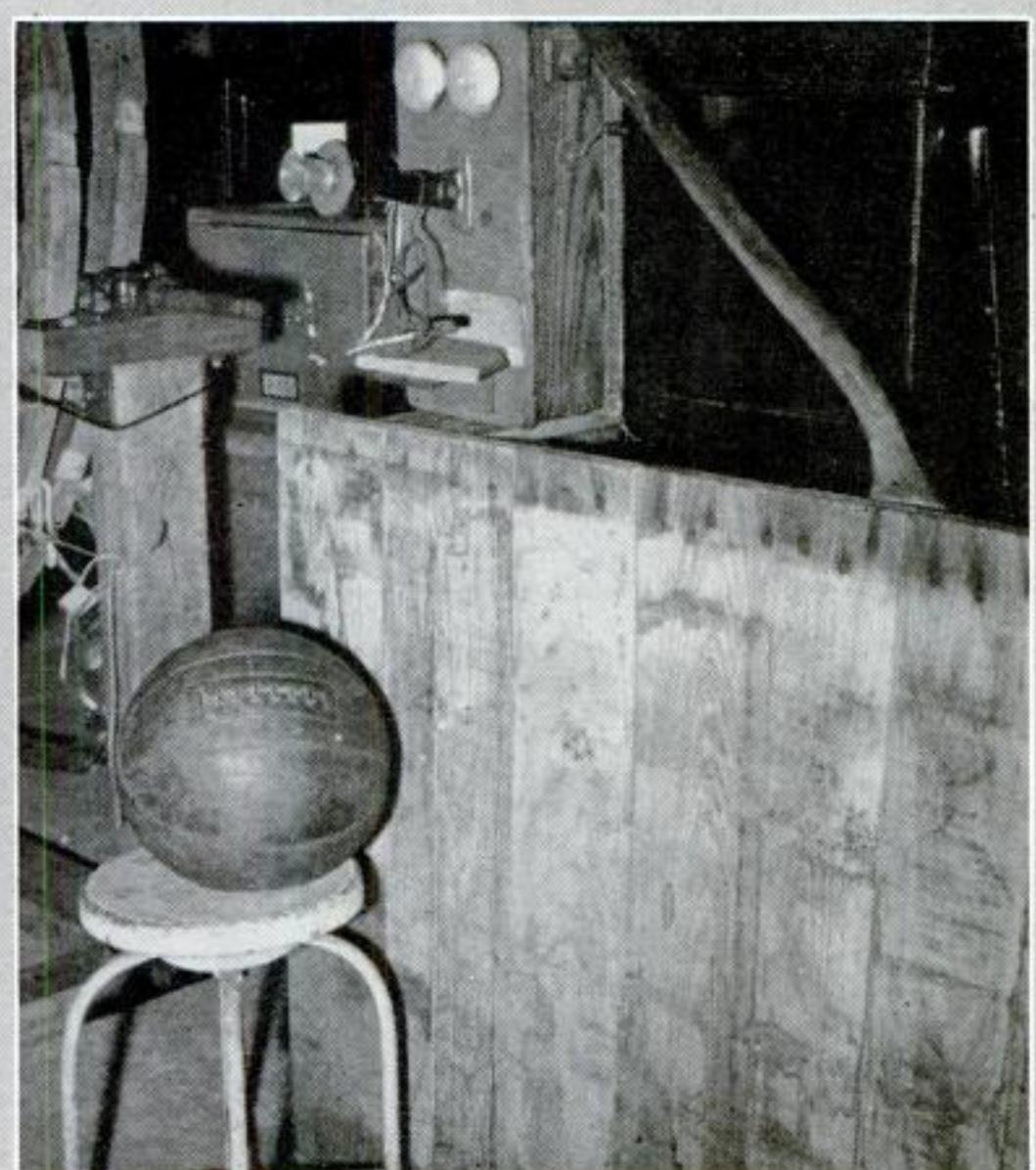
THIS ARMORED CAR GOT TOO SLOW FOR G-MAN HOOVER



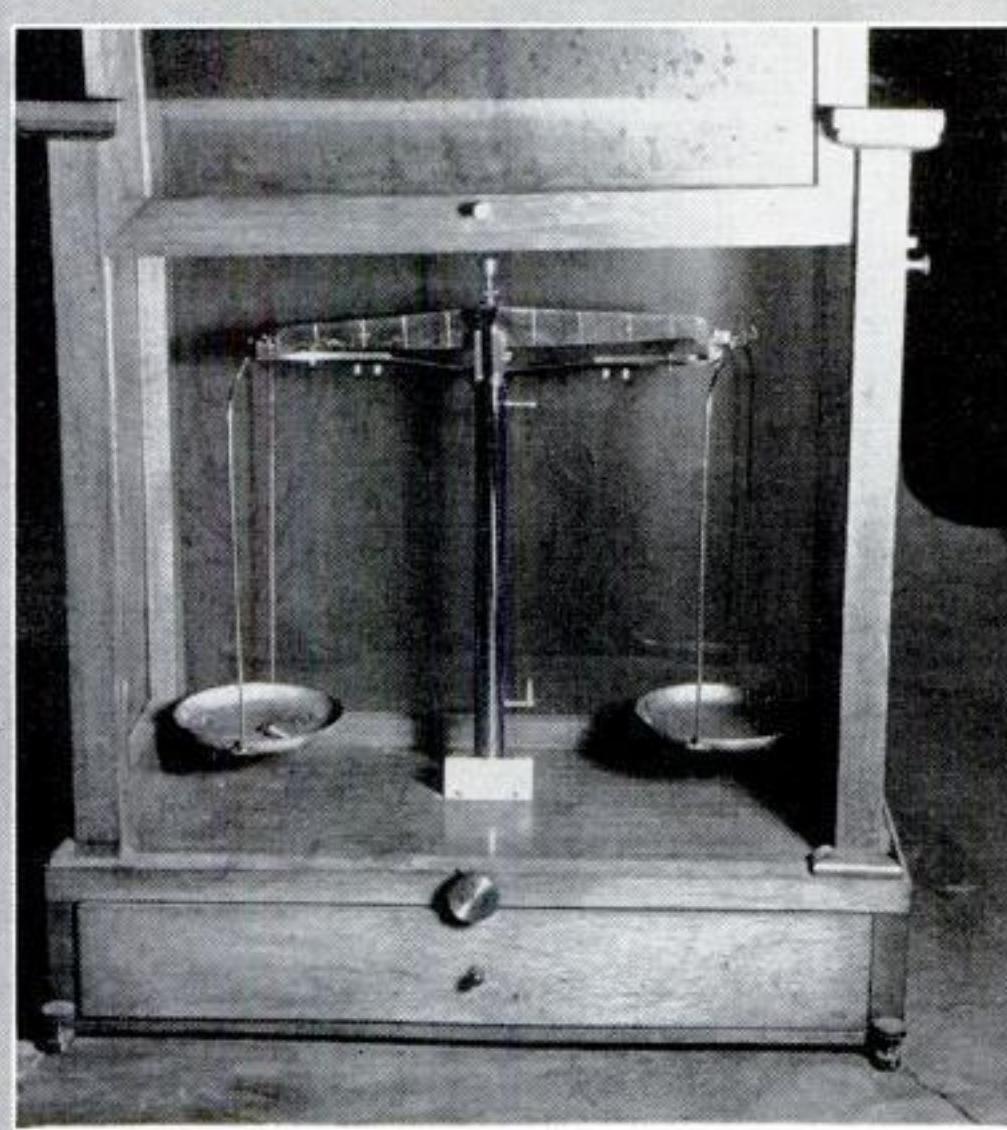
PROPERTY JUNKYARD AT 2ND ST. & VIRGINIA AVE.



GOVERNMENT CLERKS WATCHED THIS ONE LONG AGO



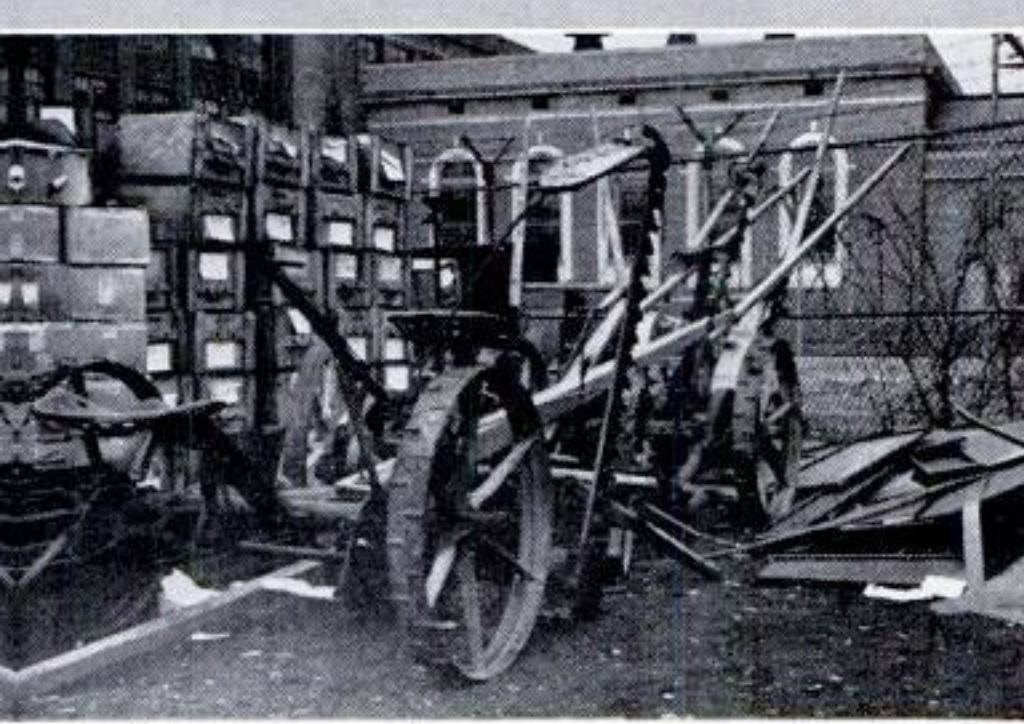
OLD TELEPHONE, MEDICINE BALL FROM SENATE GYM



OFFICIAL TESTS WERE MADE ON THESE FINE SCALES



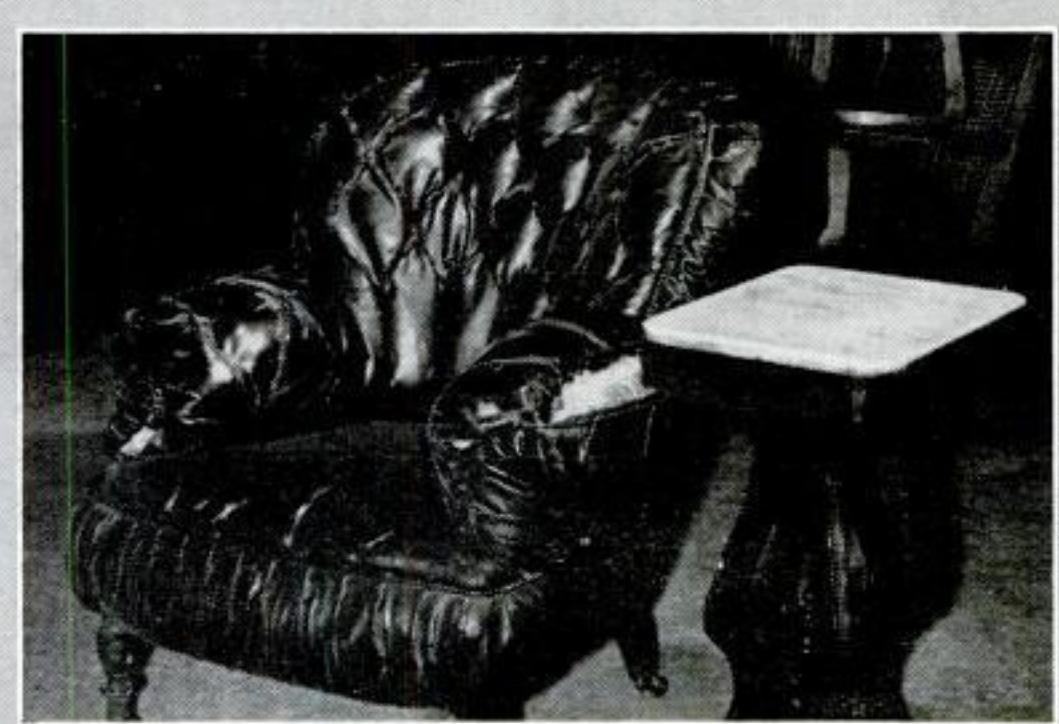
GAS MASKS ON CHAMBER SET MAKE A DREAM BY DALI



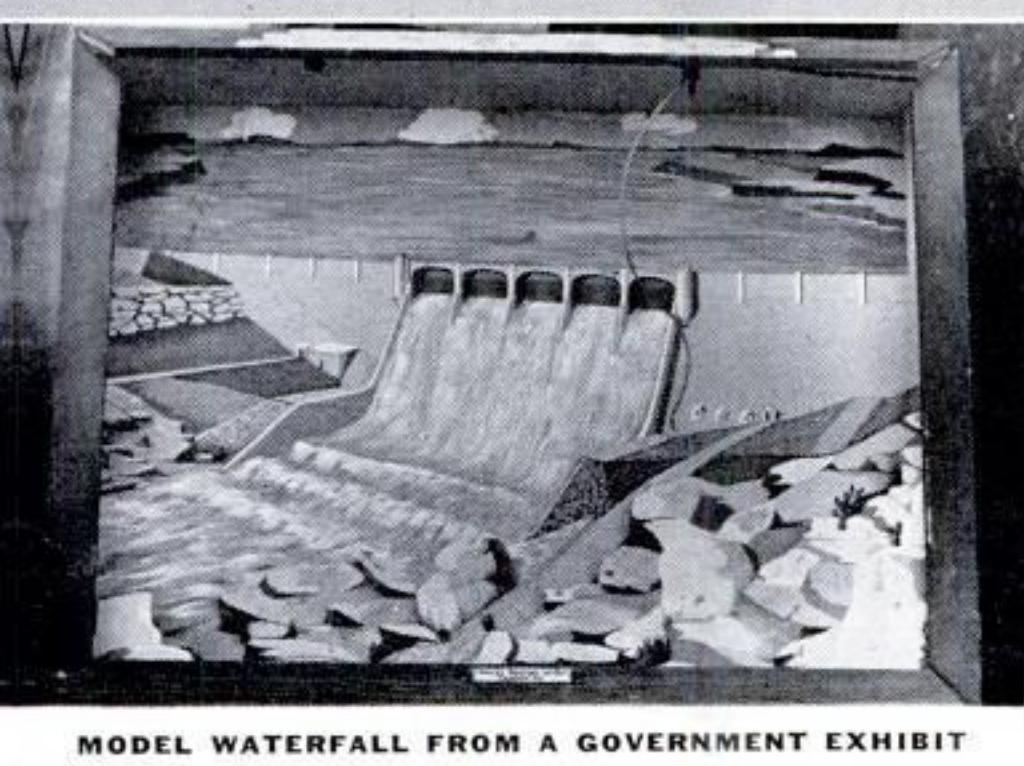
REAPERS FROM AGRICULTURE DEPARTMENT FARM



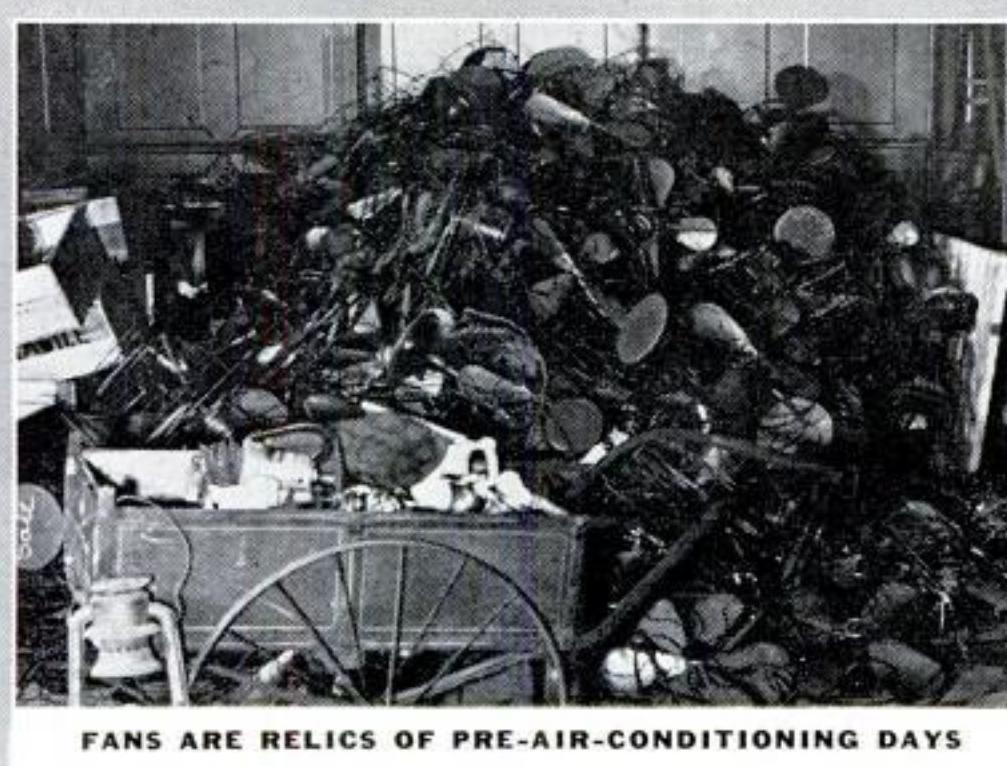
TWO OBSOLETE WEBSTERS AND A 1919 WORLD ATLAS



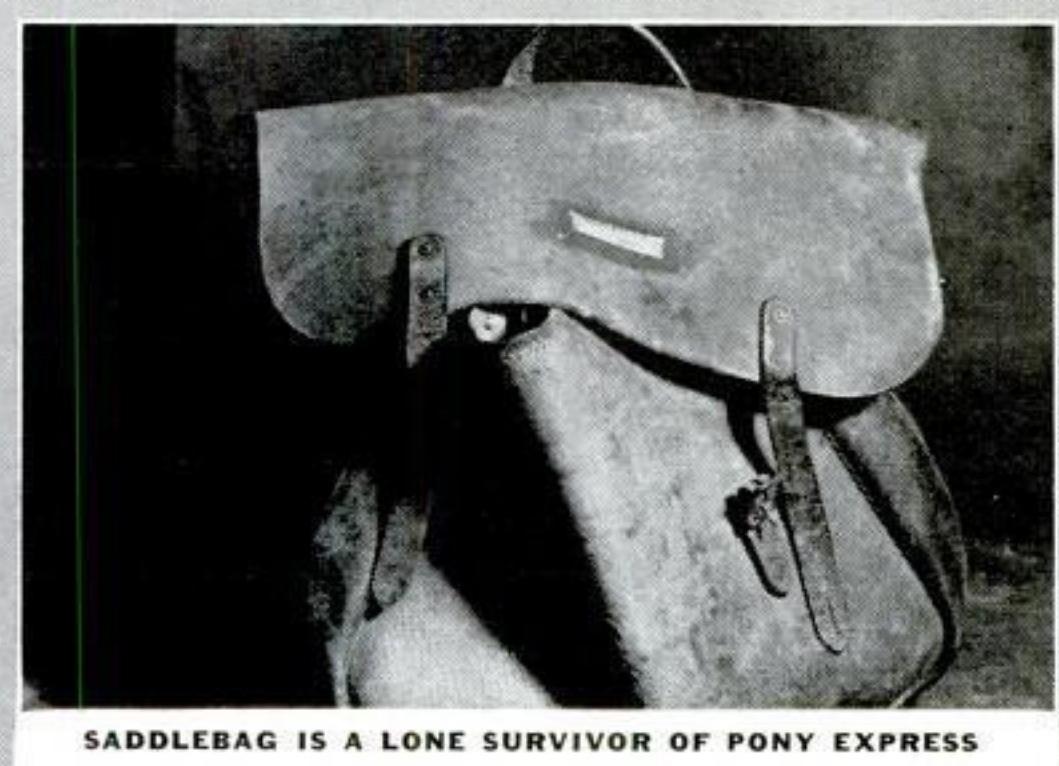
MANY A SENATOR TOOK HIS EASE IN THIS OLD CHAIR



MODEL WATERFALL FROM A GOVERNMENT EXHIBIT



FANS ARE RELICS OF PRE-AIR-CONDITIONING DAYS



SADDLEBAG IS A LONE SURVIVOR OF PONY EXPRESS

1940

DECEMBER 13 FRIDAY

FRIDAY THE 13TH COMES ONCE OR TWICE A YEAR

Crossing cutlery presages bloodshed, according to old superstition. Unafraid are: Champ Carey, vice president of

Life Goes to a Friday-the-13th Party

Chicago Anti-Superstition Society explores and explodes old bogies

At 6:13 p.m. on Friday, the 13th of December, 169 audacious and irreverent gentlemen sat down to dine at 13 tables in Room 13 of the Merchants & Manufacturers Club of Chicago. Each table seated 13. Upon each rested an open umbrella, a bottle of bourbon and 13 copies of a poem called *The Harlot*. The speakers' table was strewn with horseshoes, old keys, old shoes, mirrors and cardboard black cats. Before it reposed an open coffin studded with 13 candles. Overhead hung a Christmas wreath framing the number 13. The occasion was the 13th Anniversary Jinx-Jabbing Jamboree and Dinner of the Anti-Superstition Society of Chicago.

Founded in unlucky 1932 by Charles Corey, a Chicago advertising man, and Nathaniel Leverone, president of the Automatic Canteen Co. and secretary of the Chicago Crime Commission, the Anti-Superstition Society meets regularly Friday the 13th. (There have been 13 Friday the 13th's in the last eight years.) Behind the ribaldry of its recurrent dinners lies the very sound thesis that superstition annually costs this country an inexcusable sum of time and money. People postpone trips because of mirrors and cats. Businessmen defer decisions because of calendrical coincidences.

In its aim to explore and explode paralyzing super-

Pullman Co.; Paddy Driscoll, ex-coach of Marquette football team; Fred Gillies, superintendent of Inland Steel Co.

Shaking hands across the table is not only bad luck, it's unsanitary. Custom of shaking right hands, now simple etiquette, was per-

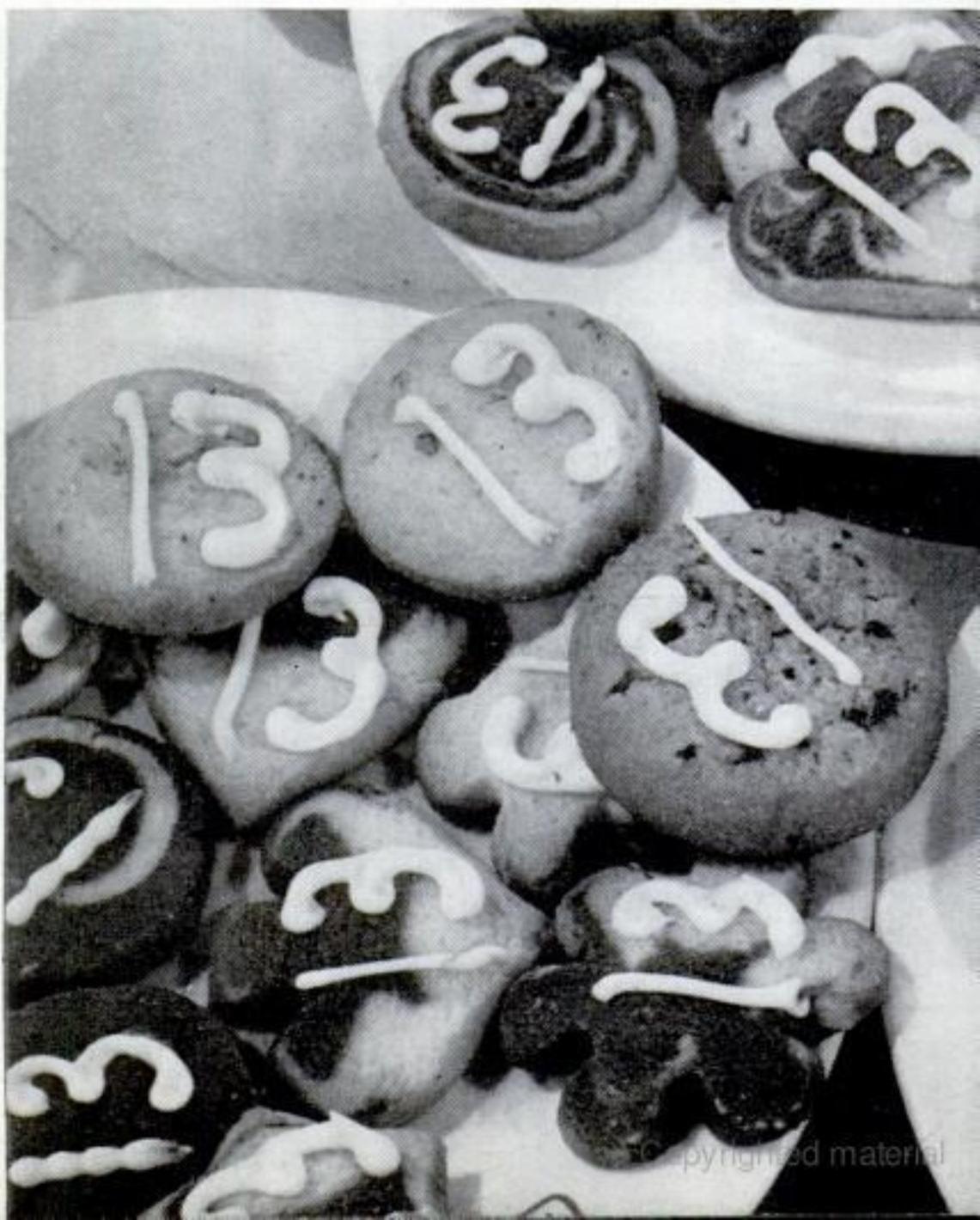


Spilling salt supposedly foreshadows a fight. Here Hugh W. Cross, lieutenant-governor-elect of Illinois, spills salt (on

his shrimps) to the great amusement of Chester R. Davis and Park Livingston, trustees of the University of Illinois.



"**Petits Treizes**" top off a menu that included Black Cat cocktails, Canapé aux Nertz, Consommé de la Evil, Entrees Friday, Sinister



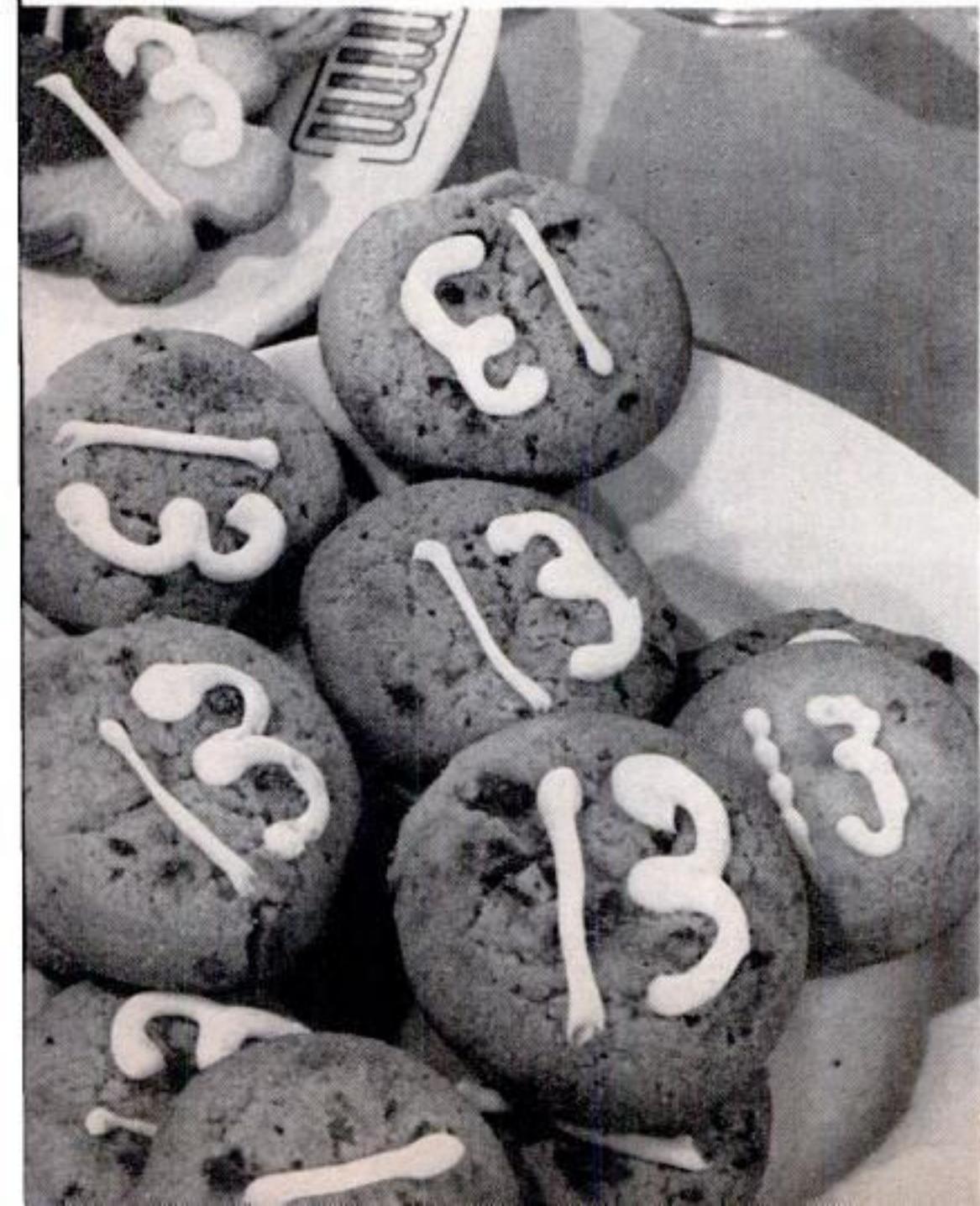
stitions, the Society has managed to uncover some recondite anthropological data. The unpopularity of Friday, for instance, is analogous to the primitive conviction that certain days are taboo (spoiled by bad magical conditions). Christians dislike Fridays largely because Jesus was crucified on a Friday. The number 13 was blackballed by the ancient Babylonians for reasons of their own, but in the Christian era it has been associated with the 13 who partook of the tragic Last Supper. And from Da Vinci's representation of the Last Supper, in which Judas is shown upsetting the salt, probably arose the modern apprehension that spilt salt foreshadows dire events.

To combat these persistent bogies, the Anti-Superstition Society has assembled much counter-evidence. According to mathematical laws of probability, one of 13 guests of different ages at any dinner party may very well die within a year. But the ratio of probability will soar even higher if 14 guests attend. One corpse out of 18 is a 50-to-50 bet.

formed in ancient times as a bit of magical hocus-pocus. Bankers and Brokers here express their scorn of magic and microbes.



Omen Salad and Café Diable. Thirteen bottles of whisky started the after-dinner drinking, but soon proved an inelegant insufficiency.



PRIVATE DINING ROOM OF MERCHANTS AND MANUFACTURERS CLUB WAS SPECIALLY NUMBERED FOR THE OCCASION

Three on a match are James O'Keefe, Chicago City Sealer; Nathaniel Leverone; General A. F. Lorenzen, U. S. A., re-

tired. Match superstition started during Boer War when night snipers picked off British soldiers as they lighted up.



Panther, a three-year-old black cat, is delivered to General Lorenzen, Keeper of Black Cats, by its mistress, Mrs. Olive

Morrison. The Society advertised in the paper for a "large, docile black cat" to preside at meeting, got 159 offers.

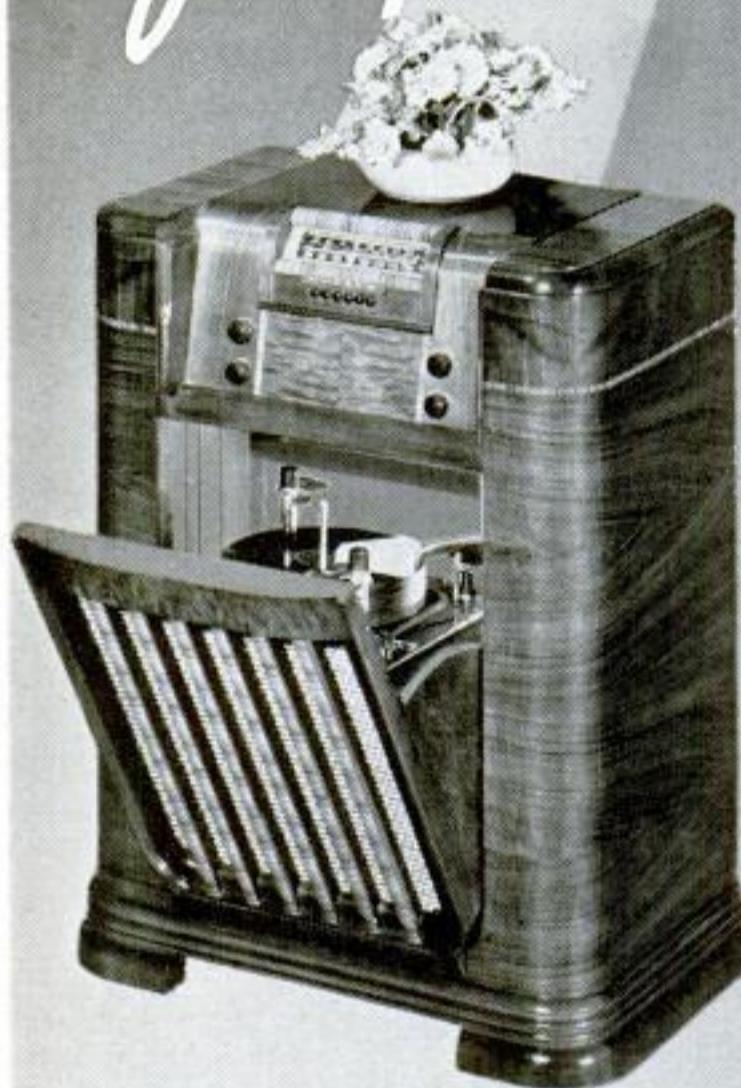


Friday-the-13th Party (continued)

PHILCO
PHOTO-ELECTRIC
RADIO-PHONOGRAPH

plays any record on a

*Beam
of Light!*



**No Needles to change!
Records last
10 times longer!
New Purity of Tone!**

Philco invention has brought new delights to the enjoyment of recorded music with this *new kind* of radio-phonograph! Think of it, you never have to change needles . . . your precious records last 10 times longer . . . you hear hidden overtones of beauty in your records that are revealed for the first time! All this because of a brand-new principle that reflects the music on a beam of light from a tiny mirror to a photo-electric cell.

NEW TILT-FRONT CABINET. No lid to lift, no need to remove decorations, no dark, hard-to-get-at compartments. As you tilt forward the grille, the record turntable comes with it, easy to see and use! In addition, startling improvements in radio reception!

Make Your Own Records at Home. Philco Home Recording Unit is *optional* equipment at moderate extra cost.

Philco 608P, illustrated, only \$12.95 down

**SEE AND HEAR IT AT YOUR
NEAREST PHILCO DEALER**



Busting a mirror, Club President Nathaniel Leverone calls meeting to order. Guests all stood, grabbed horseshoes, gave a concerted razzberry to "Old Man Superstition."



Occupational groups sat at 13 different tables, marked by these cards. Aviation men were camera shy because of Chicago airplane crash which occurred week before party.



Here is an easy, pleasant and dignified way to make money. You can earn up to \$23 weekly, full or part time, and in addition get your own dresses free of any cost. No regular canvassing is necessary and you don't have to invest a penny.

DEMONSTRATE LOVELY FROCKS

Just show to friends, neighbors—all women—the new, advanced Fashion Frocks for Spring and Summer, 1941. These are the smartest and most beautiful dresses in our history. Last-minute style releases from famed fashion designers and worn in Hollywood by prominent movie stars. In addition to earning this nice income you can get your own dresses free to wear and show. You are also furnished, without any cost, the gorgeous style portfolio of the complete line, with dresses as low as \$3.98. Fashion Frocks are never sold in stores—but by direct factory representatives only.

SEND FOR FREE OFFER

Rush your name and address for this amazing free opportunity. Get the elaborate Portfolio of up-to-the-minute smart advanced Spring and Summer dresses. Send no money—but write fully, giving age and dress size.

FASHION FROCKS, INC.
Dept. AA-45 Cincinnati, Ohio

IF YOUR SKIN ITCHES, BURNS AND SMARTS

due to eczema or local irritation, turn to soothing, efficient Resinol for fast relief. Being oily, its active medication is held in contact with the affected parts, working full time on your skin, checking irritation and so aiding healing. Get a jar today.

For sample write, RESINOL, L-4 Baltimore, Maryland

RESINOL

Many of LIFE's best pictures come from its contributors. Newspictures used are paid for at professional rates and offer an increasing market for amateurs.

Camera fans over America are invited to submit their news and human-interest pictures to LIFE's Contributions Department. Here they receive equal attention with those of professional photographers.

Contributions Editor
LIFE

Time and Life Building
Rockefeller Center New York City



NEWS ITEM: Cowboys exposed to wind and snow on Western plains protect their lips with a soothing balm—“Chap Stick.”



Take a cowboy's tip. Use Chap Stick on your lips. Comforting relief for outdoor men in every application. Slips in your pocket. 25¢ at your druggist's. Money back if not delighted. For Free Sample write Chap Stick Co., Lynchburg, Va.

FLEET'S Chap Stick 25¢



Cached in coffin, new member is inducted into club. Initiate: Thomas J. Callaghan, head of Chicago district of U. S. Secret Service. Horseshoe waver: General Lorenzen.



Going home, members walk under a ladder, topped by umbrella. Thoroughly immunized against bad luck, all got home safely, woke up next day without hangovers.

Now You'll *Like Yeast!*

Mash

a cake of Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast in a dry glass with a fork. Add 1/4 glass of cool plain tomato juice . . . or milk . . . or water.

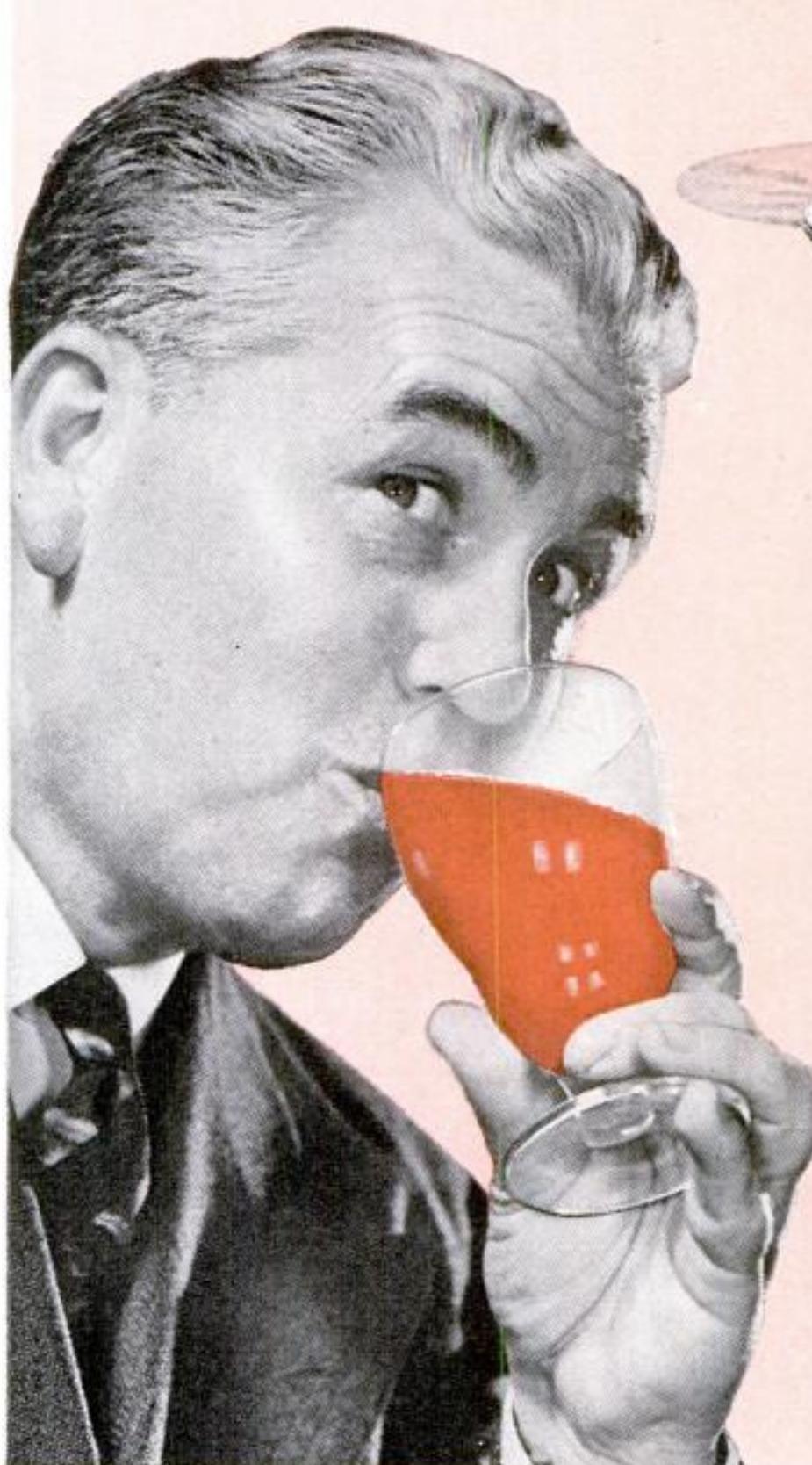


Stir

till the yeast is completely blended. Fill glass with liquid . . . give it another stir, and . . .



Drink your yeast this easy, pleasant way. If you are one of the millions who know what Fleischmann's Yeast can do for you, but never stayed with it long enough to get its full benefit, you'll now find it easy to take this new, pleasant way. Remember, for daily use, Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast is one of the richest of all common foods in the amazing vitamin B complex. Drink it last thing at night . . . first thing in the morning.



Copyright, 1940
Standard Brands Incorporated

Fleischmann's
Fresh Yeast

DRINK IT...TO YOUR HEALTH!

GOT A COLD? Switch to KOOLS

That touch of menthol in 'em makes your mouth feel cooler, leaves your throat feeling clearer. Remember —when other smokes lose all taste, KOOLS taste swell! Try a pack today. And save the coupons for premiums!

NEW LOW PRICE

KOOLS now cost no more than other popular-priced brands.



Hot, Parched Air is bad for COUGHS!



Pertussin "moist-throat" treatment clears this condition

By drying out the air, most heating systems can make much worse a cough due to a cold.

Pertussin combats this dry-air irritation. It stimulates the tiny moisture glands of the throat. Helps them pour forth their soothing natural moisture. Then you can raise that tickling phlegm —and your cough is relieved fast!

For over 30 years, many physicians have prescribed this most effective remedy—Pertussin! Safe even for babies. Get Pertussin today from your druggist.

A scientific product based on the therapeutic properties of Thyme.

Seck & Kade, Inc., Dept. L, 440 Washington St., New York City.
Please send me, ABSOLUTELY FREE, a generous trial bottle of Pertussin.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

MILK TAMES LION

Sirs:

Before Frank Buck moved his Jungle-land exhibit from the New York World's Fair, I visited Jackie, the lion.

The trainer invited me to take my camera inside the cage for close-ups. I

did so, reluctantly. No sooner was I inside than Jackie came charging out of a trap door straight at me. The trainer backed him away with a small chair.

To pacify my subject I gave him a quart bottle of milk, which we set upright before him. He sniffed it disdainfully at first. But when the trainer

poured some out on the ground, Jackie licked it up hungrily.

He liked it so much that he finally knocked the bottle over to get the rest.

EDDIE HOFF

Rockville Center, N. Y.



MILK SWAMPS CAT

Sirs:

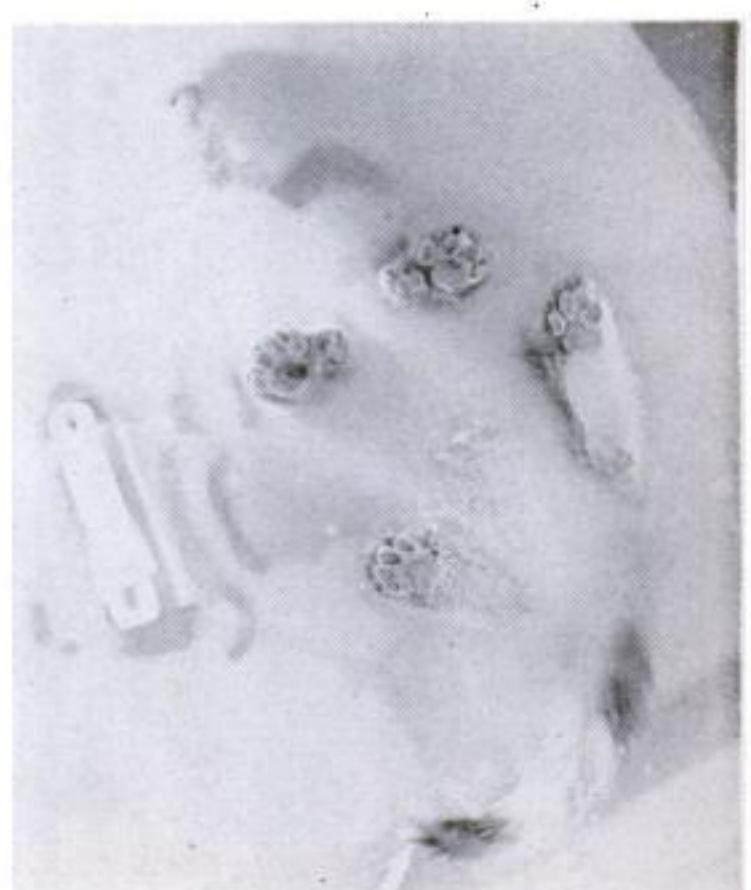
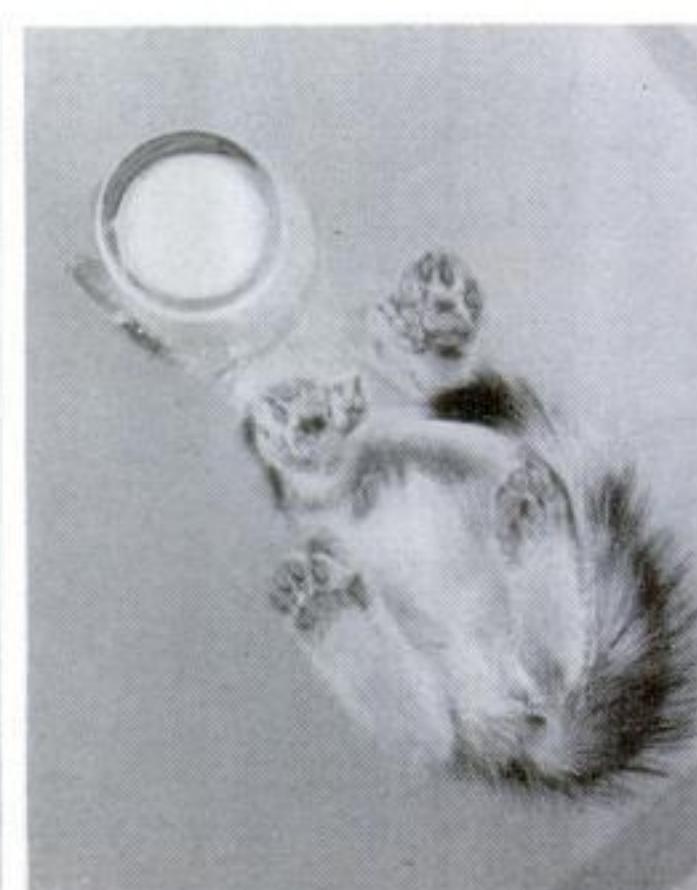
The other day my cat climbed upon a glass tabletop in my studio for a nap. I

began snapping away with my camera from below. She was a fretful model, however, and soon wearied of posing.

To hold her attention we pampered her with a glass of milk. She knocked it over

and soon the tabletop was a milky sea, broken only by six little islands marking nose, claws and tail.

RENE W. P. LEONHARDT
New York, N. Y.



Cherish these recipes for America's 3 favorite chocolate foods!

FROSTING

WHERE IS THE HUSBAND WHO DOESN'T GO FOR CHOCOLATE FROSTED LAYER CAKE?

Rich Chocolate Frosting

4 tablespoons butter 1 tablespoon milk (about)
1 egg, unbeaten Dash of salt
2½ cups sifted 2½ squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted
confectioners' sugar 1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream butter; add egg and blend. Add sugar, alternately with milk, beating well. Add salt, chocolate, and vanilla, and beat until smooth. Makes enough frosting to cover tops and sides of three 8-inch layers. This easy frosting has delicious, creamy texture which adds just the right richness to a simple layer cake. Use your favorite layer cake recipe, or turn to the recipe on page 24 of the "Party Book" offered in coupon below.

EVERY HOME NEEDS A GOOD RECIPE FOR CHOCOLATE FUDGE!

Here it is!

2 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate 2 tablespoons butter
¾ cup milk Dash of salt
2 cups sugar 1 teaspoon vanilla

Add chocolate to milk and place over low flame. Cook until mixture is smooth and blended, stirring constantly. Add sugar and salt, and stir until sugar is dissolved and mixture boils. Continue boiling, without stirring, until a small amount of mixture forms a very soft ball in cold water (232° F.). Remove from fire. Add butter and vanilla. Cool to lukewarm (110° F.); then beat until mixture begins to thicken and loses its gloss. Turn at once into greased pan, 8 x 4 inches. When cold, cut in squares. Makes 18 large pieces.

Note: A luscious, "dressed-up" variation is "Tutti-frutti Fudge," page 18 of your Baker's Chocolate "Party Book."

CAKE

WHEN YOU CAN MAKE GOOD "DEVIL'S FOOD!"

Devil's Food Cake

(2 eggs or 3 egg yolks)

2 cups sifted Swans Down 1¼ cups brown sugar,
Cake Flour firmly packed
1 teaspoon soda 2 eggs or 3 egg yolks,
½ teaspoon salt unbeaten
½ cup butter or other 3 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted
shortening 1 cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour once, measure, add soda and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each; then add chocolate and blend. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. Bake in two greased deep 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (350° F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Spread with your favorite white frosting. (See page 5 of the "Party Book" for wonderful, fluffy "Seven Minute Frosting.") (All measurements are level.)

Why you need
BAKER'S CHOCOLATE
to make them taste just right

Do you know that baking chocolate is just crushed cocoa beans? Its flavor depends on the *quality* of the beans—the *richness* ripened in them by tropical suns—and the *amount* of that richness left in.

To make BAKER'S CHOCOLATE, the markets of the world are combed for the choicest cocoa beans. And these beans are crushed and molded into Baker's Chocolate with *not one thing added, nor one jot of luxurious richness removed!* That is why Baker's always gives such rich, *pure chocolate flavor . . .* such appetizing, red-brown color . . . such luscious smoothness and gloss. Baker's Chocolate, the favorite of American housewives since early Colonial days, is a product of General Foods.



The quality famous
since 1780

Copyright, 1941, General Foods Corp.

The "Baker Chocolate Girl" trade-mark (see left)—famous for generations—assures you unvarying rich quality in the chocolate you buy. Avoid disappointment . . . always ask for Baker's Chocolate to make your chocolate foods taste grand.

L. M. 1-6-41
FREE!
21-page "Party Book,"
with 59 recipes for a
variety of cakes, frostings, cookies and des-
serts to make any hostess proud. Just mail
this coupon today to
GENERAL FOODS, BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
(If you live in Canada, address General Foods, Ltd., Cobourg, Ont.) (Offer expires August 1, 1941)



**"Tobacco's my bread
and butter," says Connor Aycock,
tobacco warehouse owner of Durham, N. C.**

"I have to know good leaf—that's why I smoke Luckies!"

LUCKIES pay the price to get the better tobaccos . . . tobaccos that are worth the money because they're *milder*.

Independent tobacco experts like Connor Aycock will tell you that in buying tobacco, as in buying most things—you get what you pay for.

Before the auctions open, Lucky Strike analyzes tobacco samples—finds out just where and how much of this finer, naturally milder leaf is going up for sale—then pays the price to get it.

That's worth remembering, especially if you're smoking more today. For the more you smoke, the more you want such a genuinely mild cigarette.

Among independent tobacco experts—auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—Luckies are the 2 to 1 favorite. Next time, ask for Lucky Strike.

With men who know tobacco best—It's Luckies 2 to 1

Copyright 1941, The American Tobacco Company

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